REMINISCENCES

Lyman Abbott

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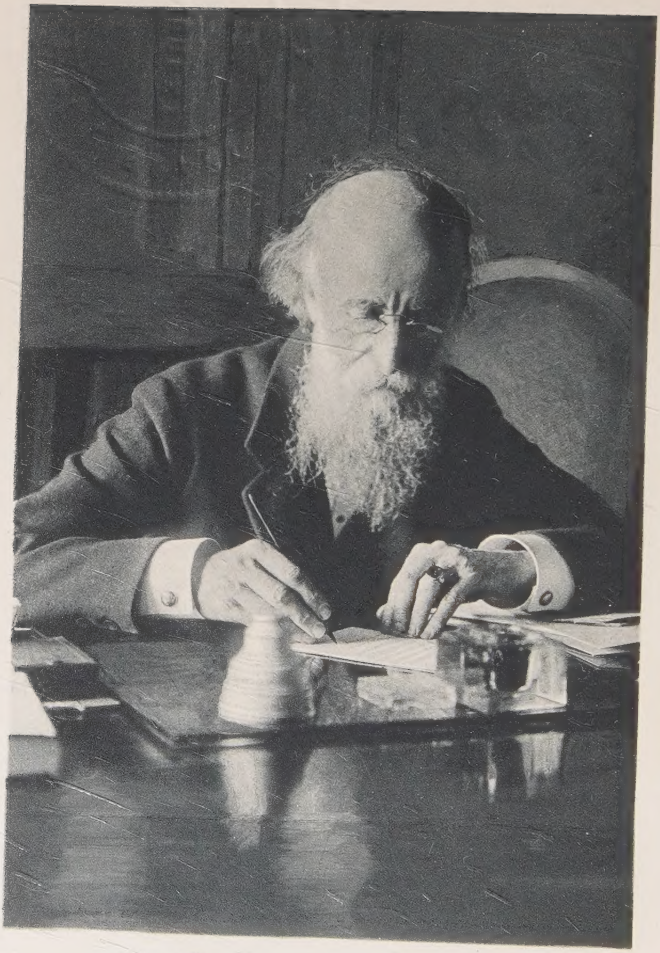
REMINISCENCES



Lyman Abbott.

REMINISCENCES

By LYMAN ABBOTT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1915

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TO

MY CHILDREN

WITHOUT WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT THIS
WORK WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN UNDERTAKEN
WITHOUT WHOSE COÖPERATION IT COULD
NEVER HAVE BEEN COMPLETED

stituted the ascent of man from a previous animal order; for the conception of God as a King, the conception of God as a Father; for the conception of salvation as the rescue of the elect from a lost world, the conception of the transformation of the world itself into a human Brotherhood, a conception which is the inspiration of the great world-wide democratic movement.

In this world movement I have had a minor part: for forty years as a journalist reporting current history from week to week; not a leader discovering and teaching new truth, but an historian endeavoring to interpret to itself the growing thought of the age, and to indicate the direction in which we were all, sometimes unconsciously, moving.

This work has naturally given me some acquaintance with the leaders of thought and action. My inspiration to the ministry came chiefly from three prophetic spirits — Charles G. Finney, the apostle of the freedom of the will to a church paralyzed by fatalism; Horace Bushnell, the apostle of spiritual faith to a church perplexed between rationalism and transcendentalism; and preëminently Henry Ward Beecher, the apostle of love to a church the inspiration of whose religious life had been a severe and sometimes cruel conscience. Though I was never an active temperance reformer, my acquaintance with the temperance movement was such that at the request of Mr. John B. Gough I wrote a sketch of his life to accompany a volume of his writings. Not active in the revivals of the age, my acquaintance with the revival movement was such that after the death of Dwight L. Moody I wrote, at the request of the family, a sketch of his life to accompany a similar volume of his writings. Most of the great orators of America of the last half-century I have met, a few of them I have known more

or less intimately. My sympathies have been for the most part neither with the radicals nor with the reactionaries, but with the progressives in every reform. I have been an evolutionist, but not a Darwinian; a Liberal, but not an Agnostic; an Anti-slavery man, but not an Abolitionist; a temperance man, but not a Prohibitionist; an Industrial Democrat, but not a Socialist.

Never having kept a journal nor even a diary nor copies of my letters, nor systematically and regularly the letters written to me, and always more interested in what I hoped to do to-morrow than in what I did yesterday, I could not write a history of our times, nor even an autobiography. But I have written these *Reminiscences* in the hope that the simple account of what one man, without pretension to either genius or notable scholarship, has been able to do in aiding his fellow-men to just conclusions and right action in troublous times, may be of use to others who, coming after him, will be called on to meet similar difficulties and solve similar problems.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE KNOLL,
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK,
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REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

I INTRODUCE MYSELF TO MY READERS

THESE papers are reminiscences, not history. They lay no claim to accuracy. I have never kept a diary or journal. I have always been more interested in what is going to happen to-morrow than in what happened yesterday. I have stood in the bow forecasting the course, not in the stern watching the log. The reader will find few dates and many inaccuracies in these papers. They are simply a record of the impressions left on the mind of a man who has passed the threescore-years-and-ten as he endeavors to recall some of the personages and incidents of a somewhat busy but not adventurous life.

I am informed and believe that I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the eighteenth day of December, 1835. He who is born in Boston never gets over it. Although I was born in Roxbury (then a distinct town, now a part of Boston), and although I was removed from Boston to Maine before I was three years old and have never returned to that city since except on occasional but frequent visits, and to get my bride twenty-two years later, Boston is still to me a kind of Puritan Mecca. There is no city quite like it; no river like the Charles; no park like the Boston Common; no lake like

the frog pond; no Capitol like the Boston State House; no residential street like Commonwealth Avenue; no library quite equal to the old Athenæum; no public meeting-place comparable to Faneuil Hall.

Why my father gave up his prosperous school (of which more hereafter) and removed to Maine I do not know. I suspect his health had something to do with the change. If so, the five or six years which he spent writing his books in the morning and working like a day laborer on his grounds in the afternoon achieved his purpose. His wife's early letters contain many a reference to his unsatisfactory health conditions. As I knew my father, he was a hale and hearty man and always a vigorous worker.

It was quite characteristic of him to build his house on a piece of ground which few men would have taken as a gift. It was ten acres or so in extent, lying opposite his father's residence, at the foot of the hill leading up to Farmington village, forty miles north of Augusta, the capital of the State of Maine. A big sand hill, a spur from the plateau on which the village was built, lay along the edge of this lot, with a break in it just large enough to furnish a level bit of ground for a house. A sluggish brook flowing through an oozy swamp lay back of this house plot, and the plateau lay beyond. My father put up a sign giving permission to any one to come in and get sand for building and other purposes, and, as this sand was of a fine quality, a continual procession of carts came and went, widening without cost to my father the too contracted ground about the house. The sandy knob which was left on one side of my father's house he partly turfed, partly sowed with grass seed; he planted trees; he made paths; and he built in his own carpenter shop wooden

benches to serve as seats. To this knob he gave the title of Little Blue, naming it for Old Blue, one of the higher mountains of Maine, twenty miles away. He dug out the soil from the swamp, and it furnished him material for the transformation of the sand knob into a turf-clad and tree-clad hill perhaps fifty feet high. He built a dam and bridges and turned the oozy swamp into a pond and the sluggish brook into a musically running stream. The place became known throughout the surrounding country, by the title of its chief attraction, as "Little Blue"; it was thrown open to a welcomed public, and grew to be a kind of village park, a favorite recreation resort for the young folks, especially on Sunday evenings. My father had the faith of a natural democrat, and the events justified that faith. No names were carved upon the benches; the trees and shrubs were left uninjured; and there were neither flowers nor fruits to tempt beyond measure the cupidity of the visitors. Here at Little Blue we lived — my father, my mother, and my two elder brothers, and later a younger brother — until 1843. Then my mother died; the home was broken up; Little Blue was either rented or sold to my Uncle Samuel, who occupied it as a boarding-school; and my father, his health completely established by his avocation as a landscape gardener, went to New York City to open, with his three brothers, the Abbott School for Girls. It is at this time that my recollections begin. I describe them here as they pass before me, with no attempt to verify them and little attempt to classify them in chronological order.

My father, Jacob Abbott, has his city home in Morton Street, in that part of the present city then known as Greenwich Village. The school building is a mile away, on the corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets.

It is a large square building. Was it once occupied as a Roman Catholic nunnery, I wonder? Or is that a myth of my childhood days? There is a large yard, something like a third of a block in extent, surrounded by a high brick wall. This yard is a playground for the girls. Here is erected a tall, strong pole ten or twelve feet high, with a six-armed wheel upon the top, like this ✳. A rope dangles from each arm, and on the lower end of the rope is a handle. The girls, half a dozen at a time, seize these handles and go flying round the pole, their feet touching the ground from time to time to keep the "run-about" a-going. It was a primitive attempt at feminine athletics, at a time when it was thought that to be pale and anæmic was to be interesting — for girls — and to be athletic was distinctly unfeminine. I have the notion that this simple machine, still in use in school playgrounds, was my father's invention, though I do not know. He was born to be an inventor. He did much of his writing, and I do much of mine, on the best writing tablet I have ever seen, one of his own construction, and unlike any other known to me.

The scene shifts. I have been very sick with scarlet fever. It has left me feeble, deaf, and subject to severe earaches. The modern method of treating the ear is unknown, and the only relief that I can get from this excruciating pain is the slight alleviation furnished by cotton dipped in laudanum and placed in the ear. There are doubtless more severe pains than the earache, but I have never suffered any pain comparable with it. I recall myself at night in my father's arms. He makes a bargain with me. He will tell me a story for fifteen minutes, then I am to lie still and let him sleep for fifteen minutes. So we get through the night together. Was this often or only once, I wonder? Was it wholly

to give me what relief he could, and yet go on with his morrow's work? or was it to teach me to bear pain with such fortitude as I could summon, for the sake of serving another? I suspect that was in part his purpose, and the lesson was not wholly lost.

Now I have gone back to Farmington and am in my Uncle Samuel's school in my old home. My hearing is restored, and although for some years the earaches return with every cold or careless exposure, the deafness never reappears. Opposite my uncle's school is my grandfather's home. I see myself sometimes in the school, sometimes in my grandfather's home. From this I judge that sometimes I lived at my grandfather's and went to school at Little Blue as a day pupil. The family consists of my grandfather, who was beloved of my boyhood; my grandmother, an invalid who I fancy had no use for noisy boys who forget to wipe their shoes when they come into the house and to shut the door when they pass through the room; and two aunts, an "old maid," Sallucia, and a widow, Clara. It is current report that Sallucia was named for two friends of her mother — Sally and Lucy. Connected with my Aunt Clara is one of those tragedies which occasionally make known to us the divine splendor of a character that would otherwise remain unknown. How long before my remembrance this tragedy occurred I cannot tell. I remember her only as a widow.

Her husband, Mr. Cutler, had been settled over a Congregational church near Bangor, Maine; was invited to preach in a Presbyterian church in Pennsylvania, I surmise as a "candidate," and accepted the invitation. Presently word came to my aunt by mail (the telegraph was unknown) that her husband was seriously ill. She instantly started on her journey to

Pennsylvania, that she might nurse him. Arriving in New York in the morning, she went to the Abbott School to get her breakfast and make inquiries; asked of the maid at the door for Dr. Abbott, and was told in reply that he had gone to Pennsylvania to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law. Such was the way the news of her husband's death was given to her. She presently returned to her father's house to take up her broken life, resolved that her sorrow should never becloud other lives. And it never did. In no treatise I have ever read have I found such an evidence of Christianity as was furnished by the sunny life and sweet, joyous service of my Aunt Clara, a benediction and an inspiration to my own boyhood, and a benediction and an inspiration to my children when she came to make her home with me in the closing years of her luminous life. The cheerfulness of that life was not due to forgetfulness of the sorrow which she did not permit to shadow it. At eighty years of age she still kept hanging on the wall of her room, bringing it with her from Maine to New York, a little woodcut picture of the town in Pennsylvania where her husband died — a town which she had never seen. She once gave expression to her experience in a phrase which will be full of meaning to those who understand it, and absolutely meaningless to those who do not — "Joyful sorrow."

What sort of man is my grandfather? A Puritan; but such a Puritan! That I have never shared the popular prejudice of our time against the Puritans is perhaps due to my delightful recollections of my grandfather. An authentic story of that time may serve to show that my veneration of him was shared by others. A layman who had never seen the interior of either a college or a theological seminary, but had taken to lay

JACOB ABBOT
The author's grandfather

JACOB ABBOTT
The author's father

preaching in schoolhouses and rural churches, wished for ordination in order that he might administer the Lord's Supper and perform the marriage ceremony. Coming before a Congregational Council for examination as to his fitness to preach, he was asked: "What is your conception of God?" He hesitated a moment, then replied: "I conceive that he is some such person as Squire Abbott." It was a higher conception of God than I as a boy possessed. I revered both God and my grandfather; but I was very much afraid of God and I loved my grandfather.

My grandfather's house, opposite Little Blue, is a long, low, rambling dwelling with a little box of a hall from which we enter the parlor on the left and the sitting-room on the right. We have to pass through the sitting-room to get to the dining-room, through the dining-room to get to the kitchen, through the kitchen to get to the woodshed, through the woodshed to get to the carriage-house, through the carriage-house, I believe, to get to the barn, though my recollections of the barn are curiously indistinct. Out of the sitting-room goes a steep and narrow stairway, by which I climb to my bedroom under the roof. Just off the dining-room, and connected with it by another box of a hall, is my grandfather's office. In this office are some objects of my boyhood reverence — an old engraved portrait of Abbot, the Archbishop of Canterbury; an old coat of arms bearing the inscription, "By the Name of Abbot" (this was an early spelling of the name with one *t*, a spelling followed by my grandfather, so that he was Jacob Abbot, with one *t*, while my father was Jacob Abbott, with two *t*'s); an old sword worn by my grandmother's father in the battle of Bunker Hill, in which he was a captain of a Colonial company; and a cane pre-

sented to my grandfather, I believe, by one of the farm hands in Weld, bearing, curiously and ingeniously carved, the inscription: —

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound.
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire."

From this cane my father later derived the title which he gave to the old homestead — "Fewacres."

My ideas of my grandfather's business are very vague. He has, I believe, something to do with buying and selling timber lands. The house is heated by open fires and stoves, and the attic bedrooms are not heated at all. Hot-water bottles are unknown. There is a warming-pan; but it is reserved for invalids. Ugh! how cold it is going upstairs and getting between the cold sheets with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero outside! It is characteristic of my grandfather to forbid the children — my brothers are with me there at times — to go through the dining-room when the servants, man and maid, are at their meals. If we want to go to the kitchen or woodshed, we must go out of doors — a valuable lesson in consideration and courtesy to servants. Some other lessons of practical wisdom and counsel condensed by him into aphorisms have been invaluable guides to conduct in my after life. Three, particularly, I recall: —

Keep on the safe side of certainty.
When you do not know what to do, do nothing.
Let people have a good time their own way.

A lasting impression is also left on my mind by the big pictorial Bible which lay on the sitting-room table, in which is a picture illustrating the text, "Why beholdest thou the mote which is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam which is in thine own eye?" Two men are portrayed standing face to face with a beam protruding from the eye of one of them. To the early impression produced by this picture I attribute in part my lifelong hostility to literalism in the interpretation of the Bible.

There is no running water in the house, and of course there are no bathrooms. There is a well of delicious spring water just outside the kitchen, and water for washing is caught in hogsheads from the roof. I suppose these must have been breeding-places for mosquitoes, and yet, curiously enough, I do not at all connect mosquitoes with my grandfather's house. There are no screens in the windows. On Saturday nights we boys take our baths in the kitchen, in the movable washtubs. How the old folks took theirs I do not recall that I ever knew. They had their warmed bedrooms downstairs, which probably served their purpose. In the dining-room chimney is a big brick oven. On Saturday night hot coals are shoveled into this oven, and then the earthen crock of beans is put in and left there overnight. Here, too, is the brown bread baked — real brown bread, such as can never, apparently, be produced outside of New England, as real fried chicken cannot be produced outside the Southern States.

Now I am at Little Blue School opposite my grandfather's. Whether I was first at my grandfather's and then moved over to the school, or was first at the school, then moved over to my grandfather's, I have no idea. These reminiscences are like the impressions of

a dream, and succeed each other without coherence or continuity.

There is an epidemic of animal magnetism, which in our day would be called hypnotism. It runs its brief course and then disappears, but for six weeks is a dominating fashion. There is one boy who is peculiarly susceptible to the influence, whatever it was, or is, and another boy who has peculiar power as an "operator." Often the victim gets pathetically angry when his tormentor, apparently without previous preparation, tells him what he must do and what he must not do, and he is powerless to resist. There is a young man from the village who is supposed by us boys to be a past-master in this curious art. Always desirous of investigating new phenomena and having a share in new experiences, I apply to this young man to operate on me, and I am quite ready to submit myself to his influence for the sake of finding out what it is. So I take my seat and obey his directions, while he makes the passes which are supposed to be needful to put me to sleep. Then he places his thumb on the bridge of my nose and tells me that I cannot open my eyes; this I instantly proceed to do and to look him serenely in the face. He turns from me with the contemptuous remark that I am not a good subject.

I never have been. I have passed through some exciting experiences in great congregations in revival meetings, and in great crowds that were not congregations and not remotely resembling revival meetings, and I have heard many fervid and famous orators; but I have never been swept off my feet by either orator or crowd; I have never lost my consciousness of self or my self-mastery. I wonder why it is. I am not conscious of being either especially strong-willed or especially self-possessed. And, so far from having peculiar resisting

power, I always wish to agree with my fellow-men if I can possibly find a way to do so without disagreeing with myself.

What did we study at Little Blue? I have no notion. I suppose we must have studied what boys study nowadays — grammar, spelling, writing, history, arithmetic. But I recall nothing of it at all. My first remembrance of grammar is my study of the Latin grammar at a later date, which gave me, so far as I now can see, whatever knowledge I possess of the *structure* of language. It is perhaps for that reason that I regret to see Latin dropped out of any curriculum. For the English language is a composite, and has no architectural structure such as characterizes the Latin. I have a vague remembrance of declamation: "Marco Bozzaris," "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and the like; and of one poor boy who was struck with stage fright and never got beyond the first line without bursting into tears and retiring in disgrace. I remember thinking even then, with some indignation, that punishing him for his failure was a very poor way to cure him of his fright.

Modern games were either absolutely or relatively unknown. There was no lawn tennis; and, as I remember it, neither baseball nor football. "Two old cat" and "three old cat" were common, but I judge that I never made a success at any game of ball, since the sobriquet "butter fingers" was given to me. I could keep in or near the front line in a boyish race; and I had some success in wrestling, not by reason of any muscular strength, but because I was spry and slippery. I never owned a gun, and I have not yet quite got over my boyhood feeling, probably derived from my guardians, that a gun is not a boy's toy. This impression is confirmed by an incident in my oldest son's life. He went, at the age of

thirteen, to spend the summer of 1872 with my father and my two aunts, Sallucia and Clara. Before he went his grandfather sent him a paper which he was to sign, containing certain conditions to which he was to agree, in order to be admitted to "Fewacres University." Among these conditions was the following: "He is not to go gunning with anybody, since Aunts Sallucia and Clara, though very capable persons in *some respects*, are not properly qualified to take care of a boy with a charge of shot in his side or with half his face blown away." I never learned to box and never had muscle enough to learn. Later, in college, I took some fencing lessons, and have always regretted that they were unavoidably discontinued.

Among the impressions which my school life left upon me was one, insignificant in itself, but significant in its effect. One Sunday afternoon, as we boys were starting for church, in putting on my overcoat I threw it over my head, struck a vase upon the mantelpiece and dashed it to the floor, shattering it into a hundred pieces. The disaster which I had caused would probably have been sufficient of itself to prevent a repetition of that particular form of carelessness. The teacher, who would simply have rebuked me if my heedless act had done no damage, sent me to my bed to reflect for the afternoon and the night upon the enormity of the crime, which was enormous only because of the disaster which followed it. I knew then, as I know now, that I was punished, not for what I did, but for the *consequences* of what I did. I have never got over the sense of the injustice of that act. Perhaps I ought to be grateful to my teacher, though I am not, for teaching me the lesson and preventing me in after life, when I had children of my own, from measuring their conduct by the conse-

quences which flowed from it, not by the motives which inspired it.

My favorite sport from my earliest recollections was trout fishing. There was an occasional trout in my father's brook. Two miles across the hills was a larger and much better brook, with a cascade, at the foot of which was a pool where one might always see a trout, though not always catch him. But the joy of life was Alder Brook, twelve or fifteen miles away. To drive over the hills to this brook, build a rude camp, sleep on boughs, cook our meals, and come back with a hundred brook trout apiece was an experience to look forward to with eagerness and back upon with rejoicing memory. But this was later, when, with my brothers, I came from college to Farmington for my summer vacation.

We made our own fish-lines, twisting and double-twisting and triple-twisting the silk, ganged on the hooks, bought the long bamboo poles and cut them up, and out of them made our own jointed fishing-rods. We always cleaned our fish ourselves. It was the law of the sport that our fun should not make work for others which we ourselves could do. Whether this law was imposed on us by my wise Aunt Clara or was self-imposed I do not know. I am sure, whoever suggested it, we gladly accepted the suggestion and made it our own, and that we enjoyed our sport the more because it cost but little to any one else. The fishing was not with flies but with worms dug from the garden, or, if the supply of worms ran short, with grasshoppers. This recalls one of the fishing stories with which we were accustomed to enliven our conversation on the trip: —

John, John, where 're you going?
Fishin'.
What you got in your mouth?
Worms for bait.

It is with some hesitation that I turn from these reminiscences of my childhood life to recall my impressions of my childhood personality. A man's judgment of himself is rarely accurate; still less so his judgment of what he was as a boy. For it is the unusual experiences that remain in his memory, and it is the usual experiences which interpret his character.

What I see, as I look back through the more than threescore years to the dim mental photograph of myself left in my mind, is a feeble boy, somewhat under the average in height, very much under the average in weight and strength, fairly good in swimming, skating, climbing, and tramping, but quite unable to hold his own in the rougher sports of the boys, somewhat solitary, somewhat a recluse, and naturally timid. And yet I could not have been quite a coward, for I remember, even now with a curious sense of pride, that when a big bully of a boy (probably not so much of a brute as I now imagine him to have been) hectored me beyond endurance, I challenged him to a fight, and we retired behind the barn, with a small group of boys as onlookers, and fought a fisticuff duel. Doubtless I got much the worse of our encounter, for I cannot conceive that my fist would have hurt anything much bigger than a housefly, but at least I won his respect, and the bullying stopped. I have never been for peace-at-any-price as a man, and I was not as a boy.

My impression of my feebleness of physique is borne out by some of my mother's letters, which indicate that I was both a delicate and an active child from the cradle. One extract from a letter dated April, 1838, when I was two years and a half old, may serve to indicate something of both my health and my temperament: —

Our little Lyman has been more delicate since his illness, subject to a cough which occasions care and anxiety, mostly because it has increased his former difficulties. The Dr. still encourages us to look for an entire cure, but says he will need all a mother's watchfulness for two years or more, and must not be allowed all the liberty he desires in exercises, such as walking, running, etc. He is such an active child that it is difficult to restrain him, but he seems at times, from his sufferings, to be fully conscious that he cannot do all he wants.

This chapter would be wholly inadequate without a picture, be it ever so fragmentary, of the religious influences which surrounded me in my childhood and their effect upon my religious character.

Every one went to church — every one with the exception of two or three families whom I looked upon with a kind of mysterious awe, as I might have looked upon a family without visible means of support and popularly suspected of earning a livelihood by counterfeiting or some similar lawless practice. The church itself was an old-fashioned brick Puritan meeting-house, equally free from architectural ornament without and from decoration within. The pews had been painted white; for some reason the paint had not dried, and the congregation, to protect their garments, had spread down upon the seats and backs of the pews newspapers, generally religious. When the paint at length dried the newspapers were pulled off, leaving the impression of their type reversed, and I used to interest myself during the long sermon in trying to decipher the hieroglyphic impressions. There was neither Sunday-School room nor prayer-meeting room. The Sunday-School was held in the church, and the parson at prayer-meeting took a seat in a pew about the center of the building, put a board across the back of the pews to hold his Bible and his lamp, and sat, except when speaking, with

his back to the congregation. A great wood stove at the rear, with a smoke-pipe extending the whole length of the room to the flue in front, furnished the heat — none too much of it on cold winter days. Plain and even homely as was this meeting-house, associations have given to it a sacredness in my eyes which neither Gothic arch nor pictured window could have given to it. My grandfather was largely instrumental in constructing it. In its pulpit each of his five sons preached on occasions. One of them acted as its pastor for a year or more. A grandson and a great-grandson of his were here baptized. My earliest recollections of public worship and of Sunday-School teaching are associated with it. We four brothers have each at times played the organ in connection with its service of sacred song. My brother Edward and myself were both ordained to the Gospel ministry within its walls, and in its pulpit preached some of our first sermons. The church still exists, a flourishing organization, but the meeting-house was destroyed by fire in 1886, and its place has been taken by a more modern structure.

The minister in my boyhood was understood by me — where I got the information I do not know — to have a salary of three hundred dollars a year, on which, having no children, he lived comfortably and out of it saved something to leave behind him when he died. Ministerial changes were infrequent. He came to Farmington directly from the theological seminary, and he remained there throughout his life. He had a face which was capable of great expressiveness, and would have made his fortune as a comic actor. When during my college days my brothers and I jointly wrote "Conecut Corners: A Novel of New England Life," we put his face in the book, giving it to Deacon Fickson. But Parson Rogers

had none of the qualities of Deacon Fickson except the face; for he was as good as he was homely — which is saying a great deal. Two other characters in the prayer-meeting I particularly remember — one who always on Sunday wore knee-breeches, and who was as hostile to the use of any hymns in church but those of Isaac Watts as would be an old Scotch Covenanter to anything but the Psalms of David; the other, good Deacon Hunter, who always addressed the Deity in his prayers either as "Kind Parent" or "Indulgent Parent."

Parson Rogers's sermons I do not remember, from which I conclude that I did not listen to them. But his long prayer was always interesting. For in it he told the congregation, through his address to the Almighty, the village news with great particularity. That prayer served all the purposes of a local newspaper. From it we learned of those who during the preceding week had been married, who were sick, who had died, who had gone a journey, who had gone to college or come back from college. All were remembered before "the throne of grace." And as no names were mentioned, the interest was enhanced by the opportunity afforded us for guessing. The prayer after the sermon made up in its brevity for the length of the prayer before, and always ended with the same refrain, in which the words were run together in the utterance as they are here run together in the type — "Andbringsustogetherintheafterpartofthedaybetterfittedforthyservicethanweeveryethavebeenamen."

It was before the days of church organs — at least of reed organs — in rural communities. The music was furnished by a volunteer choir and an orchestra — a 'cello, called by us a bass-viol, two violins, and a flute. When the hymn was sung we rose, turned around and

faced the choir, with our backs to the pulpit. After service the congregation stopped, in summer weather, in the churchyard for a chat; the farmers discussing the crops, the women, I suppose, the village news — it was their one social interchange of the week — while we children remained within for Sunday-School. I wonder if I ever learned anything at that Sunday-School. I am by no means sure, and yet I remember my teacher with mingled feelings of reverence and affection. The school over, we hurried home to a cold luncheon and back again to a second service, which must be finished in time to let the men in the congregation get home to milk the cows. After service, when I lived at my grandfather's, my two brothers and I walked up into the pasture opposite the house, a walk which is one of the pleasantest of my childhood recollections, capped, however, by one other — our Sunday evenings, when we gathered about my mother's organ in the sitting-room for a Sunday evening singing, each member of the group selecting his hymn in turn, our service generally ending with the hymn

> "Thus far the Lord has led me on,
> Thus far his power prolongs my days."

I do not suppose that my grandfather could have been induced to use a prayer-book at family prayers. But long custom had produced a prayer so uniform that his daughter after his death was able to write out part of it from memory, and I have recently found it in some old family records. "Father's prayer," she writes, "was repeated daily at family worship. There was some slight variation to distinguish morning from evening and Sabbath from a week day." The introductory sentence may suffice here to suggest the character of the whole: —

O Thou Great Creator, eternal, original Author of all real blessings, Thou great First Cause and Last End of all things — we, Thy unworthy servants, come into Thy presence this morning, clothed with humility, with reverence and godly fear — believing that Thou art a rewarder of all such as diligently seek Thee, and we humbly ask the same blessings for others which we diligently seek for ourselves.

If this prayer indicates in the petitioner reverence and "godly fear," his farewell address to the Sunday-School, after five years and four months' service as assistant superintendent and as superintendent, no less indicates his practical piety. The following sentence from this address might profitably be printed on a card and hung over the superintendent's desk in every Sunday-School room and impressed on every teacher: "All our knowledge of the Scriptures must be in order to practice — for this is the end of all divine revelation — that we may do all the work of God's law." It has been interesting to me to discover, and it is a happiness to me here to acknowledge, my indebtedness in part to my Puritan grandfather for my lifelong conviction that theoretical theology is valuable only as it bears on the practical conduct of life.

Decidedly my impression of the Puritan Sabbath is a pleasant one. But this is partly perhaps because I early formed, quite unconsciously, the habit of both remembering and anticipating the pleasant things. Professor Bergson has shown us that there is no present time; what we call the present is only a threshold across which we pass from the past to the future. It is in that past and that future that we really live. And he who will habitually recall the pleasant experiences and anticipate pleasant experiences can do much to make his life a pleasant one, whatever the present may seem to him to be. If my caustic friend replies to this sugges-

tion that he does not wish to live in a fool's paradise, I rejoin that I would rather live in a fool's paradise than in a fool's purgatory.

My religious experience was not, however, by any means always pleasant. I suppose all children create a theology of their own. My theology, as I taught it to myself, was something like this: —

"You are a sinner, under divine condemnation. Your sins have separated you from God. They have also separated you from the men and women you most revere and admire: from Deacon Hunter, and your Aunt Clara, and your grandfather, and your father in New York, and your mother in heaven. To be like them you must have a conviction of sin; you must first feel very sorry because you are a sinner, then very glad because you have been forgiven; and then you can begin to be a Christian."

I do not know where I got this theology. Certainly not from my father, for the "Young Christian," which he had written before I was born, was the first book to lead me out of this tangle. Certainly not from my Aunt Clara or my grandfather; if I had gone to either of them, they would have set me right. But I was too shy; and as to going to Parson Rogers, he was too far removed from me to be a father confessor. So I worked at the problem by myself. In the evening twilight, when the dusk was gathering and the melancholy frogs were croaking, I used to go to my bedroom and try to think of all the wicked things I had done during the day, and, as that was not enough, of my mother in heaven and my father in New York, and of myself, a lonely, homeless, outcast boy, in the vain hope that conviction of sin would come. But it never came. The truth is, I was a fairly conscientious little boy; I had not committed any

great sins; I was very far from being an outcast; and, though I thought I ought to believe that every one disapproved me, I knew they didn't, and I was too honest with myself to make believe. I could never get any further than to be sorry because I was not sorry. I had no pack on my back to sink in the Slough of Despond, and it never occurred to me that I could get to the Wicket Gate without it. It was all so curiously childish that to me it now has a certain humorous side. But it was tragedy then. Nor did I get that more natural conception of religion which I have ever since been trying to give my fellow-men till ten years or so later. To this day, when I hear teachers insisting upon the necessity of supernatural religion, they recall to me this boyhood experience, and I always want to put in a protest in favor of a religion that is wholly natural.

And yet religion was not always a dread to me. For one of my great ambitions was to be a minister, and one of my favorite childish vocations was preaching. I see myself now, a pale-faced, anæmic, slim chap of ten or eleven, with all the appearance but none of the habits of an ascetic, preaching to a congregation of empty chairs, with my brothers at the opposite end of the sitting-room, practicing as a choir. For the only condition on which they would attend the service was that they might practice while I preached, and to that compromise I had to consent. This was quite orthodox. For I have since learned that choirs often pay no more attention to the preaching than my brothers paid to mine, and preachers no more attention to the music than I paid to theirs. But my religion was sometimes more serious. When, a little later, I went to the school of another uncle in Connecticut, my best friend there was an Episcopalian. Together we arranged "family prayers" in our

bedroom, our two other mates joining with us. Sometimes we read prayers from the Book of Common Prayer, sometimes I offered an extempore prayer. This was about the time the Young Men's Christian Association was born, but some years before it had appeared on this side of the water.

In 1846 my eldest brother, Benjamin Vaughan, entered the New York University; a year later he was followed by my second brother, Austin, exactly four years my senior, for we were born on the same day four years apart. About the same time I was transferred from my Uncle Samuel's school in Farmington to my Uncle Charles's school in Norwich, Connecticut, where my preparation for college was completed. My grandfather and grandmother had both died, and I imagine my father wished me nearer him at his city home. But the home of my aunts at Farmington continued to be my home during my vacations until I was married in 1857.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK CITY IN 1850

RETURNING from his first trip to Europe, my father came home in 1843 to find his wife on her death-bed and to follow to her grave the mother and her newborn babe, laid in the same casket. Before he had left for Europe in the spring he had acceded to the urgency of a younger brother, Gorham, to join him in establishing in New York City a school for the higher education of girls. The death of my mother made continuing the literary work in the morning and the landscape gardening in the afternoon at Little Blue impossible to my father. He packed up the few things he wished to take with him to the city, sent many of my mother's things, which he could neither keep nor sell, to her only sister, married and living at Worcester, Massachusetts, left my youngest brother Edward with his Aunt Sallucia, living with her father opposite Little Blue, in Farmington, Maine, and, taking with him his other three boys, Benjamin Vaughan, Austin, and myself, started for New York.

At the time he wrote to his sister, "I think they will not soon forget their mother." He was right. They never did. And in a pathetic self-revelation, the more pathetic to me as I read it now because of his habitual reserve, he wrote: —

> For myself, I can only keep away from my mind the terrible realization of that last fatal night, the days of distress and

anguish unspeakable which followed — and the gloomiest thoughts and anticipations of the future — by means of incessant occupation, busying continually with endless details which under other circumstances would be a wearisome burden.

His city home was at first in Morton Street in old Greenwich. My earliest recollection of the school is on the corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets. Two other brothers, John S. C. and Charles E., joined Jacob and Gorham in the new enterprise, which was a surprising success from the very beginning — one of the earlier of the movements for woman's better education which later led up to the woman's colleges and woman's admission to the great universities.

When I came to New York in 1849 to enter the New York University, the school had made its last removal. My Uncle Charles had left it two or three years before and had opened a school for boys in Norwich, Connecticut, where I had fitted for college. My Uncle Gorham had withdrawn and taken forty of the older pupils with him, with his brother's entire approbation, and had established a separate school which became Spingler Institute. The Abbott School had a double habitation, my Uncle John keeping the boarding pupils in his home in Colonnade Row, Lafayette Place, my father living in a house which he had bought in Greene Street near Eighth Street, which served as the schoolhouse both for the day and boarding pupils. Some important changes in the city government had also taken place. In one of those spasms of reform which periodically attack New York City Mr. James Harper had been elected Mayor, and in two years of administration (1844–46) had effected some radical reforms, in spite of the hostile influence which such reforms have always had to combat and

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which succeeded in defeating his reëlection in 1846, though the inevitable relapse did not come until the election as Mayor of Fernando Wood in 1854. During this period, 1849–54, I was living a quasi-bohemian life in New York City.

The best residential portion of the city extended from Bleecker to Fourteenth Street. When my Uncle Gorham withdrew from the Abbott School and opened the Spingler Institute in Union Square in 1848, he was so far uptown that croakers prophesied that the school could not possibly succeed. The Brick Church was still on Park Row opposite the City Hall Park, Dr. Cuyler was preaching in the section east of Chatham Square where the fine residences formerly had been, the Harlem River was the northern boundary of the political city, but Harlem was for all social and most business purposes a separate town, and Yorkville on the east and Bloomingdale on the west were still regarded as separate communities. The present Central Park was worse than a wilderness, peopled by tribes of squatters and overrun with goats. The Elysian Fields in Hoboken served the purpose of a great recreation ground for the common people. P. T. Barnum got possession of a part of these fields for a day, arranged for a buffalo hunt in the style of a Wild West Show, chartered the ferryboat to Hoboken, and then announced a free show, with the result that the crowded ferries at five or ten cents ferriage yielded him a handsome profit. And although the show simply consisted in driving some rather tame buffaloes around a ten-acre plot, everybody was satisfied — for the show was free, and who could grumble at a free show?

The New York and New Haven main railway station was where Madison Square Garden now stands; but there was a downtown station in Canal Street just off

Broadway, and four horses pulled the passenger cars uptown to the great station, where the locomotive was attached to the train. In going to Washington we changed cars at Philadelphia, and were carried across the city in horse cars; were ferried across the Delaware River, where now we cross on a bridge; and were drawn, without change of cars, through the streets of Baltimore, a guard standing on the front platform and blowing a horn to warn vehicles that might be in the way. Within New York City transportation was afforded by lumbering stage-coaches, one line running from Greenwich Village through Bleecker Street to Fulton Ferry, other lines running from further uptown to the South Ferry, and later one line to Wall Street Ferry. In winter there was no attempt to remove the snow. No, indeed! Great sleighs were substituted for the omnibuses; they were drawn by six or eight and occasionally by sixteen horses. It was one of the joyous larks of a winter's night to take a sleigh ride to the accompaniment of snowballs from meeting or following sleighs. I wonder how the conductor succeeded in collecting his fares.

The theaters, I should guess, were not very different in quality of attraction from those of to-day. But I have never been a great theater-goer, and therefore am no judge. We had Burton in Chambers Street and the elder Wallack in lower Broadway, and later the younger Wallack, great in my boyish eyes in melodrama, and Laura Keene, who may not have been a great but was a very charming actress in comedy; Macready and Edwin Forrest in tragedy, with a rivalry between their respective adherents ending in one tragic mob; and later Edwin Booth, the most perfectly artistic actor I have ever seen. But the delight of my life was the Ravel family — pantomimists and acrobats, whose performances at Niblo's

Garden, so called, were my admiration then, and I rather think would be my admiration now. The plot of the pantomime was always the same — a romantic lover, a beautiful maiden, an irate father, and a wealthy suitor; the first two eloping, the second two in close pursuit. The lover had a magic ring or a magic feather or a magic whistle, and he turned the ring, or waved the feather, or blew the whistle, whereupon a transformation always followed, enchanting to the audience and distracting to the irate father and his confederate. The lover and the maiden were dancing in a brilliant ballroom; the irate father appeared; the magic whistle was blown; and instantly the brilliantly dressed dancers turned to skeletons, the marble colonnades to tombstones, and the irate father and his companion fled in terror. The lover was captured and set up against a wall; soldiers filed in and shot him; he fell upon the floor in three or four pieces, a leg rolled off in one direction, an arm in another, the head in a third; the irate father marched off in triumph; friends of the lover came in, picked up the pieces, stood them up against the wall; one of the friends blew a blast on the magic whistle, and the recovered lover stepped down from the wall and executed a gay pirouette before our eyes. I wonder whether I am still boy enough to enjoy it all now, or whether I should see through the illusion and wonder at my wonder.

For the orthodox, who thought it wrong to go to the theater, there were Barnum's Museum and Christy's Minstrels and Perham's Panorama. Barnum's Museum was situated at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, opposite the old Astor House, which they are beginning to demolish as I am writing these lines. A band of half a dozen players upon brass instruments occupied a balcony and competed more or less successfully with the

noise of the street. Within were all manner of curiosities, real and fictitious, and a little theater where went on some sort of a performance twice a day. It was labeled "Lecture Room," and the legend was current in college that a very orthodox and also a very simple-minded member of my brother's class, after inspecting the curiosities, went into this lecture room, expecting a prayer-meeting, and fled in horror from the spot when the curtain rose and disclosed some dancers or male and female acrobats, I forget which. There was for a little while a passion for panoramas, a kind of moving picture show quite unlike the modern "movies." John Banvard carried this form of exhibition to its climax in his panorama of the Mississippi, which he had painted himself traveling the Mississippi in a skiff for that purpose. The panorama is said to have been three miles long. We sat in our seats as the picture was unrolled before us for an hour and a half or more, and easily imagined ourselves on the deck of a Mississippi steamer watching the shore as we sailed down the river. Christy's Minstrels was a favorite recreation of my father's. I am inclined to think their jokes and conundrums were rather a bore to him; but they had good voices, and their music, though not of the highest kind, was, of its kind, the best. There was no Philharmonic or Symphony Society in those days, though I think the Oratorio Society existed, and there must have been an orchestra to accompany it. But Barnum, who was a great benefactor to his country as well as a great showman, brought Jenny Lind to America, and so set the fashion of importing famous singers to America, which later led on to the Metropolitan Opera.

Jenny Lind's advent created an unparalleled furor of excitement. We were younger in those days and more

excitable than we are now, and Barnum had a genius for creating and taking advantage of excitement. He was a born advertiser. The tickets to the first Jenny Lind concert were sold at auction. An enterprising hatter paid several hundred dollars for the first ticket — and the National advertisement which the purchase gave to him. I had a chance, which I seized with avidity, to act as escort to a lady who sang in the great chorus on the one occasion in which Jenny Lind sang in the oratorio of the "Messiah." A wonderful personality spoke through her voice. All anxieties, spiritual and secular, fled away when she sang "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"; and it was impossible to doubt the Resurrection while she was singing "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth." She seemed a celestial witness; to doubt her testimony was to doubt her veracity.

Two years later came Julien, composer and leader, bringing with him his Drury Lane Theater Orchestra. He also, if I mistake not, was one of Barnum's gifts to America. His repertoire was not exactly classical. It was largely dance music, and it was very popular. One of his waltzes I can play even now — or at least the opening strain of it — on the piano, from memory. Two letters which I wrote at the time to my cousin describing two of his concerts may serve to illustrate the musical taste of that age. How he got together a chorus and orchestra of fifteen hundred I do not know. My impression is that it was not musically more effective than a chorus and orchestra of two or three hundred in a concert hall of ordinary size.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *Friday, June* 16, 1854.

We all went to the Crystal Palace last night to attend the musical congress. I send, enclosed, a report of the proceedings,

and after reading that you will know all about it that I know. The concert was great, the crowd was grand. After riding up in an omnibus so full inside that Austin, Edward, and I had to ride on top, and so full on top that we had nearly fallen through inside, after riding through a street, ordinarily quiet, now full of carriages going in two long lines, one up, the other down, like two funerals passing each other, after tumbling out of our omnibus and coming into a new crowd swarming around the Crystal Palace like so many bees around a hogshead of sugar, after crowding through one of three entrances, where the crowd was such as to require three people to take the tickets, we emerged finally into the Crystal Palace and were immerged in a greater crowd than before.

There is nothing in the great dome under which we stand, nothing in the light and graceful arches which surround us, nothing in any curious device or cunning mechanism which you shall find within this building, nothing in any lifelike statue, nothing in any exquisitely colored painting, nothing even in the music which has brought us here together, which can compare for beauty or for grandeur, with such a crowd, expectant, eager, happy, as is here — people everywhere. The whole body of the floor filled with reserved seats and black with people. Stairways impassable, turned into tiers of sofas, filled with people. Ladders, tables, boards turned on one side changed suddenly, by temporary cabinet-makers, into settees, covered with people. Galleries railed round with lines of people. People even hanging outside the railing on the stairways, and sitting on the very ornaments of the gallery. People everywhere. Hurrying to and fro in by-passageways; promenading on the balconies; creeping round high up in the dome, on the little platform where the lamplighter goes to light the chandelier; crowding from the hot Palace into the hotter ice-cream saloons adjoining, and crowding out again; and finally, having given up all hope of hearing the music, going out in such crowds that, when we leave in the middle of the second part we have to go down a block to get into an omnibus, as it is coming up, in order to obtain a seat.

The first part of the concert consisted entirely of selections from the "Messiah." "Worthy is the Lamb" sounds not badly when sung and played by fifteen hundred performers.

We came away at the middle of the second part. So we did not hear the "Fireman's Quadrille." I am going to hear that yet, however. I wished you could have been there. I wish you could yet go. They ought to finish by singing "Old Hundred" — Doxology — audience requested to rise and join. There would not be a whole pane left in the building.

I do not think that I am mistaken in believing that the moral standards in 1850, no less than the æsthetic standards, were lower than they are in 1913. I can remember when A. T. Stewart first introduced the one-price system into the retail stores of New York, and how great an innovation it was, and to the conservative spirits how impracticable it seemed. Before this innovation the ladies in their shopping haggled about the price, much as I believe the buyers of horses do now, and in the fashion, though not to the extent, still pursued by shoppers in the Orient. Drinking and drunkenness were common. The Washingtonian movement had abolished drinking from the ministers' meetings, but not from the social parlors. On New Year's Day the old Dutch custom was still kept up; the ladies kept open house, the men paid in one day their formal calls for the year. Cake and wine were the easiest things for a hospitable hostess to serve. By six o'clock one fully expected to see well-dressed gentlemen not only reeling in the streets, but also showing by their unsteady gait and their loosened tongues in the ladies' parlors the effect of their excess. It was largely due to this fact that the custom of open houses on New Year's Day came to an end. I was not a total abstainer. In fact, my doctor, who was himself a vigorous advocate of the temperance cause, prescribed ale and porter for me with my dinner, and, as my father paid my medical bills, I had no pecuniary reason for total abstinence. And as in those days

there were no "splits" and I could not possibly drink an entire bottle of either Scotch ale or London porter, my brothers usually shared my "medicine" with me. So far as I remember, I never was inside a saloon or bar-room, except as I passed through one to the restaurant for a meal. And I have a distinct impression that at the time I felt that some of my college mates looked on me, and on those of like temperate habits, as lacking in virility because we never had gone through the experience of being drunk. Drunkenness was not then the "bad form" which I judge it to be in practically all social circles to-day.

The street-walkers were much more in evidence then than they are to-day; or is it only that they were more in evidence to a youth under seventeen than they are to a man over seventy? I do not think that is all. That I should not be accosted now as I often was then is natural enough; but I have eyes to see and some common sense to judge whether the women I see upon the broad and well-lighted streets between eleven and twelve o'clock are professionals or not. The upper gallery in most, if not all, of the theaters was reserved for such women, where they might ply their trade, and no woman was allowed on the floor or in the first gallery of most theaters unless accompanied by a man as a guarantee of her respectability.

A municipal police had been organized before I came to live in New York, but an incident in my personal experience leads me to believe that the police conditions were at least no better than they are now — probably worse. I think the immediate occasion of this incident was one of those periodical violations by the State Legislature of the principle of home rule, which, in an attempt to reform municipal conditions by legislative action, has

done so much to prevent real and lasting municipal reform. As I recall the history, the Legislature had attempted to put the municipal police under State control; the attempt was resisted by Mayor Wood; and for a week or two at least, the police was, in consequence, disorganized and demoralized. For my account of the riot which ensued I am not dependent on my memory. The following account of it I wrote at the time to my cousin: —

Friday, July 10, 1857.

You have, I presume, already received from me a newspaper containing pretty full accounts of the late riots. I can give you also a little of the view of an "eye-witness." I spent the Fourth in Orange, New Jersey, coming back to New York about five in the afternoon. I suppose that region of New York City contained between Canal Street on the north, Bowery and Chatham Street on the east, Chambers Street on the south, and Broadway on the west contains more squalid poverty and abominable wickedness than any area of equal size in the world. I do not know about the outcast places of London and Paris, but I should not imagine they could be worse. This region contains the famous Five Points and the Sixth Ward, which rejoices in the well-earned sobriquet of the Bloody Sixth. As I was leisurely sauntering up Broadway to my room after dinner, I saw on the corner of Broadway and White Street (a street that runs down into the center of this region) a crowd assembled looking down the street. I crossed over, and, the crowd being more dense towards the Five Points, I, expecting a riot, walked down to the scene of disorder. As I passed by the station house which stands in White Street, I passed five or six policemen coming up the street, one after the other, with men whom they had arrested, their heads cut open and the blood streaming over their faces. One policeman was coming up the sidewalk alone, reeling like a drunken man, his face covered with blood. I followed on in the expectation of finding the cause of the difficulty; and on the corner of White and Orange Streets I came upon it. A little way up the street I could see here and there stones and bricks flying. One man

stood on the top of his house, pulled bricks from the chimney and fired them upon the heads of those below. His wife stood by him, whether encouraging him or urging him to desist I could not tell. I went some way up the street, but, finding myself getting very fast into the crowd and in dangerous proximity to the stones and bricks, I beat a retreat and passed round through Canal Street into Bowery and so down to Bayard Street. On the corner of Bayard and Bowery there was a tremendous crowd. Every three or four minutes there would be a rush and they would come tearing down Bowery; I could hear shots exchanged but could not very safely stand in the crowd on the corner of the street nor where I could see anything.

It soon became evident, however, that the battle was going on in Bayard Street, and I worked my way along till I espied a cheap restaurant and lodging-house on the corner of Bayard and Bowery, and I made a rush for it. It was locked and a placard announced that no meals would be served there after the dinner hour. I rattled at the door, and presently a waiter came, opened the door a crack, to look at me, but the crack was wide enough to let me squeeze in, which I did before he had time to see that I did not belong there. Then, by dint of taking a night's lodging and paying for it twenty-five cents, I got upstairs and out on the balcony of the hotel facing Bayard Street. Here I was directly over the battle and in a splendid position to see it. A crowd of Bowery boys occupied Bayard Street, immediately under my feet. The Dead Rabbits occupied the other end of the same street. Midway between the two belligerent forces was an empty ground in which there lay, it so happened, two or three piles of bricks used in a building that was going up there. Sometimes the Bowery boys would rush down the street, obtain possession of the brick pile, and drive the Dead Rabbits before them; then the Dead Rabbits would return and themselves obtain the bricks, and so the battle raged. There were plenty of pistols in use when I got there — at a little before seven — and very soon after muskets were put into requisition. An ordinary brick was too merciful a missile. Before the fighter fired it, he always threw it two or three times upon the hard pavement to break off its soft, crumbly edges. There was among the Bowery boys, at our end of the street, a young Italian; not, I should think, over

sixteen or seventeen years of age. He had a pistol with him, and was among the vanguard always. Yet he did not seem to be malicious, but to be in the battle out of motives of excitement and curiosity more than anger and revenge. He was one of the first to fall after the muskets were brought out. He was carried by us, directly under our feet as we stood on the piazza of the second story. There was a little hole in his left breast, a little spot of blood on his white linen coat. But the blood was his heart's blood, and the hole was large enough to give escape to his life. He was writhing in the most horrible death agonies. It was a fearful sight; for, rough as were his companions, he was a beautiful boy. . . .

After this the battle grew more determined and serious, though lessened in numbers. A great many who were willing to take their chance of a stone or a brick stood at a respectful distance from a musket. Just about this time the Bowery boys obtained possession of Elizabeth Street, and, collecting there a number of carts and wagons, ran them out across Bayard Street and so made a barricade under whose cover they fought after that. The leader of the Dead Rabbits was a great strapping Irishman in a red shirt. He owned the Dead Rabbits' muskets and, I think, shot the Italian. I saw him come out a little in advance of his party, take careful aim at the Bowery party, and fire. There was a flash but no report. His gun had missed fire. He took it from his shoulder to examine the lock. He was a good target. A Bowery boy crept up behind their barricade of wagons; rested his musket on the wheel; and took deliberate aim at the opposing chief as he stood there examining the lock of his own gun. There was a flash, a report, and the Dead Rabbit fell like a log, a dead rabbit in verity. Shortly after he fell a woman came out and took his place, except she was far more venturesome. I imagined her to be his wife. She would come close up to the barricade, fill her arms full of bricks, and return with them to her party. At first the Bowery boys only called to her to go away. To this she paid no attention. This was followed by a few bricks, about which she apparently cared as little. She still remained while pistol bullets and bricks rained about her, caring about them as little as you or I might about a rain-storm. Finally, when her apron was full of bricks, she went back as quietly as she came. But

the Dead Rabbits would not let her return. When I came away at about 8 P.M. the battle was still raging, but not so furiously as it had been, and I believe it was stopped very soon after I came away. It was the first time I ever saw a riot, and I think it was the most horrible sight I ever saw.

I did not think it necessary to frighten my cousin by telling her why I came away. When a bullet whizzed by me and flattened itself against the brick wall over my head, I thought it was time for me to retreat, which I did with celerity. This is the nearest I have ever been to a battle, and I have never desired to be any nearer. My military ambition is not ardent.

I have said that I do not remember ever going into a bar-room or saloon; to that statement I must make one exception. I wanted to know the city from the top to the bottom, its vices as well as its virtues. This desire was partly natural, partly morbid. Defensible or indefensible, it existed. Combining with two or three of my college mates, we hired a policeman to take us through New York. He did the job apparently with thoroughness. He took us into the parlors of one or two houses in Mercer Street, which was then a prostitutes' thoroughfare; then through the Five Points, where no man dared to go by night alone, and even by day went at some hazard; and then to the scene of the worst haunts of the sailors in Water Street. I would not recommend this method of moral vaccination in general, but it was effectual in my case. There has never since that visit been for me any glamour in vice. I had seen it as a critical spectator in all its deformity, and good taste would have kept me from it even if moral principle did not. We did not visit any gambling-house. The interior of a gambling-hell I never saw until many years after, when, with my wife and some other friends, I

visited Monte Carlo, where I saw the most unromantic and stupid exhibition of purely sordid avarice my eyes ever beheld.

I always went to church. Of my religious experience I shall speak hereafter, tracing it through the various stages of its growth from boyhood to old age. Enough to say here that I cannot share the belief of those who think, or perhaps I should say feel, that the church has degenerated in the last half-century. During a part of that time I attended the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church. Some forty or fifty boys and girls from an orphan asylum made what seemed to me an important part of the congregation. The boys sat in one gallery, the girls in the gallery opposite. I do not recall that I ever heard the minister tell a story, use an illustration, or point a moral lesson which by any possibility could appeal to these children. There may have been connected with this church some mission chapel, but I do not think so. If so, it was not in evidence. I do not think I ever heard of one. The attitude of the churches in New York City was then much what the attitude of the village church is to-day: its duty was to care for the individuals and the families in its own congregation. For these attendants there were plenty of services — not to say a surplus; but going out into the world preaching the Gospel to every creature was left to be done by the missionary societies, which were supported by the churches with more or less liberality. Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, and some time later Dr. W. S. Rainsford in New York, were pioneers in church missionary work. It hardly need be said that there was no social settlement work and no Young Women's Christian Association; the Young Men's Christian Association was just coming into existence.

In this city I lived with my two older brothers, Benjamin Vaughan and Austin, during my college days, from 1849 to 1853 inclusive, and for six years thereafter. My father had no home. He married Mrs. Mary Dana Woodbury in 1853, but they never kept house; traveled much; and boarded when in this country. If there had been a room available in my Uncle John's home, which I doubt, a boarding-school for girls would have been no place for a college boy of fourteen. Petted and spoiled by girls, I should have been subjected to the temptation to vanity and intellectual idleness, more to be dreaded than the temptations of an independent life under the guardianship of two older brothers in the city. And before I graduated, my father and Uncle John had discontinued the school, given up the profession of teaching altogether, and betaken themselves to authorship, to which the remainder of their lives was given. This was not because of any lack of success. The school was, both from an educational and a financial point of view, successful to the end. But my father and my Uncle John had become increasingly interested in authorship, and found the two vocations of author and teacher inconsistent. My Uncle John removed to Brunswick, Maine, his birthplace, where he had the advantage of Bowdoin College Library, and where he completed the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," which gave to the circulation of "Harper's New Monthly Magazine" — then really "new" — a great impetus, and to the author simultaneously a deluge of criticism and a great popular reputation.

There were no such bachelor apartments in New York City in 1850 as now encourage bachelordom and discourage marriage. There were few clubs. We three brothers generally lived in hired rooms and took our

meals at restaurants. Once we tried breakfasting in our own rooms, but that was expensively luxurious. Once we tried to economize by boarding in Brooklyn. Going home one late afternoon, I found a sheriff in charge, the landlady having failed and her property having been taken in execution. We had some difficulty in persuading the sheriff to let us take our property, which consisted of clothing and some books. Perhaps the fact that my brother Vaughan had at that time been admitted to the bar and had some knowledge of the law helped to overcome the reluctance of the sheriff. We camped out that night in my brother's office. I slept, I remember, on the floor, with a Webster's Dictionary for a pillow. That was our last attempt at boarding. After my brother Vaughan graduated and went to Harvard Law School and before he came back and was admitted to the bar, my brother Austin and I occupied together a room so small that when our turn-up bedstead was opened out on the floor the entrance to the room was completely blocked. One night about Christmas, my brother Vaughan arriving unexpectedly late at night, we had to make up the bed in order to let him in.

My finances were under the charge of my second brother, Austin. Our allowances were paid to us monthly. Delmonico had one restaurant downtown in Beaver Street, and another on the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway. At the beginning of the month, when we were rich, we used to go to Delmonico's; a little later, as the purse grew lighter, to "Gosling's," a Broadway restaurant, or to one of the still cheaper restaurants on one of the side streets; and finally for the last three or four days of the month we were likely to take our meals at "Sweeney's," on Chatham Street, where we got, if I recollect aright, a plate of wheat cakes for six-

pence and a cup of coffee for threepence. In those days the common currency in New York was shillings and pence, not dimes and nickels. The restaurant was a long hall, with a counter at the rear, behind which was the kitchen. The waiter took the orders of three or four customers at once, then, as he walked back between the tables to the kitchen, shouted out the orders, so that the provisions might be ready for him and the customers not kept waiting — a custom which gave rise to a comic song describing how a bashful and impecunious youth ordered "one fish-ball and a little bread and butter, if you please," and with dismay heard

> "The waiter roar it through the hall,
> We don't give bread with one fish-ball."

The rolls, in the language of our homes called biscuits, were baked in a pan; if one wished a crusty roll he called for a roll outside, if one without crust he called for a roll inside. Rolls and Indian cakes with a cup of coffee were a favorite order for breakfast if one were economically inclined; which gave rise to the story, whether my brother's invention or an incident founded on fact I do not know, of the waiter who roared out the order, "Two Indians done brown and a roll inside."

Well, it was a happy time, and what would now be to me discomforts rather added to the fun. But it all seems to me remote and unreal. I cannot think that I was that boy and that New York City was that city. As I attempt to recall it out of the misty past, with grave doubts how much of my recollection is memory and how much imagination, it seems less real to me than the boyhood of David Copperfield. It was a life of almost absolute freedom, perhaps of freedom too absolute. And yet we lived clean and morally wholesome

Mrs. Elbridge Cutler ("Aunt Clara")

Mrs. John S. C. Abbott ("Aunt Jane") Mrs. Charles E. Abbott ("Aunt Elizabeth")

THE THREE SECOND MOTHERS

lives. I cannot recall that even the supposedly awful temptations of a city life were temptations to us. Our companions were clean companions, our recreations were clean recreations, the plays we went to were clean plays. Perhaps this was due to our inheritance; probably for me it was largely due to the guardianship of my older brothers. I am sure that for all of us the ever ready welcome to the home life of the Abbott School was a great protection. Thither we went with the freedom of brothers. And as we were only three boys and there were twenty-five or thirty girls and we were without competitors, we were general favorites. For Sunday evenings my Uncle John, who conducted the boarding department of the Abbott School, in Lafayette Place, established a service of song, borrowed from my grandfather's custom, and in this family song service we often, perhaps habitually, had a part. We joined in the family festivities of Christmas Eve. Among my valued memorabilia is a prayer-book which six Episcopalian girls gave to me at a time when I was quite regularly attending an Episcopal church.

We were not therefore homeless boys, and I was not motherless. I had three mothers: in the school at Norwich my Aunt Elizabeth; in New York my Aunt Jane, my Uncle John's wife; in Farmington, Maine, where I went for my vacations, my Aunt Clara. Perhaps something in an apparently feeble physique, perhaps something in a naturally dependent and clinging nature, especially commended me to their affectionate care. Certainly I can never repay, even in gratitude, much less in any other coin than that of love, the debt I owe to them. And all the time, most sacred of all, was the faith that my mother knew and cared; that every defeat I suffered was a sorrow to her, and every victory I

won added to her joy. Yes, I had four mothers — three on earth and one in heaven. And they all cared for me. And to their influence I perhaps most of all owe the fact that those four years of college life were years of comparative innocence.

CHAPTER III

AN AMERICAN COLLEGE IN 1850

IN 1849 I thought I was prepared for college. My Uncle Charles did not agree with me. He was right and I was wrong. But nevertheless I had my way. He had not thought, a year before, that I was ready to take up Greek. So I had got hold, somehow, of a little Greek grammar and studied it by myself out of school hours. My persistence won, and I was put into the Greek class; my impression is that it consisted of two pupils. By the summer of 1849 I had read, as I recall, a little of Xenophon and two or three books of the "Iliad," but my preparation in grammar was both scanty and superficial. I had not read Virgil; but I knew the Latin grammar almost as I knew my alphabet; and I was so familiar with the Latin of Cicero that when we took up "De Senectute" and "De Amicitia" in college I was accustomed, while the class was reciting the day's lesson, to read to myself the lesson for the next day, leaving occasional unknown words and perplexing constructions to be examined when I got home.

But before I entered college I was, very unexpectedly to myself, confronted with one of the most serious problems of my life. My father called me into his room one day — this was probably in the spring vacation in 1849 — and something like the following colloquy occurred between us:—

Father. Lyman, the time has about come for you to decide whether you will go to college.

Myself. Why, father, I always supposed that of course I was going to college.

Father. No; not of course. I have estimated that it will cost me about five hundred dollars a year to carry you through college. You can go into business next fall and begin at once to earn your own livelihood. In that case, I should put aside five hundred dollars a year for you, and at the end of four years you would have a capital of two thousand dollars and interest, with which to go into business.

Myself. Well, father, of course if you think it best I should go into business, I am willing.

Father. Oh, no! I do not say that it is best. But the question is one for you to decide. Would you rather have a college education or the two thousand dollars?

Myself. What do you advise?

He would give me no advice. He put before me in a very practical fashion the relative advantages and the relative difficulties in a professional career and in a business career; told me to think it over for two or three days and then tell him my decision. Up to that time I had probably never had more than five dollars in my pocket at any one time, and two thousand dollars seemed to me an enormous fortune. When, at the end of the three or four days, I came to my father with my decision to take the education, he simply remarked: "I am very glad. I think it is an excellent plan for a boy to go to college, but a very poor plan for a boy to be sent."

The result was wholly beneficial. Throughout my college days I realized that I was spending my own good money for my education, and I determined to get my money's worth. Though I entered college the youngest in my class and somewhat handicapped by inadequate preparation and a feeble physique, which sent me away

every spring four or five weeks before the college term closed, I graduated fourth in a class of sixteen.

Behold me, then, a freshman in the University of the City of New York, still decidedly under the average in weight and somewhat under the average in size for my age, with my arm in a sling, for I had broken it two days before I finally left school for college, and with a pale face which gave me an unearned reputation for being very studious.

The University of the City of New York justified its right to its title by the fact that it had a grammar school, which was one of the best secondary schools in the city, and a medical school of good standing. My brother Vaughan said that New York City had three medical schools — an old school, a new school, and a brand-new school. The University Medical School was the new school. But its building was in another part of the city. I do not now know where it was situated. To me as a student the University was simply one of the smaller of the American colleges of that day.

The reader, instinctively comparing the University of the City of New York as I here describe it with the modern American university, such as Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, will see in the comparison evidences of the marvelous growth of the higher education in America during the last half-century. If he will compare my Alma Mater with the college of a previous epoch, he will see in that comparison evidences of the no less marvelous growth of the higher education in the quarter-century preceding 1850. There lies before me as I write a "Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Bowdoin College, Brunswick," Maine, dated 1818. The entire catalogue is contained on one sheet of paper sixteen and a half inches by fourteen and a half; that is, smaller than a gentle-

man's ordinary-sized pocket-handkerchief. There is a total of thirty-seven students, and the faculty consists of a President, a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, a Lecturer in Chemistry and Mineralogy, a Librarian, and three tutors. Six years later my father was called to a tutorship in Amherst College, Massachusetts. The college had one hundred and thirty-six students; the faculty included three professors, one of whom taught both Latin and Greek, and Jacob Abbott, tutor, who also had charge of the buildings and grounds, for which he was to receive a small unnamed addition to his munificent salary of six hundred dollars a year. He was also a little later requested, in addition to his other duties, "to instruct the junior class in mathematics and philosophy till the next commencement." La Croix's Arithmetic and Day's Algebra were a part of the studies of the freshman class. And the students of Amherst College were not, I think, inferior to those of other American colleges in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. That was in 1825. By 1850 even the small American colleges had made a considerable advance in number of students, size of faculty, financial endowment, and scholastic standards.

The University of the City of New York occupied a commodious marble building, not without architectural dignity, on the east side of Washington Square. The lower floor was used by the University grammar school, where my oldest brother, Vaughan, prepared for college. A broad stairway, opening directly upon the street, led up to a hall in the second story running the full length of the building, out of which opened the recitation-rooms and a small chapel, large enough for all the academic students to assemble in. They never, I think, numbered more than two hundred. The third story con-

tained a much larger chapel, of Gothic architecture, two stories of the building in height. On this floor were also the halls of the two literary societies of the college, the Eucleian and the Philomathean. The rooms on the upper floor were rented out to lodgers or as offices. There was no dormitory. The students lived at home, or where they could, the University furnishing the instruction, but neither board, lodging, nor oversight. In this respect the University was more German than English. We assembled in the morning for prayers in the smaller chapel. After a so-called devotional exercise, which with most of us was not, I fear, very devotional, we separated to our various recitation-rooms. The recitations occupied us for the next three hours, about one hour each. At half-past twelve or thereabouts our work at the University came to an end; we separated to our homes; and the University knew us no more until the next morning at nine or half-past nine. There was no gymnasium and there were no athletics. There were three or four Greek-letter societies that met I know not where, but I never belonged to one. Secret organizations have always been distasteful to me; the only one to which I ever belonged was a secret loyal league organized for mutual protection during the Civil War in a community in which secrecy was thought to be necessary for safety.

There were, however, two open literary societies, the Philomathean and the Eucleian. With my brothers I belonged to the Eucleian Society, which, I believe, still exists in a flourishing condition. We met on Friday evenings, once a fortnight. There was an oration, which was criticised both as to its matter and manner by the presiding officer; a college paper, not printed but simply read by the editor to the society; and a debate, which

was always extemporaneous. It was here I first learned to think upon my feet, and so laid the foundation for my lifelong habit of extemporaneous speech. For the essential condition of really extemporaneous speech is ability to think upon one's feet. Without that ability the extemporaneous address is either a memoriter, though unwritten, oration or a rambling and discursive talk unfreighted with any thought. The value of the old-time debating societies in village, school, and college appears to me to be underestimated in our times. "In the Westminster debating societies," says Alfred Austin in his autobiography, "I at least acquired a facility, sometimes an extemporaneous facility, of utterance that has been useful to me, I think, all through life." Similar testimony will be found in the biographies of Lord Macaulay and Mr. Gladstone.

T. De Witt Talmage was a member of my class and displayed the same characteristics which made him famous in after life. He was not distinguished for his scholarship in the classroom nor for his accuracy of statement in his college speeches; but he was distinguished for a vivid though not subtle imagination, and a boundless good feeling which made him the friend of everybody and every one his friend. He had, of course, an oration at Commencement, and he is the only college orator I have ever heard whose oration was repeatedly interrupted by the spontaneous applause of his audience.

There was in the University no laboratory for students' use, either chemical or physical. There was chemical and physical apparatus which the professor used in lecturing to us. But we never experimented. We students never *did* anything. We only listened, read our books, and recited our lessons. I do not now distinctly recall any college library, and as I was then, as I

am now, very fond of books, and as I did during college days a good deal of unrequired reading, getting the books for that purpose where I could, I am reasonably certain that if there was a college library, it was insignificant and played no important part in our college life. But each of the literary societies had its library; and five minutes' walk from the University was the Mercantile Library, organized for merchants' clerks, but available for any one who was willing to pay five dollars a year for the privilege of membership. Of that I early became a member.

The object of the American college in 1850 was to prepare the student for one of the three learned professions — law, medicine, or the ministry. I do not think that any one of the members of my class looked forward to another than one of these three careers. Engineering was not regarded as a learned profession, nor journalism, nor literature, nor music, nor art, nor acting, nor agriculture, nor teaching, nor business. For business what was needed was not education, but experience. Teaching was not a profession. Very few chose it as their life work. College professors frequently, college presidents almost uniformly, were clergymen who from choice or necessity had left the pulpit for the college chair; other teachers had generally taken up the work for bread-and-butter reasons or *en route* to something else. The farmer looked upon "book larnin'" with good-humored contempt, not without some justification, since the agricultural books and papers of that day were largely the work of academicians without practical experience.

Literature, music, art, and the stage were thought to be only for bohemians, who were regarded as the unpractical estrays of life who could do nothing better than act, paint, play, and write stories. No equipment was

thought necessary for the lower ranks in journalism, and no equipment was thought adequate for the higher ranks. Journalists, like poets, were born, not made. The Rensselaer Polytechnic School of Troy, New York, had been opened in 1824; another engineering school in connection with Union College about 1850; a school of agriculture in Michigan in the same year; a school of design in connection with the National Academy of Design in New York City in 1825; and doubtless there were other similar attempts to broaden the scope of education. But such attempts were the little-known and little-credited work of lonely pioneers. Music and art were taught in the finishing schools for girls; that is, the girl was taught to play a dozen pieces on the piano and to copy a crayon sketch set for her by her teacher. There were also occasional musical institutes, where lectures in harmony, composition, and the history of music were given; these were both interesting and inspiring, but could not serve the purpose of systematic and continuous class instruction.

Normal schools in America had been established by Horace Mann ten years before, but were as yet undeveloped; they were established against great opposition from teachers, who thought the educational appliances of the Puritan Fathers were good enough for their sons. In the public schools neither music, art, nor industrial training had any generally recognized place. It is true that as early as 1827 my father was instrumental in bringing Lowell Mason back to Boston from Savannah, Georgia, and introducing him to Boston as a teacher of music; true, also, that Lowell Mason even then contended that whoever could talk could learn to sing; and I have no doubt that there was somewhere at the same time some one who was insisting that it was as easy to

teach the average child to express himself by the pencil and the brush as by the pen. But these exceptional men found few listeners and fewer followers.

The curriculum of the University of the City of New York then represented the average educational demand of the age. It had no musical department, no art gallery, no museum — historical, zoölogical, botanical, ethnological, or other. The name of Mr. S. F. B. Morse was printed in the catalogue as Professor of the Literature of the Art of Design, but he had become absorbed in his invention of the telegraph; I have no recollection of him as an instructor. The University taught Latin, Greek, mathematics, mental, moral, and political philosophy, and something of the natural sciences, the last exclusively by lectures. There were chapel exercises in oratory, and some instruction in rhetoric and composition. But I have no recollection of any instruction in English literature or in modern or mediæval history. French, Spanish, Italian, and German professors were announced in the catalogue, but I think these languages were extras and that the professors were called in from outside when there were any pupils for them to teach. I took one year of German. I made nothing out of it; but, as no one else made anything out of it, I venture the guess that the failure was not wholly my fault. The Greek department was in a disorganized condition during the first three years of my college course. In the fourth year the chair was taken by Dr. Howard Crosby, a great Greek scholar and a great teacher. But it was then too late to lay foundations and impossible to build a superstructure where no foundation had been laid. It was not too late, however, to inspire me with an admiration for the Greek language and the Greek literature, and to give me at least an impulse for the study of

the New Testament Greek by myself, when seven years later I decided to enter the ministry. Dr. Crosby became not only one of the heroes of my boyhood, but my life-long friend. Among my cherished possessions in my six volumes of autographs is the letter from him offering me in 1877 the degree of Doctor of Divinity. If it had not been for his letter, I think I should have declined the honor. But I had so much respect for his critical judgment and his absolute candor that I ventured to hope that his judgment of my scholarship was better than my own.

If a university is to be measured by the value of its material equipment, the New York University in 1850 must be regarded as a small college. But this is not the true measure of a university. The four principal chairs in the New York University were occupied in 1850 by great teachers: Professors A. E. Johnson, in Latin; Elias Loomis, in Mathematics; John W. Draper, in Chemistry; and C. S. Henry, in Philosophy.

Professor E. A. Johnson thought in Latin. It was, I then believed and am now inclined to believe, a more familiar tongue to him than the English. Under his instruction I acquired an admiration for Cicero as a stylist which I have never lost. It was largely due to his influence that I acquired in college the habit of reading English authors for their style as well as for their ideas — a habit which has made it a delight to me to read authors as diverse in both thought and style as Matthew Arnold and Carlyle, Ruskin and Macaulay, Burke and John Stuart Mill, simply to see with what consummate skill they use their tools. From Professor Loomis I learned the principle that there are axioms — in philosophy as in mathematics — which must be assumed as a basis of all subsequent demonstration, and that if a

disputant cannot understand or does not accept the axiom on which his opponent's argument is based, it is useless to continue the argument. Professor Draper was not only a great scientist, but, as he afterward proved by his fascinating history of "The Intellectual Development of Europe," a man of broad culture. Nor had he the contempt which some scientists appear to have for the practical aspects of science. His experiments, following those of Daguerre, made the daguerreotype and the photograph practicable as a method of taking and preserving portraits. I have a photographer's copy of the first daguerreotype ever taken in this country. The sitter had to remain unmoved in bright sunshine for an hour, while the sun was with great deliberation drawing her portrait. Professor Draper succeeded in accelerating the process so that one or two minutes sufficed. I have reason to realize the service which he rendered to the world, since I have no portrait of my mother save a silhouette, because she died before the daguerreotype had been brought into use. Professor Draper was a brilliant experimenter, and a singularly lucid lecturer. If any one could have made a scientist of me, he could. But not even he could perform miracles.

The man to whom I owe an incalculable debt of gratitude was the Professor of Moral, Mental, and Political Philosophy — Dr. C. S. Henry. He also gave us instruction in rhetoric and oratory, though of that instruction I remember only two incidents: his counsel, "Gentlemen, never gesture with malice aforethought," a counsel which has not made me graceful on the platform, but has at least kept me from artificiality; and his satirical comment on the eloquent phrase of one of my classmates, "The time-worn face of the heavens," a comment which has served to make me dread finely

turned phrases, which are to an oration what the scroll-saw work is to the houses built in San Francisco in the middle of the last century. He effectually silenced one noisy student by the sharp, "L———, be still, or you will rise from the dignity of a nuisance to that of calamity." He was an Episcopal clergyman and an Arminian in his theology; and it was related of him that in a heated discussion with a Calvinistic colleague he brought the debate to a close with "T———, you are as much worse than an atheist as a bad God is worse than no God at all," a phrase which has often come back to me in reading an occasional sermon constructed for the purpose of frightening men into goodness. His sense of reality and his hatred of shams of all description appealed strongly to us college fellows. There was in my brother's class a man equally famous in the college community for his piety and his laziness. On one occasion, when for the third or fourth day in succession he had responded to Dr. Henry's call with "Unprepared, sir," the Professor paused in the lesson, and something like the following colloquy occurred: —

Professor. You are a member of the Church, are n't you?
B. Yes, sir.
Professor. A member of the Society of Inquiry?
B. Yes, sir.
Professor. Always at church on Sunday?
B. Yes, sir.
Professor. Always at the class prayer-meeting?
B. Yes, sir.
Professor. Think yourself pious, don't you?
B. (*beginning to be alarmed*). I — er — hope so, sir.
Professor. Yes! Well! I can see through that piety; and I guess the Lord's as far-sighted as I am.

I am tempted to draw my pen through these incidents, lest they give the reader a false impression of a man

whom I think one of the greatest teachers I have ever known. In most colleges in 1850 the students were furnished with a philosophy ready made which they were expected to accept and carry with them into life. This was true even in Harvard. "The college," says Senator Hoar in his "Autobiography," "had rejected the old Calvinistic creed of New England and substituted in its stead the strict Unitarianism of Dr. Ware and Andrews Norton — a creed in its substance hardly more tolerant or liberal than that which it had supplanted." Uniformly theological students were equipped in their seminaries with a theology which they were subsequently to retail to their congregation. Thus in the Congregational denomination there was an Andover theology, a New Windsor theology, a New Haven theology, an Oberlin theology. Dr. Henry was a pioneer in the new school of teaching. His object was not to teach us a philosophy, but to develop in us power to think philosophically. He was comparatively indifferent to what conclusions we came, so that the conclusions were our own. In political economy I never owned the textbook, but I bought John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy," and I discussed politico-economic problems with my classmates, my brothers, any one who would discuss with me; and I should have stood at the head of my class had I not been asked one day to give an account of the Bank of Scotland, when I did not even know that Scotland had a bank. My zero that day brought my standing down. In mental philosophy I cannot even remember what our textbook was; but I remember reading in Hume, Stewart, Sir William Hamilton, and Upham. To know what a textbook said counted for very little with Dr. Henry; how little is indicated by his characterization of one of our textbooks: "Dr. ——— thinks he thinks a

great deal, but he does not think at all." To have reached a definite conviction, to be able to state that conviction clearly, and to defend it vigorously against opposition, was what he demanded of us. In short, his object was not to give us information, but to equip us with power. Temperamentally from earliest childhood disinclined to submit my intellect to any authority, always willing to listen, but always wishing to consider, weigh, and determine for myself what I heard, I found in Dr. Henry's classroom the same joy which an athlete finds in his athletics. Whatever power I have had in my after life to think problems through to a conclusion, to state with clearness that conclusion when I have reached it, and to defend it against critics, I owe, so far as I can judge, first to inheritance and training received from my father, and second to the intellectual discipline received in the New York University from Dr. Henry.

In the New York University there was very little college life. There were compulsory college prayers, but, of course, no Sabbath services, and no religious organization comparable to a college church. There was no effective attempt to regulate conduct outside of college walls. While preparing this chapter I discovered in an old catalogue of the University a rule which forbade "frequenting of billiard-rooms, taverns, and other places of corrupting influences"; but I doubt whether I knew of its existence when I was in college, and I am quite sure that there was no such surveillance as would be necessary to enforce it. I habitually took my meals in restaurants and often in English chop houses, which were called "taverns," and which were common in that day, though they have almost entirely disappeared now. And I never suspected that I was violating any rule by so doing. We did not know where our professors lived;

that they did not know where we lived I judged from the fact that I repeatedly changed my residence during my four years of college life, and was never asked to report the change. We could eat and drink and amuse ourselves as we pleased, so long as we behaved ourselves with propriety in the three or four hours under the college roof. And I am quite sure that any one of our class could have written and published an essay to prove that Christ is a myth and God a fable of the poets, and no one in the Faculty would have called him to account for it, unless it had been scandalously blasphemous. Yes! Dr. Henry might have called him to account; but it would have been only to make him read his thesis before the class and defend it against all objection, or else acknowledge it to be indefensible.

I do not think there were any optionals in the New York University except perhaps in modern languages. Everything else was prescribed; but neither were there required readings, and the prescribed courses were such that a fairly studious pupil could fulfill all the obligations needed for honorable graduation, and still find time for optional courses of study provided by himself. I read Macaulay's "History of England," which was in course of publication during my college years, and read it with quite as much avidity as the novels of Dickens, which were also appearing in monthly numbers. Macaulay inspired me with the desire to know more of English history, and I read Hume, and then Hallam's "Constitutional History," and did a little reading in Smollett and Clarendon. At this time also I read some of my father's English histories. Thus I laid the foundation of a knowledge of English history which has served me a good purpose since in my editorial work, and, supplemented as it has been by subse-

quent studies, especially in Froude and Green, might have made me a reputable scholar in English history if I had trained my memory; but in my reaction against the *memoriter* methods pursued in the schools of that day I acquired an unfortunate contempt for all exercises designed to strengthen the memory.

I also laid out for myself a course in theology. I desired to hold the New England faith of my ancestors, but I could not and would not accept their faith unless I knew reasons which justified its acceptance. I had come, not to disbelieve, but to doubt all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity except the immortality of the individual and the existence of God. I bought Bishop Pearson's "Exposition of the Creed," and, with this as a guide, took up one by one the articles of the Apostles' Creed and made some excursions into other books than Pearson, in search for arguments to support this primitive faith of the Christian Church. This study must have been somewhat discursive and superficial, since now I can recall only one of the books so studied as producing any profound influence. This was Edwards on "The Freedom of the Will," the study of which, as thoughtfully and carefully pursued as was possible for a boy not yet seventeen years of age, determined my theological thinking from that day to this.

It will not be expected that in a paragraph I should attempt either to describe or to discuss what is probably the greatest contribution made to theological thought by any American scholar; but I may in a paragraph intimate the influence this work exerted upon my own thought and character. "Edwards on the Freedom of the Will" impressed me then, and impresses me now, as the work of a great logician who dealt with philosophy of the mind as he would deal with a mathematical

problem. I could not see that he had made any preliminary study of actual human experience, or any endeavor to reduce his philosophy of human nature from a study of human nature as it actually exists. The conclusion which he reached was for me overturned by the single sentence of Dr. Johnson to Boswell: "We know that we are free, and there's an end on't." If I granted Edwards's premises that the act of the will is an effect, I could see no escape from his conclusion that in the will there is no freedom. I denied Edwards's premises, and therefore I denied alike the conclusion of the mechanical scientist and of the Calvinistic theologian. How fully I thought out at that time my philosophy of the will I am not able with certainty to state, but substantially the conclusion was then reached on which my whole religious teaching has since been founded.

The act of the will is not an effect; it is produced by no cause. There is, and must be, such a thing as an original cause. Man's will is an original cause; it is itself uncaused. It is influenced, but not controlled. In this respect man shares with his heavenly Father in what may properly be called creative power. The alternative which Jonathan Edwards put as a conclusive argument against the self-determining power of the will I accepted. The future is not in all its details predetermined by God nor by previous events. And as it is not predetermined, so neither is it foreknown. There is a real uncertainty in life. What seems to the average man to be true is true. While the greatest and most important events in our life are determined not by us but for us, such as, Shall I be born in the first century or in the twentieth century, in Africa or in America, of pagan or of Christian parents, there is a certain range in which nothing is determined for me but I am left to make my

own determinations, as my earthly father left me to determine the question whether or not I would go to college; and within this range and only within this range am I responsible for my conduct or its consequences. Because of the conclusion thus early reached in my life, I accepted without hesitation the new school theology of Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. Charles G. Finney, and later welcomed with enthusiasm the philosophic teaching of Henri Bergson, who carried this doctrine a step further, in interpreting God himself as a Being of changing will, though of changeless purpose. It is perhaps for this reason that I have been regarded with suspicion as a heretic by my Calvinistic and semi-Calvinistic brethren.

But to possess power is useless unless one uses the power which he possesses. Almost simultaneously with my study of Edwards on "The Freedom of the Will" I fell in with John Foster's essay on "Decision of Character." Physically feeble, naturally timid, unwilling to take responsibility, this essay of less than sixty pages inspired me to attempt a practical application in my own life of the principle which I had intellectually acquired from my study of Jonathan Edwards. I set myself to attain the courage necessary to use the creative power with which I believed God had endowed me. To describe in detail the process of this self-education would take me too far from my present purpose in this chapter. It must suffice to say that it included these steps: A conviction that I could not, if I would, throw off upon others the responsibility for my own choice; that I might wisely take counsel from others for my conscience, but I could not rightly submit my conscience to the control of others; that every man must give account of himself to God, not only in a final day of judgment, but every

day and for every voluntary act of his life; that when questions were presented they must therefore be carefully considered, the pros and cons carefully weighed, as a court of final appeal would weigh the pros and cons of a case submitted to it, but that when a decision was reached there must be no reconsideration of the question unless new facts before unknown are presented to the mind. Every *real* decision must be a *final* decision and must not be made until the individual is willing it should be final; that though evils may result from an erroneous decision, no decision is quite so bad as indecision, no mistaken course of conduct quite so injurious as infirmity of will and vacillation of purpose.

More important in its effect upon my character than any book I read or any single teacher in the University was the influence of my two older brothers, Benjamin Vaughan and Austin, and it was all the more important because neither were they conscious of exerting it nor was I conscious of being affected by it. They were my comrades from the day of my entrance on college life in 1849 to the day of my leaving their office for the ministry in 1859, nor did their comradeship cease then. It was interrupted by my five years' absence in the West; but when I returned to the East and became the pastor of a little, struggling Congregational church in New York City, they cast in their lot with mine and did all that brothers could do to make my pastorate a success. My brother Austin left the Broadway Tabernacle to become a deacon in the new church enterprise; my brother Vaughan left Plymouth Church to organize and lead the choir. When the church enterprise failed and I retreated from the city to Cornwall to devote myself to literary work, their comradeship did not cease. And when I returned, seventeen years later, to take the pas-

torate of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, it was through my brother Vaughan's suggestion, or that of his wife, I am not sure which, that I was invited to supply that historic pulpit, and as long as his health continued he and his family were my loyal supporters and wise counselors. This comradeship ended only with the death of my brothers — of Benjamin Vaughan in 1890 and of Austin in 1896.

My brother Austin, four years my senior, acted as my guardian in college. He had a good business head — poise, caution, thrift, and a good sense of proportion. Thanks to him, I never overran my allowance. Later he became my father's business agent in dealing with publishers, and after my father's death he was found to be the executor of his will. He must have had tact, for it is not easy for an older brother to act *in loco parentis* to a younger brother, and yet I cannot remember that there was ever any disagreement between us, and I was not wholly lacking in independence of spirit nor always placid in temper.

When my brother Austin graduated, he hesitated between making law or music his profession, and music always remained with him as an avocation. He carried his scholarly tastes into the law, became widely known for his legal scholarship, was a lawyer's lawyer, consulted by his professional brethren in difficult legal problems, and often prepared briefs for them, though he rarely argued cases in court himself. In the celebrated Beecher trial he was one of the counsel, and his orderly mind enabled him to keep the testimony so indexed and cross-indexed that at any moment in the trial Mr. Evarts, the senior counsel, could lay his hand on any testimony of any witness or any ruling of the judge on any topic without material delay in the proceedings.

This index enabled me afterward to prepare a pamphlet on "The Uncontradicted Testimony in the Beecher Case" and to write a two-page article for "Harper's Weekly" on the case, both of which publications I have reason for thinking rendered some service in clearing away the suspicion which the disagreement of the jury in that case left in the public mind.

He was Dean of the New York University Law School, which indeed he created or re-created, I am not sure which. His law books acquired a National reputation and are still in demand. Up to the day of his death he was to me both friend and counselor. When I needed to borrow money on a mortgage to build my house, it was he who secured it for me; it was he who made to me a wise suggestion that most people do not wish to hear two sermons on a Sunday, but that there are many who wish information on religious subjects, a suggestion which led me to give in Plymouth Church the course of Sunday Evening Lectures which were afterwards rewritten in the five volumes, "The Evolution of Christianity," "The Theology of an Evolutionist," "Christianity and Social Problems," "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews," and "The Life and Letters of Paul," and which on Sunday evenings changed a congregation which prior to these courses filled hardly more than a third of the church into congregations which crowded it to the doors. In my editorial work I constantly consulted him on the legal aspects of public questions, and his professional counsels gave to The Outlook, then the "Christian Union," a standing on such questions with the legal fraternity which lay journals rarely attain.

My brother Vaughan was of a very different temperament. He was an original, and had that spontaneity of

intellectual life which we are accustomed to regard as one of the characteristics of genius. He was less a scholar and more a creator than my brother Austin. He had no mind for the hair-splitting which is supposed in some quarters to be the characteristic of a successful lawyer, and no great reverence for mere tradition, which is supposed in other quarters to constitute legal ability. But beneath the confusing currents and cross-currents of thought which characterize most controversies he had the power to see clearly the really fundamental principles involved. In this respect his mind seemed to me Websterian in its character. Some illustrations of this ability will be indicated in the next chapter. Perhaps it is a brother's partiality, but I think he might have made a notable success in the argument of great questions before the Court of Appeals or the Supreme Court of the United States. But he had no interest in the details which must be mastered in the trial of causes in the court below, and personal controversy of any description was his pet aversion. He could not even play games with any pleasure, because the contest of skill with an opponent, which is an essential element of interest in all games, was distasteful to him; he was equally unwilling to beat or to be beaten.

When I left the firm of Abbott Brothers, in 1859, he had no inclination to find another to take my place, and gave up the practice of law for law editorship and authorship. A growing impairment of his hearing would perhaps have necessitated his abandonment of court practice even if I had remained his partner. It made his naturally sensitive soul supersensitive, drove him from the bar and from the social circle, and made the later years of his life years of comparative isolation. But this did not check his interest in human questions; his spirit

of comradeship remained after his power to give it expression had waned, and his exuberant humor, which would have made him a successful contributor to an American "Punch" if there had been any American "Punch" to contribute to, failed only with his failing health. From his unpublished writings, some of which have been kept as a memorial, I select one here to illustrate this phase of his character. My brother Edward had complained that Vaughan had not written to him. In reply he wrote four defenses in different literary forms, one of them in the form of a sermon.

[Old fashioned sermon style.]
Text. 2 Ep. John, 12.

Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face.

Firstly, my hearers, this passage teaches the wrongfulness of the worldly practice of writing letters. Our text divides into three heads: 1. The temptation to write letters — "having many things to write." 2. The resolve not to write — "I would not write with paper and ink." 3. The true substitute, viz., *a personal* visit — "I trust to come unto you."

Secondly. The Gospel, my hearers, explicitly forbids the disciples to write letters; even to a brother. In the Sermon on the Mount it is said, "Leave thy gift before the altar, and *Go* be reconciled to thy brother." (Matt. v. 24.) And again we are told: "If thy brother trespass against thee, *Go* and tell him his fault." (Matt. xviii. 15.) Neither to avoid interrupting the temple services (in the first passage) nor when (in the second) anticipation of controversy seems to make a written record desirable, is it permitted to communicate with a brother by letter. One *must go and speak in person.*

Thirdly. The negative argument from the gospels, my dear hearers, sustains this view. It is not recorded that Jesus ever wrote a letter. He often and sternly denounced the *Scribes.* No word of his can be wrested into an encouragement of correspondence by mail, or a concession that a postal service could

exist, under the Gospel dispensation. Not one word of aid or counsel did he ever address to postmasters or letter-carriers.

Fourthly. The practice of apostolic times, my friends, sustains our exposition. *The apostles wrote no letters.* They wrote *epistles:* but never letters. At the council of Jerusalem, while they did indeed reduce their views to writing, they sent Judas and Silas to communicate those views orally. (Acts xv. 27.) When Paul was arrested at Jerusalem, the chief captain Lysias wrote a letter to Felix delineating the case; but Paul went in person to make his defense. (Acts xxiv. 10.) The passage "Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you" is doubtless a mistranslation; for Paul elsewhere (II Cor. x. 9, 10) declares he "would not terrify you by letters"; and repudiates the aspersion that "his letters truly are weighty and powerful." John, indeed, in the Revelation was told to write to the Angels of the Seven Churches; but observe, 1. He was told to write in a *book.* (Rev. i. 11.) 2. Being angels, a personal visit was impossible. 3. This was an exceptional divine command and affords no rule for ordinary conduct.

Fifthly. During the early centuries of the Christian Church, letters, as is well known, were almost abandoned. It was not until modern times that the practice was renewed, and what is known as the *Revival of Letters* took place.

Sixthly. We will continue this subject, my dear hearers, this afternoon, with a few words of personal application.

My brother Austin inspired in me the desire to have an orderly mind and to carry order and system into my life's work. My brother Vaughan inspired me with the desire to see in all controversies what is the real and fundamental question at issue, and not to take life so seriously as to incapacitate me from relieving the tensity of some situations and the irritation of others by an appreciation of its essential humor.

I had not the same comradeship with my brother Edward. He was six years my junior. While I was in college he was away at boarding-school, or with our Aunt Sallucia, who was as a foster mother to him. We

met only in vacations. After he graduated from the New York University, in 1860, he went to Andover Theological Seminary, and, after the usual three years' course, took up his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts, first as a Congregational pastor, afterwards as an Episcopal rector, while I lived always in New York. As he was an Episcopalian and I was a Congregationalist, we never met at ecclesiastical gatherings. Temperamentally we were very dissimilar. He was interested in the past, I in the future; he in what had been done, I in what remained to do; he was naturally conservative, I naturally progressive; he was a Churchman, I was independent even for a Congregationalist. He once said to me, "There is nothing so glorious as preaching the Gospel, except administering the sacraments." I am so much of a Quaker that, while I appreciate the value of the sacraments to the great majority of worshipers, they appeal to me as an expression of spiritual experience less than prayer and praise and instruction, and I value them rather for the good they do to others than for any direct spiritual benefit which I am conscious of receiving from them myself.

Yet in writing these reminiscences I count myself to be writing in partnership with my brother Edward. For I have been peculiarly dependent, especially in the preparation of these earlier chapters, on the collection of books, manuscripts, and papers relating to the Abbott family which he made during the later years of his life and gave to Bowdoin College shortly before his death. So that, while I am not conscious of having been greatly influenced in my life by him, he has greatly aided me in writing this account of that life.

This chapter on my college education would not be complete without supplementing it by a reference to

two men whose influence exercised a profound influence on my character.

On account of my health I was under the necessity of frequent consultation with Dr. Willard Parker. He was an earnest Christian man and as much interested in preserving health as in curing disease. He was in this respect in advance of his times. He impressed me with the truth that the laws of health are as much the laws of God as are the Ten Commandments, and that it is as truly a sin to violate the laws of health as to violate the Ten Commandments. He enlisted my conscience on the side of my physical well-being, and made food, rest, exercise, and bathing as sacred a duty as reading the Bible, going to church, and prayer. Next to the watchful care of my wife I owe it to Dr. Willard Parker that at seventy-eight years of age, though without the physical enthusiasm and elasticity of youth, I am in better health than I was at seventeen.

The influence on my spirit exercised by Dr. Stephen H. Tyng was scarcely less than the influence exerted on my health by Dr. Willard Parker and on my intellectual power by Dr. Henry. Except for occasional sermons I had never heard preaching which inspired in me any life until I came to New York. It is perhaps the recollection of this fact that makes me less inclined to condemn non-churchgoers than I otherwise should be. By what chance I happened in at St. George's Church the first year I was in New York I do not know. Dr. Tyng was preaching a series of sermons to young men on the life of David. From my subsequent reading of his life and of a volume of his sermons I judge that this particular series was not characterized by any extraordinary Biblical scholarship, and certainly not by any theological novelty, but it was characterized by what

was to me a very novel realism. Dr. Tyng himself was, every inch of him, a soldier — brave, chivalric, confident in his faith, vigorous in his physical, mental, and spiritual life. I found my mother's English Prayer-Book, and began to attend St. George's regularly, first enduring the service for the sake of the sermon, then learning to love it for its literary and spiritual beauty. I had always thought of religion as obedience to a moral law. Dr. Tyng first inspired me with the experience which later developed into a philosophy that religion is a spontaneous life. I desired to have the kind of courage, of spiritual devotion, of sorrow for sin, of resolute purpose in amendment, of companionship with God, which Dr. Tyng expressed in his interpretation of David's life.

The text of one of his sermons to young men, one not in the series on David, has remained with me throughout my life, though the sermon itself has long since been forgotten. It was an evening sermon to young men. His text was, "Run, speak to that young man." Who the young man was and why the prophet should speak to him I do not recall, nor do I remember anything whatever about the sermon. I remember only the importance of "getting busy," of moving quickly, of throwing off apathy, indifference, hesitation, delay, if I would accomplish anything in life. I have confronted myself many times in my preaching by recalling that incident, and by the hope that the influence of a text and of the personal influence of the preacher who pronounced it may survive in the life of some auditor long after the sermon is forgotten. I remember one notable call on Dr. Tyng in his study. On the walls were hanging the portraits of men eminent in the past. I looked at them with interest. "These," he said, "are my friends.

I consult with them when difficulties arise. I get inspiration to my faith from them when doubts darken my path, and to courage when dangers confront me." Among them was a portrait of John Calvin. He answered my inquiring look. "Yes," he said, "I am a Calvinist for the same reason that the old woman in the poorhouse was a Calvinist. When Wesleyanism was an innovation and Wesley came that way and preached a sermon, and her companions asked her after the service what she thought of it, 'Not much,' she replied. 'I know that God chose me before he saw me, for he never would have chosen me arterward.'" I wonder if a chief value of Calvinism is not that it promotes this spirit of humility.

One other incident, insignificant in itself, but significant upon my life, remains to be mentioned in summing up this educational period. Aided by some instruction from my brother Vaughan, I had taught myself to play the organ and to read simple church music. In my senior year I added a little to my income by playing in an Episcopal church in one of the suburbs of New York City. I went out on Saturday afternoon, played at the rehearsal, remained over the Sabbath, and returned to my college work on Monday morning. During the Sabbath I was the guest of the rector. I was just at that age when a young man is prepared to discuss any theme with any person, and I had many a debate with the rector on theological and ecclesiastical questions. I had not yet united with the Church, and was seriously thinking of uniting with the Episcopal Church, although it would involve a seeming departure from the Puritan faith of my fathers. In the discussion with the rector, who stood stoutly for the apostolical succession, he told me that my father and uncles had sinned in preaching

the Gospel without apostolical ordination, but would be forgiven because they had done so in ignorance. That determined for me that the Episcopal Church could not be my home, and in the spring of that year I united with the Presbyterian church which my father and my Uncle Gorham attended. I then supposed the rector represented the doctrine of the Episcopal Church. I have since learned that he represented the doctrine only of a party in that Church — a doctrine which, in my mature judgment, accords neither with its traditions nor its standards, nor with the teaching of the New Testament, on which both are supposed to be founded.

My two brothers had graduated from the New York University and had entered the practice of law. My brother Vaughan had a vision of a firm of Abbott Brothers, in which the different functions of the lawyer should be portioned out between us three. This vision appealed to my imagination and to my ambition. My boyhood dreams of the ministry disappeared, and on my graduation in 1853 I followed my brothers into the law.

CHAPTER IV

LOVE AND LAW

THE summer of 1852 was remarkable in my life as the "cousin summer." To explain the meaning of the phrase and the significance of the event a brief excursion into the family genealogy is necessary.

George Abbott migrated from England to this country about 1640 and settled in Andover, and is known in our family history as George Abbott of Andover, which distinguishes him from another George Abbott who migrated about the same time and settled in Rowley, and is known as George Abbott of Rowley. Whether they were relatives is not known. Our family descended from George Abbott of Andover. Among his descendants in the fifth generation were Jacob Abbott second, who married Betsey Abbott, his second cousin; their eldest son was Jacob Abbott third, who was my father. My grandmother's sister, Sarah Abbott, married Gorham Dummer, whose granddaughter, Ellen Gilman, married my brother Austin. My grandfather's sister, Phœbe Abbott, married Benjamin Abbott, a distant cousin. One of their daughters, Lydia Abbott, married John Titcomb, whose eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married my brother Vaughan. Another daughter, Abigail Abbott, married Hannibal Hamlin, whose daughter Abby became my wife. Thus, of the four Abbott brothers of my generation, three married second cousins; my grandfather and grandmother were second cousins; the grand-

father and grandmother of my wife and of my brother Vaughan's wife were distant cousins; and their great-grandfather and great-grandmother were second cousins. This intermarriage was, I suspect, characteristic not of the Abbott family, but of the sparse population of Maine in the eighteenth and early half of the nineteenth century. The change which changed conditions in America have produced since 1850 is indicated by the fact that in the veins of my grandchildren, through marriage, there flows Huguenot, German, Russian, French, Swiss, Irish, and English blood.

My brother Vaughan graduated in 1850, spent a year at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1851; my brother Austin graduated in 1851, and after a year spent in study of the law was admitted to the bar in 1852. I was that year still in the University, having one more year to complete my college course. My father had under consideration a plan for providing for himself and his sisters a home nearer New York than Farmington. How far it was his plan, how far it was my Aunt Sallucia's plan, to which he characteristically yielded that he might dissuade her from it, I do not know. He leased Fewacres for the summer to Mr. John Titcomb, and took my aunts to New York to investigate its suburbs. The result was that they found nothing which suited them as well as the homestead at Farmington, to which in the fall they returned, quite content to spend there the rest of their lives. Meanwhile I spent the entire summer at Fewacres with the Titcomb family, which included Elizabeth, Mary, and Charles, all of whom were engaged in teaching, and had therefore the summer for vacation. An older brother, John, was in business, and therefore at Fewacres only for a week or two — possibly not at all. My second cousin Abby

Hamlin was invited to spend the summer with the Titcombs, and did so. My brother Vaughan, who had already commenced his professional work in New York, was at Fewacres only for a brief respite from his work. There came from him, however, a very fat weekly letter addressed to my cousin Abby. Though I had at that time no right to be jealous, this fact might nevertheless have caused a little jealousy in me had I not surmised (for my cousin Abby kept the secret to herself) that they were passed over unopened to my cousin Lizzie. How this care-free summer was spent I can best indicate by the following boyish extract from my first letter to my cousin Abby, written in the fall after we had separated and gone to our several vocations and our several homes: —

New York, *October* 9, 1852.

I can't help thinking what a good time we had down in Farmington this summer. At least Austin and I did. First I am at Old Blue eating luncheon, with a good appetite, and I can see Webb's pond and the houses about on the shore as plain as I could then, and then I am on the hill the other side of the mill eating raspberries, while Austin has a horse that won't stand still and that he has to keep hulloaing whoa! to, to keep from coming to pick raspberries too, and then all five of us are in one wagon riding along on the Norton Flats, and Austin and Charles are hanging affectionately but uncomfortably about my neck, and then we are all in the parlor together in the very depths of Dickens, and then we are on the top of the Bakehouse hill looking at the village before sunrise, and then — but if I were to endeavor to relate all the good times we had in Farmington it would be necessary to keep a journal of every day of the summer.

This letter was followed by others. The correspondence, at first desultory, with intervals of months between the letters, grew into an agreeable habit, with fortnightly letters, which grew after our engagement

MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT AT SIXTEEN

into weekly letters, and after our marriage, whenever we were separated, into daily letters. How she did it I do not know, but though after our marriage we had six homes before we finally settled in 1870 in our permanent home in Cornwall-on-Hudson, my wife managed to save every letter she ever received and every letter I ever received, in so far as they were in her keeping. My reminiscences are in large measure corrected or confirmed by what these letters contain. But for her painstaking these chapters could never have been written.

But, what is far more important, the life which it records could never have been lived. For the fifty years of our united life she was the best part of me. The cares of the household which in most families are assumed by the husband she took from me. When I was asked, "Are you boarding or keeping house?" I was accustomed to reply, "My wife keeps house and I board with her." When my workshop was in my home, we agreed that during my working hours she would bring no problem to me unless it was of such immediate importance that if I had been a merchant she would summon me from my store or office to deal with it. She was eager for children; welcomed them when they came; and never turned them over to a nursery-maid to mother them, though when our means were adequate she used a nursery-maid to supplement her own mothering. She made an amateur's study of medicine, became an unprofessional nurse before the days of the professional nurse, and when sickness came dropped every other engagement to devote herself to the patient. She never imagined herself a substitute for the doctor, but called him at the first warning and worked loyally under him when he came.

When I was a lawyer, she helped me with my briefs,

and I tried on her beforehand the arguments with which I hoped to convince the court or the jury, and by her shrewd comments discovered their weak spots. When I was in the ministry, she was co-pastor, and by her tact saved me from many an entanglement which my absent-mindedness would have caused. When I was editor, she was my keenest critic. How often has she stopped me at the close of a paragraph and asked me, "Exactly what do you mean by that?" and when I had explained its meaning, responded cheerfully, "Why not put it that way for common folks like me?" I am often told that my style is notable for its clearness. If that is the case, the fact is largely due to what I inherited from my father and learned from my wife. How many of my books have been a joint product, not in formal composition but in preparatory thought, neither I nor she could have told.

Macaulay in a characteristic antithesis notes the distinction between those who are temperamentally drawn in opposite directions, one by the charm of habit, the other by the charm of novelty — the conservative and the radical. My wife's conservatism tempered my radicalism, and to my reverence both for her sentiments and for her judgment I owe the fact that I have been able to move forward with a progressive age without disrespect for or embittered conflict with the men and women of more conservative temper. In times of success her ambition for her husband, always outrunning his achievement, has served to temper if not wholly to prevent my self-conceit. In time of failure, when I have wholly lost faith in myself, she never lost faith in me, and her courage forbade my discouragement. She died in Germany in 1907, six weeks before a golden anniversary would have been celebrated. Her dust reposes in the well-ordered

cemetery at Hildesheim, shaded by the trees and covered with the carefully tended flowers which she loved so well. The monument we have chosen for her in this country is a cut-leaf maple, planted on our golden-wedding day in our home grounds among the trees all of which were selected by her and planted under her direction. Only a living thing could memorialize one so full of life. I do not think her dead, nor have I lost her companionship. Her ambition for me keeps me young at seventy-eight; her faith in me still inspires me with faith in myself. And in every serious question which arises in my life I ask myself, first, what would Jesus Christ counsel me to do, and, second, what would my wife counsel, and my answer to the second question helps me to get the desired answer to the first.

When the news of her death reached America by cable, the children met and read together the last twenty-one verses of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. Nowhere in literature could they have found so true a portrait. She was alike averse to fame for herself and ambitious of fame for her husband. The public criticisms which often amused me always stung her; and she habitually wondered whether I could not have avoided the offense without disregarding a principle. But unreasonably proud as she was of her husband, she would never allow me to dedicate publicly any of my writings to her; I had to be content with a private dedication in an edition especially bound for her, which she kept among her treasures. In these reminiscences I shall respect her wish; shall leave her in the retirement which she always coveted; but shall hope that the reader, enlightened by this paragraph, will recognize that the story of my life from 1855, when we were engaged, is the story of our

joint lives, as inseparable in my thought as in Tennyson's interpretative verse: —

"The two-celled heart beating with one full stroke, Life."

I resume my story.

After a brief summer vacation and three months or so in my brother's law office, getting some first impressions of the practical workings of law in a great city, I went to Farmington to do some quiet and uninterrupted study in fundamental principles. John Cutler, the brother-in-law of my Aunt Clara, had his law office in Farmington, and was in the winter of 1853–54 a member of the Maine State Legislature. During his absence I had charge of his office. My duties were very simple. They were to keep the office open, to communicate to him messages received from clients, and to tell them when he would be at home and could be seen. My professional duty to myself consisted in the study of Blackstone's Commentaries and Kent's Commentaries, which I read with assiduity but without avidity. Throughout my life I have been interested not in abstract science or philosophy, but in the application of scientific and philosophical principles to the conduct of life. My interest in the principles of social justice as interpreted by Blackstone and Kent was perhaps the less because traditional law seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, often inconsistent with fundamental ethical principles.

A German in the village organized a class in the German language, which I joined, paying for the tuition at the extravagant rate of eight cents a lesson. The class met three times a week. I got a pretty thorough theoretical acquaintance with German grammar, which, despite its difficulties, interested me on account of its scientific orderliness, and I also got then, and afterward

without a teacher, enough acquaintance with the language to read through Schiller's "Wallenstein" with the aid of a dictionary. About the same time I got hold of three small books entitled, respectively, French, Italian, and Spanish Without a Master, and made a little attempt to get a reading acquaintance in those three languages. But I did not succeed in becoming even to a limited extent a linguist. I have no verbal memory. Even to-day I dare not quote a text of Scripture without referring to the Bible, nor even a familiar line from any author without verifying the quotation. Whether I could have acquired verbal memory or not I do not know. I made no attempt to do so, and my failure to read in any language but my own has been a handicap in my life. But it has been a deprivation of intellectual pleasure rather than of intellectual profit; for while it is true that the beauty of one language can never be adequately conveyed through any other language, the thoughts of the great thinkers of the world are always translatable and generally are translated.

There was also in Farmington that winter a village debating society in which I continued the practice acquired in the Eucleian of thinking on my feet. We met once a week, or once a fortnight, in a small hall over one of the village stores. As there was no theater in town, and no hall which could serve the purpose of a theater, as "movies" had not been invented, and dancing parties were rare and village balls unknown, this debating society constituted a sort of social fortnightly event. The chief incident in its history that I recall is one eloquent sentence in the peroration of the village Demosthenes, speaking against the use of corporal punishment in the schools, which he condemned as "abhorrent to those finer sentiments of humanity which go permeat-

ing and perambulating through the subterranean recesses of the human heart."

When in the spring Mr. Cutler came back to his office, I returned to New York, entered my brothers' law office, and began at once such practice of the law as was possible to one who was not a member of the bar. Through the influence of my brothers I obtained a position on the staff of the "Times" as law reporter. It was my duty to visit the courts every day, ascertain what had been done or what was expected, report the minor incidents, and keep my employers informed when cases of large public interest were coming on for trial, that they might send trained reporters to deal with them. It is perhaps owing to this brief experience that I have always had great sympathy for newspaper reporters — a class of men generally about equally feared and criticised. During a large part of my life since my graduation I have been brought in constant contact with the men of this profession. I have generally found them courteous and considerate, honestly desirous of getting the truth and of reporting it accurately; and I have almost uniformly found them willing to respect my reticence because I have always been willing to give them information unless the information was of a kind which ought not to be communicated to the public.

My reporting for the New York "Times" brought me into relations with Henry J. Raymond, its editor-in-chief. He was also its managing editor, really if not nominally. He had not the power of passion which made Horace Greeley a great editorial writer. He never could have done what Horace Greeley once did — reply to an opponent by printing in black-letter capitals, with a finger pointing to it, the sentence

☞ YOU LIE, YOU VILLAIN

But he was a greater editor than Greeley, and his well-balanced judgment made impossible for him the intellectual vagaries of his great rival. More than any man I have ever known he could attend to two or three things at once, and apparently give his mind to all of them. He worked in an office open to his subordinates, received their reports, answered their questions, and gave them their instructions without taking his eyes from his paper or stopping his rapidly moving pen. In this way I was brought into close personal relations with him, much closer than those of a modern newspaper reporter with his chief, whom he rarely, perhaps never, meets. But versatile as Mr. Raymond was, not even he could serve two masters; and he lost his editorial grip when he went into politics as a candidate for office.

My brothers had already begun that legal literary work which has given to both of them a deserved fame among lawyers. David Dudley Field's Code of Civil Procedure had been enacted by the New York Legislature. It necessitated new methods of pleading, and the first drafting of forms for use under the new code was intrusted by my brothers to me — of course to be carefully reconsidered and revised by them. I believe that this book of forms, in new editions, probably entirely recast, is still in use. Certainly no better method could have been devised to teach the clerk in the lawyer's office the rules of the new practice. As lawyers for a large wholesale concern, my brothers were charged with the duty of collecting amounts due to the concern from dilatory or impecunious debtors. This duty also fell into my hands. The house which we served was equally unwilling to oppress the unfortunate or to be cheated by the dishonest. To cross-examine the concern which was

never ready with money and always ready with excuses; to ascertain whether the excuses were genuine or fictitious, or partly genuine and partly fictitious; to determine what measure of pressure should be applied, and when, if at all, it was wise to bring suit, involved perpetually perplexing problems. The result of my experience in this collecting business has been to give me more sympathy for creditors and less sympathy for debtors than I might otherwise possess — more certainly than is expressed by the average story, which almost invariably represents the creditor as a purse-proud oppressor and the debtor as a wholly innocent unfortunate. I am inclined to think that at least quite as frequently the debtor is willing, if not desirous, to evade his obligation and the creditor wishes only to come by his own.

In February, 1855, seven or eight months after I entered my brothers' office, the firm gained in a day a reputation by one of those dramatic incidents which occur more frequently in stories than in real life. There was in New York City a court of local and limited jurisdiction, since abolished, known as the "Marine Court." Its Chief Justice was a somewhat impetuous, not to say peppery, Irishman by the name of Florence McCarthy. The New York "Times" published what was intended by the reporter as a jocose paragraph entitled "Marine Court — What Was Not Done There." The Chief Justice thereupon summoned Henry J. Raymond, the editor, and Fletcher Harper, Jr., the publisher, to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt. Mr. Raymond was at that time the Lieutenant-Governor of the State. The summons of the Lieutenant-Governor to answer for contempt to a court of local and limited jurisdiction for a jocose publication in a prominent

newspaper focused the attention of the entire State on a paragraph which would otherwise have passed unnoticed. The course of the newspapers and of my brother Vaughan, who was retained to appear for the "Times," intensified the public interest. The "Times," the next day, in reporting the fact that its proprietors had been summoned for contempt, reprinted the article with a brief comment, the spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by a single sentence: "To attempt a crusade against the press is sometimes successful, while occasionally it is not successful." In contempt proceedings the judge who issues the summons also hears the case, adjudges the guilt or innocence of the accused, and determines the punishment. The case, therefore, came for a hearing before Judge McCarthy himself.

Either one of two policies is possible in such a case: an apology framed to disarm the judge; or a bold defense of the right of the accused, which involves the assumption that the judge is in the wrong. My brother pursued the latter course. He, in perfectly respectful terms, affirmed that the Judge had no legal right to punish the proprietors of the "Times" for contempt, and clearly, though by implication, warned him of the danger of impeachment proceedings if he inflicted either fine or imprisonment upon them.

Mr. Harper [he said] shrinks from no responsibility for the conduct of the "Times." He stands entirely ready to be held to a general moral responsibility towards the public for the good and judicious conduct of it. In this sense of responsibility — one not enforceable by law, but which weighs more heavily upon an upright and worthy mind than legal penalties — Mr. Harper is undoubtedly responsible for the contents of the "Times"; not to this Court, indeed, but to upright, honorable, high-minded men everywhere.

But guilty he is not of an act which he did not perform, and

the performance of which he did not authorize, and was unaware of. Guilt is personal; it is individual. I do not mean that it is essential to guilt, in the legal sense, that a man should be proved to have intended to violate the law, but he must have intended to do the act, or to have it done, by which the law is violated.

Then, indirectly indeed, but all the more effectively, he warned the Judge of the peril in which he would place himself in using the extraordinary powers with which the Court is clothed in contempt cases, if he violated this fundamental principle that no person can ever be punished *criminally* for the unauthorized act of another.

Your Honor will not forget Peck's case. He had rendered an opinion in an important cause, and an article appeared in a newspaper severely criticising it. Judge Peck summoned the editor before him for contempt. The author of the article, Luke E. Lawless, having authorized the editor to give up his name, the editor was discharged, but Lawless was committed. Peck was impeached for this committal as unjust and oppressive.

Judge McCarthy. That was for a mere attack on the judge.

Mr. Abbott. No, sir. Peck had decided a cause, and the article was an attack on his decision as erroneous and contrary to law.

Judge McCarthy. Well, any newspaper has a right to do that.

Mr. Abbott (*with emphasis*). I am very glad, sir, that the rights of newspapers are so liberally construed in this Court. [*Sensation.*] Peck was tried before the United States Senate and acquitted by one vote, on the ground, it is understood, that, though the committal was illegal, he acted ignorantly. A judge who should follow in his steps by the light of his example might not be thought to have the same excuse.

The Court, on the request of the counsel for the writer of the article and for the editor, Mr. Raymond, adjourned the hearing "until a day to be agreed upon after adjournment." No agreement was ever reached; no fur-

ther hearing was ever had, and no further action was ever taken.

This case gave to Abbott Brothers a wide advertisement and brought to us more business than we could attend to. I say *we*, because, though I could not be admitted to the bar until I became of age, nearly two years later, I was from this time on practically a member of the firm. We often worked at the office late into the night. We sometimes went over to the office for work two or three hours before breakfast. Once I worked all night long, keeping myself awake by drinking strong coffee and binding a wet towel around my head. My brother Austin was an office man. He examined titles, drew deeds, and began that sort of administration of estates which eventually became an important part of his professional business. My brother Vaughan had his time fully occupied in his literary legal work, in the trial and argument of cases in the court, and in the study of law necessary as special preparation for his court arguments. It gradually devolved upon me to do the kind of work which, I judge from books, is done by the attorney in the English courts. To talk with the clients, to get their story, to examine and cross-examine the witnesses whom they brought before me, and to lay before my brother Vaughan the results of these preliminary inquisitions became my most important work in the firm.

As one result of the contempt case Abbott Brothers became counsel for the New York "Times," and during my connection with the firm there never was a year in which there were not one or more libel suits pending against the paper. My experience in these libel suits tends to justify the popular prejudices against the complainant in such cases. I think that in nearly all

these cases, the complainant brought his suit in the hope that the paper would find it cheaper to buy him off than to pay the expenses of the lawsuit. In fact the paper never did buy the complainant off, and in only one case was a verdict given against it.

From time immemorial in England, when a murderer has been executed on the gallows, he has been allowed to make to the bystanders a brief speech, commonly called the "Last Dying Speech and Confession." The object of this English rule is probably partly to give the criminal an opportunity to confess, and so not go to his death with his soul unrelieved, but it is also partly to give the authorities that kind of information which it is thought may be furnished when the criminal may be impelled by the solemn sentence of approaching judgment to tell the truth, because no longer under any motive to tell a lie.

A murder had been committed in New Jersey. A man was arrested, tried, convicted, and executed for the murder. In his dying speech he professed his innocence and charged the murder upon another man. This speech the "Times" reported. For publishing that report the man so accused brought a libel suit against the "Times." It was referred to me to ascertain what were the facts in the case and what probability there was in the charge. The result of my amateur detective work was my own conviction that, on the one hand, the charge could not be proved true, and, on the other hand, it was not wholly improbable. When the case came on for trial, the results of my inquiries were given to the jury, for the double purpose of proving that there was no malice in the publication, and that the plaintiff was so under a shadow from other circumstances that this publication could not have been a great injury to his already

damaged reputation. My brother then moved to dismiss the complaint, on the ground that long-continued tradition as well as public policy justified the practice of allowing the condemned to make a speech upon the scaffold, and now that the public were no longer admitted to witness the execution, the same policy justified the press in giving that speech to the public. The question was new. The Judge reserved its determination for the opinion of the three judges at the General Term, and directed the jury to render a verdict subject to that opinion. The jury assessed the damage at six cents, and the plaintiff pursued the case no further.

Another case was even more dramatic. The New York "Times" was sued for libel for publishing a marriage notice in which no time, no place, and no minister's name were given. The plaintiff affirmed that the woman mentioned was a public prostitute. My brother Vaughan put in a demurrer on the ground that to charge the plaintiff with living with a prostitute would have been libelous, but to charge marriage with her was not; it might rightly be taken to imply that she had reformed, and that perhaps he had had some share in her reformation. Meanwhile I was at work endeavoring to ascertain the circumstances of the case. The result of my detective work was the discovery that the plaintiff had brought this woman to the city, had seduced her, and that one of her friends had put in the marriage notice to save her reputation in her country home. It is needless to say that as soon as the plaintiff discovered that we knew the facts he instantly abandoned the case.

I have sometimes wondered whether the amateur detective work which I did in these and similar cases explains the fascination which detective stories have for me to this day, or whether some temperamental in-

terest in detective investigation explains both my interest in the detective story and my interest in the detective work.

My duties, however, were not confined to preparation in the office for trial in the courts. Gradually and increasingly the litigation was turned over to me. An assistant took the law reporting for the "Times" off my hands, though it was still conducted under my supervision. Another assistant a little later took the general business of bill collecting, though the larger and more difficult collections were still assigned to me. Once I went to Georgia, to find, when I reached my destination, that the debtor had made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. I succeeded, however, in getting enough to pay the expenses of the trip. In March, 1855, at the age of nineteen, I tried my first case; in July of the same year the first case of real importance; winning in both cases on the trial, though the judgment in the first case was reversed on appeal. I ought perhaps to add that in one of my weekly letters to my cousin, later to become my wife, I wrote that I thought in that case justice was on our side but the law was against us. In March, 1856, I wrote to her of three more cases, each involving twenty thousand dollars, "all in my department to look after. . . . Vaughan argues them at court. But any slips, any omissions, any screw loose in all the intricate machinery of their litigation, I am responsible for." What with my law reporting, my arguing of motions, my trial of cases in courts of inferior jurisdiction in which one who was not a member of the bar might lawfully represent a client, and in courts of superior jurisdiction, where I was allowed to act as a representative for my brothers, who were members of the bar, I became a familiar figure in the courts. One

lawyer jeered at me as a young man of twenty-seven from Massachusetts, when I was not yet twenty-one. It is needless to say that I did not undeceive him. One judge put before me a difficult question of jurisdiction which he had to decide and asked my opinion upon it, and I had the good fortune to give him an opinion which he said coincided with the one to which his own mind was tending.

At length the long-wished-for fall of 1856 arrived — long wished for because I could not be sure of an income adequate to support a wife until I was admitted to the bar, and I could not be admitted to the bar until I was twenty-one. The examination of candidates was appointed for the last week in November. The regulation required the candidate to file with his application for examination an affidavit that he was twenty-one. That I could not do. I went to a Supreme Court judge with the request that I might be permitted to enter my name for examination, and, if successful, file the affidavit on the 18th of December, when I should be of age, and receive my appointment then. He expressed surprise. "I thought," he said, "you had been practicing law in the courts for three years past." But he gave me the order and I presented myself for examination. The result I will quote from the report sent to my cousin: —

I was examined last week. There was a class of ten of us in all and the examination occupied about five hours' continuous examination.[1] The result is not known as yet, and probably will not be till next week, but as one of the examiners has since congratulated me on passing a "brilliant examination," and

[1] It was oral, conducted by expert lawyers who knew well how to cross-examine, and who had determined to make the examination severe, spurred to that resolve by current criticisms on previous examinations as superficial and perfunctory.

another told my brother that I was fit to practice anywhere, and one of the judges has congratulated me and intimated that I was probably the only one of the class that would be admitted, I do not feel *very* anxious.

But before these reports reached me I did feel anxious — very anxious. For on the examination I had said "I do not know" to so many questions that I went home that night believing that I had failed. I fancy that what made my examination "brilliant" was the fact that I did no guessing and dared confess my ignorance. Courage to confess ignorance I have since found as valuable in theology as in law. An amusing incident illustrated the value of these confessions. One question both perplexed and interested me so much that when the examinations were over I went forward and asked the examiner what was the correct answer, and received the reply, "I do not know; it is easier to ask questions than it is to answer them." The judge's intimation proved to be correct. I was the only one of the class that passed, though I believe that a second examination was granted, at which three or four of the other candidates were successful. The examination passed and the certificate assured, I threw myself into the practice of law without any of the reserve which previous conditions had rendered necessary.

A few characters at the bar stand out prominently before me as my memory recalls the past — probably not because they were the most important but because they were characteristic types. A. Oakey Hall would have been an able lawyer and perhaps a successful politician if he had not allowed himself to be used by the Tammany ape to pull chestnuts out of the fire for others to eat. "Dick" Busteed no one would have called a great lawyer, but he was a successful one. Gossip said

that he always told his clients that their cause was just and their victory sure, and accounted for defeat when it came by charging it to the stupidity or corruption of the judge and the jury. His dogmatic imitation of knowledge, his ready wit, his unfailing good humor, and his adaptable conscience made him a dangerous opponent in a lawsuit. The two leaders at the bar in jury trials were James T. Brady and Charles O'Conor. James T. Brady was a natural orator and depended on his ability to carry the jury by his eloquent summing up; but to me as a youthful reporter he appeared to try his cases without much preparation. Charles O'Conor had no more imagination or emotion than a problem in Euclid's geometry; but, as in Euclid, if you granted his premises you could not escape his conclusions. His direct examination was so clear and orderly that the essentials of the witnesses' story remained with the jury until the end of the trial, and his cross-examination was so keen and searching that a lying or prevaricating witness rarely escaped detection and confusion.

Two judges of that time strikingly represented two contrasted types of judicial mind and method. Judge Murray Hoffman was an incarnated digest of legal decisions. His mind was like a pair of scales; he put on one side all the decisions for, on the other all the decisions against, the plaintiff's contention, and let, not the majority, but the weight decide the question. Judge T. J. Oakley rarely came nearer citing an authority than by saying, "We recall a case in Johnson's Reports which bears on the case." In a motion we had before him, our opponent cited the decision of a court of concurrent jurisdiction directly in his favor, to which Judge Oakley replied, "Yes! yes! that shows what Judge ——— thought about it," and promptly proceeded to decide

the other way. Gossip reported that he read nothing but French novels. But he had a clear comprehension of the principles of social justice and their application to special cases; his decisions were universally respected, and he was rarely reversed. He was absolutely without prejudice, personal or political, except that if a woman were before him, either as witness or party, his gallantry always leaned a little to her side.

My experience of the courts during these six years at the New York bar — 1853–59 — does not warrant the current criticism of the law and the lawyers. There were lawyers who promoted quarrels to get fees. But they were the pariahs of the profession. The best lawyers were peacemakers, and though, of necessity, professional partisans when engaged in litigation, they were generally honorable partisans. At a later date two New York judges were found guilty of corruption, but at the time of which I write the judges were, without exception, high-minded, honorable, incorruptible men, free from political bias and independent of popular sentiment, trained and able lawyers — abler than the average practitioner, but not than the ablest. They were uniformly courteous; though for two and a half of the five and a half years of my legal experience I was but a clerk in my brothers' office, I was always treated with respectful consideration. They were hard workers; their hours in court were from ten to three or four o'clock, and sometimes from nine to five or six, and their evenings were largely spent in their libraries studying the questions submitted to them or writing their opinions. Shorthand writers were not then attached to the courts, and the trial judge had to make his own notes and, so to speak, be his own reporter. The juries were made up of the plain people; though lawyers, doctors, and clergy-

men were excused from jury duty, and, I believe, also teachers and editors. But in my experience the jury thus composed could be depended upon to get the essential facts in all simple cases and to render a rational verdict thereon. I preferred to try my cases before a jury rather than before a referee, unless there were complicated accounts to be unraveled or some analogous complications requiring patient and tedious analysis. There were then, as now, law's delays, but they were not generally due to any deliberate obstruction of justice. They were due partly to what I thought was excess of courtesy by the court to the counsel and of counsel to each other, partly to the American tradition that the judge must not interfere with the counsel in the trial of a case, as the English judges often do, but largely to the fact that there were not judges enough to do the work which came before the courts. I ought to add that I had no experience in either criminal or corporation law, and have no means of comparing the courts of 1914 with those of 1853–59.

Law business did not absorb all my attention. During the first part of these seven years I played the organ at one or two different churches on Sunday to add to my income. I wrote occasionally for the press. Among the contributions was one on "Capital Punishment," which was published in a law magazine, and one on "Woman's Rights," which was never published, fortunately for me, for it advocated the cause of woman suffrage, a cause from which my wife later converted me. But my chief literary work was the joint preparation with my two brothers of a couple of novels published under a *nom de plume* composed of the first syllable of each name — Benjamin, Austin, Lyman, combined in Benauly. The first novel, "Cone Cut Corners," had a

fair success; the second, in my judgment a better story, had no success at all, and put an end to our literary ambitions.

But more important as an avocation than either music or literature was politics. An account of the political situation and of my interest in politics and the part I played in it must be reserved for the next chapter.

CHAPTER V

POLITICS

THE period of which I am writing, 1850–60, is perhaps the most dramatic politically in the history of the country. The Compromise of 1850 was introduced by Henry Clay and supported by Daniel Webster for the purpose of settling the slavery question for all time and taking it out of politics. It had the opposite effect. It fanned the smoldering emblems of popular discontent into a fierce flame of mutual animosity, and proved the precursor of a prolonged and bloody war. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise opened to slavery territory which that Compromise had pledged to freedom, and this repeal intensified in the North a distrust of Southern politicians and their Northern allies. The refusal of the Northern reformer to accept the new agreement was taken in the South as a new declaration of war against slavery, and a new argument for a dissolution of the Union. The Fugitive Slave Law brought the slaveholder into the North in pursuit of his escaping slave, and made vivid and real to the North the slave system which had before been remote and dim. The underground railway, organized for the escape of fugitive slaves to Canada, and the resistance offered to the law, sometimes by protracted legal proceedings, sometimes by mobs led by men of national reputation, intensified the indignation of the South against the North.

Senator Douglas's attempt at settlement fared no better than the Compromise measure. His proposal to leave the question of slavery in new territory to be determined by the first settlers was resented as a demand that the Nation abdicate its national prerogative, and leave the future destiny of an imperial domain to be determined by the few thousand pioneers, adventurers, and fortune-seekers who should chance to be the first settlers. The immediate effect of the Nebraska Bill was an organized effort both in the North and in the South to flood the new territory with settlers; the inevitable result was open war between them. The assault on Senator Sumner, unarmed and defenseless, was regarded throughout the North, as Senator Wilson characterized it, as "brutal, murderous, and cowardly," but his assailant, after resigning his seat in the House, was reëlected by his district with only six votes against him. There could be no more convincing evidence of the incalculable difference in moral standards between the two communities. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written with the purpose of promoting in the North a more charitable feeling toward the South, and so uniting both sections in a common effort for a change, produced the reverse effect; Legree was taken alike in the South and in the North as the author's portrait of the slave-owner. The Dred Scott decision, expected and possibly contrived by politicians to end the agitation by a decree that Congress had no power to exclude slavery from the Territories, simply solidified and intensified the determination in the North to prohibit its extension.

Out of this turmoil of opinion and conflict of endeavor four unorganized and ill-defined parties were gradually evolved: —

The Pro-Slavery party.
The Abolition party.
The Unionist party.
The Anti-Slavery party.

The Pro-Slavery party held that slavery was wise for the community, humane for the negro, supported by Scripture, ordained by God. The object of its adherents was the establishment of a nation based on the subordination of the negro to the white man. It dominated the South, and had a few logical and courageous representatives in the North. Thus Charles O'Conor, perhaps at that time the ablest lawyer at the New York bar, wrote (January 19, 1860): —

> Among us at the North, the sole question for reflection, study, and friendly interchange of thought should be, Is negro slavery unjust? The rational and dispassionate inquirer will find no difficulty in arriving at my conclusion. It is fit and proper; it is in its own nature, as an institution, beneficial to both races; and the effect of this assertion is not diminished by our admitting that many faults are practiced under it.

The Abolition party held that slavery was the sum of all villainies; that no laws or compacts or constitutions could justify it; that the duty of the hour was immediate and unconditional emancipation; and that, since under the Constitution the Federal Government both directly and indirectly indorsed slavery, it was the duty of the North to withdraw at once from the Union and so end its responsibility for the crime against humanity. The Abolitionists constituted a very small minority; but made up in ability, eloquence, and, I must add, in dogmatism, what they lacked in numbers.

The Unionist party was composed of men who held diverse opinions respecting slavery, but who agreed that the duty of the hour was to preserve the Union and the

Constitution at all hazards, and that this Union and Constitution, founded on compromise, could be sustained only by compromise. It was essentially a party of mediation, and as such was much more opposed to anti-slavery agitation than to the perpetuity or even the extension of slavery. This party in the beginning of the decade dominated the great centers of commerce, the great industrial and commercial organizations, and the great religious societies, and at first very largely the churches.

The Anti-Slavery party was composed of those who were opposed to slavery, but who believed that the Nation had no more legal right to interfere with slavery in the States than with serfdom in Russia, but who also believed that it had an absolute constitutional right to exclude slavery from national Territories; and that if this were done, slavery, forbidden extension, would in time die in the Southern States, with the consent of its present supporters, as it had previously died in the rest of the civilized world. This party included from the first such men as Chase, Seward, Lincoln, and Henry Ward Beecher.

The logical outcome of the Pro-Slavery party was the Southern Confederacy; the logical outcome of the Anti-Slavery party was the Republican party; the logical outcome of the conflict between the two was the Civil War.

My father was temperamentally radical in his purposes but conservative in his methods. I inherited his temperament and received my first political instructions from his counsels. I belonged, therefore, both by temperament and by conviction to the Anti-Slavery party. The impracticable methods and the uncharitable spirit of the Abolitionists were equally abhorrent to me. But

the notion of Charles O'Conor that negro slavery was "an institution beneficial to both races" seemed to me a notion too preposterous for argument. I entered college with a great admiration for Daniel Webster, which I still entertain. I have never regarded him as an "apostate." The same passion for the Union which inspired his reply to Hayne in 1830 inspired his Seventh of March Speech in 1850. He saw more clearly than the anti-slavery leaders the real peril of a civil war; he thought such a war could end only in disunion, and with many of his contemporaries he thought that the Nation which had been founded in compromise could be saved only by compromise. That his policy was partly dictated by his ambition for the Presidency I do not doubt. But he who would condemn Daniel Webster for acting under the influence of mixed motives needs first to be sure that he never acts under mixed motives himself. Nevertheless, while I did not and do not doubt the honesty of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, the influence of Mr. Beecher, and still more the logic of events, brought my brothers and myself early to the conclusion that the anti-slavery conflict was one which could not be settled by compromise, that every compromise was but a truce, and that after every truce a bitterer conflict impended. In November, 1855, I wrote to my cousin as follows: —

November 6, 1855.

This fall we have all taken a strong interest in politics — which is unusual — and even done a very little electioneering. I mean, if I can, to do some to some purpose next year. America will either remain in God's service, an exponent of individual freedom, or it will go over to Satan's, and relapse into oligarchy and thence into monarchy. I believe we are near where the two roads branch off. Republicanism points to freedom. The road lies through difficulties and dangers, and

it may be through temporary disunion and even revolution and anarchy. But it is the path of right. The other is smooth and wicked. The way looks doubtful, judging by men's signs. Were it not for my faith in God I should on the whole expect the slave oligarchy to conquer and our country to follow the Roman nation, and in three hundred years our country be as much worse than it was as many years ago as the Italian *lazzaroni* are worse than the native North American Indian. God grant not.

A year and a half later a trip to Georgia, on legal business for the firm, intensified my growing conviction that war was inevitable, and my resolve to prepare to meet it when it came. The following letter, written to my cousin, April 17, 1856, after my return from the South, I might think tainted by Northern prejudice if it were not only too abundantly confirmed by the "Journal" of Frederick Law Olmsted of his Southern journeys in 1853–54: —

As we left Washington City I began to get into a rather dubious-looking company. Everybody chewed tobacco and smoked cigars; and from the looks of collars and shirt bosoms I should think very few had very large monthly bills to settle with their washerwomen. We were followed by birds — sea gulls — as we sailed down the river. At the bows of the boat, as I was standing there, a man near by me thrust his hand into his coat pocket, drew out a revolver, aimed it at one of the birds over our head, and fired. The bird fell, turning over and over as he fell into the water, and was beaten down under the wheels of our boat, and the sportsman dropped his pistol back into his pocket. At the same time, in the stern of the boat, a gentleman was feeding these same birds with bread and cake out of a traveling basket; they followed at a respectful distance after the boat, and as he cast the bread upon the waters they hovered over it a moment, flying round and round in circles, dropped down into the water with a beautiful sweep, rested a moment on the waves, and then rose again with their prize.

We traveled all day long through Virginia, all night through North Carolina, all day Wednesday and all night too through South Carolina, arriving at Augusta, Georgia, Thursday morning at about daybreak, having traveled sixty hours without cessation except long enough for hurried meals. In Virginia we took on board two objects of interest to me: a car-load of negroes in charge of a trader, and a sick man going home from college, probably to die. South Carolina, at least the region traversed by railway, is the most miserable country I ever saw. It is an interminable pine forest of dead or dying trees growing in a miserable swamp. If the forest were a fresh green forest, it would be less tedious. But there was nothing in it but a skeleton of vegetation. Swamp, swamp, swamp, all day long. No villages, no houses, no inhabitants, no green fields, nothing but an interminable swamp. Every half-hour we stop in the middle of the swamp. Four or five negroes jump off the train and pile on some water-logged timber, cut and lying in the swamp by the side of the road, and then we go on again. We creep at a snail's pace. For the engine is broken, and the chances are that it will come to pieces if we go over ten or fifteen miles an hour. It gives me, however, the acquaintance of the sick man's friend. . . . My acquaintance is a Virginian. As we are standing by the door talking, it opens, and one of the traders who has a cargo of "niggers" on board comes in. When he is out of hearing, my Virginia friend says:—

"That is the *bad* thing about slavery."

"What?"

"These cursed traders."

I am afraid he used a stronger word. For I scarcely talked with any one from the time I left New York who did not swear habitually. "But it is a necessary evil," said he. "Sometimes a nigger won't behave himself, or once in a while a master fails and has to sell his slaves. But no one respects the traders or will have anything to do with them. They can't go into society. Everybody despises them."

The trader looks like a pleasant man and seems like an unpleasant one. He has pleasant features but an unpleasant face. From your friend's remarks you suppose that such commerce in negroes is not much. "Once in a while" and

"sometimes," you understood, such sales take place, and, as you want to see all of slavery you can, you consider yourself fortunate to have been on this special train. You notice, however, before you get home that every train going south has just such a crowd of slaves on board, twenty or more, and a "nigger car," which is very generally also the smoking-car, and sometimes the baggage-car. You notice also that these slaves whom you constantly meet going south in the trader's hands are not old men and women or by any means malicious-looking ones, as you would naturally expect from your friend's account, but are for the most part apparently picked slaves, boys and girls or young men and women, eighteen, twenty, twenty-five. Imagine for a moment, my dear Franc, that while in Georgia I had been kidnapped and sold into Louisiana as a slave, and that any resistance on my part would be death to me, and that no interference on your part would meet with any other result than taunts and perhaps blows to you; — and hate the accursed system that separates those who love each other quite as well as do you and I, as you would hate those who had kidnapped me and interposed a life-long barrier between us.

But then these negroes do not feel these things as we do! They are an altogether inferior race of beings and have no strong affections! My Virginian friend gave me a striking illustration of this. He was from the University of Virginia, with which is connected a medical school. The scholars of the medical school are accustomed to take the bodies of the negroes from the negro burial-ground for dissection. Whether this is expressly allowed by law or is winked at by the authorities I did not learn. The negroes, to avoid this, always have a mock funeral when one of their number dies. In funeral procession and with funeral ceremonies they accompany an empty coffin to their burying-ground and lower it into the grave which has been prepared. Afterwards, under the cover of the darkness of the night, two or three of them bury secretly the body of their friend, hiding it wherever they can find six feet of earth in which there is hope that it may remain undisturbed. So far from the negroes having less feeling than the Anglo-Saxons, I think they are a race much less phlegmatic and philosophical, much more a race of strong feelings and warm hearts.

How far away that time seems! Then there was no national currency; I had to buy gold for my journey as if I were going to Europe. Now a national-bank bill is taken anywhere in the United States, and in many of the larger cities in Europe, as the equivalent of gold. Then the journey from New York to Atlanta took sixty hours; now it is made by the fastest train in twenty-four hours. Then the journey was taken in wearisome discomfort; now in a luxury of travel unsurpassed in any nation in the world. Then it took me through a country which I have described; now to the same country thousands of pleasure-seekers and health-seekers go every winter for recreation or recuperation. Then the community was burdened by an industrial system equally demoralizing to the white race and to the black. Now, in spite of the ravages of the Civil War and the paralyzing effect of the reconstruction period, the economic and educational prosperity of the South rivals that of any other section in the Union. The progress, both material and spiritual, in this country, and especially in the South, during the last sixty years has had no parallel in any other epoch or in any other country on the globe.

This trip enabled me to realize, better than I had before, the fighting mood of the South. The Pro-Slavery party had been accustomed to threaten disunion if slavery were interfered with, if the anti-slavery agitation did not cease, if the slaveholder were not allowed to take his slaves with him into the national Territories, if, finally, he were not allowed to take them with him into the Northern States. The Unionists feared the execution of these threats and gave them circulation throughout the North. The anti-slavery leaders did not take them seriously. Prophets as sober-minded

as Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher, politicians as shrewd as William H. Seward, scouted the idea of civil war. As late as November, 1860, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Beecher said: "It is absurd to suppose that the South with all her interest in the Union will leave it, and therefore, I say, the South will never leave the Union."

This optimism I did not share. In my uncle's school were many Southern girls, and, though I do not remember ever to have discussed the slavery question with them, I appreciated the sincerity and passionate intensity of their convictions. I honored then, as I do now, the intelligence and patriotism of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, and could not treat their warnings with contempt. As early as March, 1856, I wrote to my cousin: —

> I was offered a Sharp's rifle the other day if I would go to Kansas. What do you think of that, Franc? I do not much think, however, that I will have to go to Kansas to labor for freedom or even to fight for it. I shall not be surprised to live to see a civil war. There must be a civil war or slavery must yield without a blow. And I am not sufficiently sanguine to hope for that.

This prophecy of impending war I repeated in a subsequent letter. But this prospect had no tendency to drive me into the Unionist party. I believed that the conflict was one to be settled not by a compromise but by the clear apprehension of a principle and courageous adherence to it, and that principle I believed to be summed up in the single sentence — Slavery sectional; liberty national. I was ready for the battle if battle there must be. I was even at times eager to join the band of Northern immigrants to Kansas and Nebraska. That might have been, perhaps was, a mere boyish enthusiasm. But

it interests me to discover that I had thus early made my choice between government *over* the people and government *by* the people — a choice which has controlled all my writing on political and industrial topics for more than half a century. Whether in industry I have advocated trade-unionism or government ownership of public utilities or profit-sharing or coöperative enterprises — whether in politics I have favored the Democratic party or the Republican party or the Progressive party, the principle which has always determined my choice has been the principle of government by the many in opposition to government by the few. I approve the short ballot and the direct primary because I believe they will increase the political power of the many. I oppose woman suffrage because I believe an overwhelming majority of women do not wish to assume the political responsibilities which would go with it, and I believe the question should be decided *by* them, not *for* them. The letter which thus gives the key to my political principles is as follows: —

If I was robust enough and knew how to use a pistol or rifle (I could learn that though), I would like extremely to go to Kansas. If it were not for you, I think the chances are even that I should go. The old battle — Hampden fought in it, Cromwell fought in it, the Pilgrim Fathers fought in it, Washington and the patriots of the Revolution fought in it — the old contest between democracy and aristocracy, government by the few over the people and government by the people over themselves, between progression and retrogression, is to be fought, and Kansas will be one battlefield and Congress another. For one, I want to be in the battle. My greatest fear is that it may be over before I am old enough to carry arms. I hope not. And I believe not. Did you never envy the Pilgrim Fathers their opportunities for stern self-denial; or the Revolutionary patriots for heroic patriotism? I have, often. But I believe, if there be any truth in the signs of the times, that

we shall see quite as rare opportunities for stern self-denial and heroic patriotism as they. Are you ready for the battle, Franc? It is too late to pray for peace. The war has already begun. Besides, for my part, I have no heart to pray for it. There can be no final peace except in extermination of one or the other, nothing but a temporary armistice. And if the battle is to be fought I want to be one to help fight it.

. . . .

That this desire to go to Kansas to take part in the conflict was something more than a mere boyish fancy is indicated by the fact that I consulted with my father about it. That I did not go was partly due to his wise counsel, partly to my unwillingness to put a thousand miles and more between myself and my cousin. In July, 1856, I wrote: —

I have had quite a long conversation with father to-night about my duties in the coming contest. As I had expected, he reins me in. The best way to become an active worker in the anti-slavery struggle is first to obtain influence, then to use it. And the way to obtain influence is to attain an influential position as a *lawyer* by a close attention to business, exerting such anti-slavery influence as in the course of that business I can naturally. Then, having acquired influence through business success, strike, with all the power that gives, a blow for liberty, and it will be a blow that will tell. It is rather conservative advice to be altogether agreeable to me. But with this modification, namely, that I study so as to direct my energies to striking that blow, I think perhaps it is sound.

This counsel I accepted, but it did not abate my interest in politics. In 1856 Buchanan was nominated by the Democratic party, because it was thought he would carry Pennsylvania, and Frémont was nominated by the newly organized Republican party because it was thought his romantic career would create a popular enthusiasm for him and his cause. Both surmises were correct. Buchanan carried Pennsylvania and was

elected; but the enthusiasm for Frémont brought him over a million and a third of votes, an astonishing result for a party just created. That campaign is now past history; its leader is forgotten; his nomination is accounted by sober historians a mistake. And yet I venture to doubt whether the election of Abraham Lincoln would have been possible but for the public interest awakened four years before by the campaign cry echoed throughout the North: "Free soil, free speech, free press, free men, Fre-mont." I shouted that campaign cry with the loudest and did such work for our leader's election as could be done by a boy yet under age. That boy's description of a Frémont meeting may give the reader a little idea of the popular enthusiasm: —

Thursday, June 26.

I went last night to a concert at Spingler. There I met Walter Philbrook. About half-past nine we left the house to come home together. On our way we were to pass the Tabernacle. There the Republicans held a grand ratification meeting. We went in. Such a crowd of men! Here and there a lady — but few and far between. The New York Tabernacle is something like the Tremont Temple in Boston. In the seats behind the platform are a band. On the stage is a man walking back and forth. Almost every sentence is followed with an interruption — a cheer — applause — or a remark from the audience. Presently he finishes. Then there is tremendous confusion all over the house. "Procession! procession! procession! Hamlin! Hamlin! Hamlin!" the shoutings might be heard half a mile. For the hall is crowded to overflowing — to overflowing into the street and passageways outside — to such an overflowing that a little earlier in the evening there were two more meetings of outsiders there. When at length order is restored, another speaker is introduced. His speech, however, comes to an abrupt termination by reason of the fact that everybody is going out to form in a procession to go up to Frémont's house. Walter and I are carried downstairs in the crowd. What a jam! I am run alongside the wall. I press

with all my might against it (sometimes with both hands) to prevent being bruised against it. If I should trip and fall! My best friend would not know me when taken up, I should be so trodden under foot. Ah! Here we are fairly out in the street. Whew! What a crowd — how hot — how nice the cool evening air is after that crowded and stifled room! The procession is already in progression. It forms as fast as the materials for it come out. The "Times" this morning says it is eight thousand strong. We march five to ten abreast up Broadway. The band is far ahead — almost out of hearing. Walter and I leave our ranks and run forward nearer the band. Here we join another rank. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" "Once more. Three for Frémont!" "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Here we are opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. "Three more for a sensation." "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" At that open window there, to the right, are three ladies waving their handkerchiefs to us. "Three for them." "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" So we go up Broadway arm in arm, a long procession, hurrahing, shouting, clapping sometimes altogether — anything to be enthusiastic. Here we are in sight of Frémont's house. The procession breaks up, and we all rush frantically forward to get good positions, and in a moment are in a worse crowd than ever before. "Off my toes there!" "Don't put your arms *through* my back, if you please, sir." "Hats off!" "Order! order! order!" "Which is the house?" "Where is he?" "Which one?" "Where?" The marble house there with the piazza is the one. What a crowd on the balcony! What if the balcony should give way —

Merciful God! It has. It gives way and falls to the ground with a crash. The crowd is hushed in a moment. But only a part is fallen. A shout from the balcony, "Nobody hurt!" What a deafening shout of joy from the whole crowd responds to the intelligence!

Merciful is God indeed; that the cracking of the balustrade should have given warning to those above; that the formation of the house should have been such that none of this immense crowd were directly beneath. So, though the balcony is of heavy iron and the crowd beneath counts by thousands, no one is hurt.

Now Colonel Frémont comes out to speak. But he is

cheered so much and so long you can catch only little pieces of what he is saying. Then there are more hurrahs. Then some one cries out: —

"Mrs. Frémont!"

The crowd catches the idea in a moment. "Mrs. Frémont! Madam Frémont! Jessie! Jessie! Give us Jessie!"

Nobody in the crowd calls for *Mrs.* Frémont louder than I.

Some one on the balcony begins an inaudible speech.

"Order! order! hshshshshshshshsh!"

Man in the Balcony. "Such occasions as this are apt to disconcert ladies. Three more for Frémont and then disperse!"

The three more are given with right good will, but they are mingled with cries of "Mrs. Frémont! Give us Mrs. Frémont and we'll go!" and the like. There is no sign of any inclination to disperse.

My belief is that Mrs. Frémont has no objection to coming out, but desires to delay enough to be proper. For a lady to make her appearance before a political crowd like this is an innovation. Mrs. Frémont will not make it, of course. There is no objection to the crowd's making it. So I shout with the loudest, "Mrs. Frémont! Madam Frémont!"

Proper man in the crowd next me. "No! no! hsh! hsh! What do you do that for?"

I. "If Mrs. Frémont can see company, why should n't —"

My sentence is interrupted by a universal shout. Mrs. Frémont appears on the balcony between two gentlemen. Proper man's hat goes off in a moment. Proper man has a louder voice than I have, and I cannot even hear myself cheer — he quite drowns my voice. The crowd are crazy with enthusiasm. They sway to and fro. They are bareheaded almost to a man, cheering with hats in hand in the air. The sight of such a vast crowd as this, with every man's hat in his hand above his head, is curious enough. Here and there a man with a cane or umbrella puts his hat on that, elevates it, and cheers. A few whose hats, like mine, are fastened on, wave their handkerchiefs. The whole crowd, eight thousand strong, cheer as though all their previous cheering were a mere practice to train their voices for this occasion. Then Mrs. Frémont retires, and, with three more for Mr. and Mrs. Frémont, the

crowd disentangles itself, and Walter and I walk out to the cars and ride home.

The Frémont and Dayton ratification meeting was a great success.

As the election drew near there were tickets to be printed and distributed, votes to be looked after, repeaters to be guarded against, frauds to be discovered and defeated. The day before the election I wrote my cousin: —

We have just learned that the Democratic party and leaders have just struck off two thousand Republican tickets with all the names spelled *wrong* so that they may not be counted as good for anything. We must see to it, not only that we have none of them, but also that none are successfully used at the polls to-morrow.

When the election day came my brothers Vaughan and Edward and myself were at the polls from sunrise to sunset, and after the day's work was over I wrote again to my cousin the following letter describing our experiences: —

Benjamin Vaughan has positively blistered his feet in running from poll to poll looking after the election. At my polling-booth there was no one else to take direction of affairs, so I took charge. I place one man at one end of the block and another at the other. Two others stand about the door. That rough-looking fellow in an old yellow coat is the best worker we have. He paces back and forth vociferating at the top of his voice, "Here's your regular Republican tickets. Free speech, free soil, free press, free men, and Frémont." He disposes of three handfuls of tickets during the day. The rest of us are more quiet. As soon as they are well going I start for another district, for we have enough men and to spare here; and for the rest of the day I am for the most part going from poll to poll — except when in the course of my travels I come to a desperately Irish Democracy region, where for a long while I cannot find any Republican. I work here some-

thing over an hour, and only get two tickets off my hands. Whether either of these is voted or not I much doubt.

Over in New York Austin, too, is at the polls all the day. There they have some *quasi* riots, considerable fighting, and an immense amount of fraudulent voting. They vote mostly in bar-rooms, and the Irish fill them up and let no man in to vote who does not vote the Democratic ticket. The Frémont and Dayton Central Union send men to the polls to do what they can, but one man to fifty Irishmen is at a disadvantage, and they cannot accomplish a great deal. They are attacked, knocked down, beaten, and some of them almost killed before the day is over. Mr. Shearman's adventures [1] (Austin had them from his own lips) were spicy — to relate. He was sent to the Sixth Ward, so notorious even in New York for its riots on election day that it rejoices in the sobriquet of the "Bloody Sixth." On the morning of election he tried to get a pistol but could not obtain one, so he purchased a pepper-box with perforated top, and filled it with red pepper, and put it in a side pocket, and with this for his only weapon of defense went to the polls. The room was packed, of course, as full as it would hold of Irishmen, so that there was no possibility of egress or ingress. Shearman edged his way through the door and a little way into the room. Then, quietly producing his pepper-box, he scattered a portion of its contents through the room: all this, of course, quietly and unobserved. This made such a sneezing as soon separates the crowd and gives a considerably freer passage than before. Then he goes to work distributing Frémont tickets. This is dangerous business in the "Bloody Sixth." However, by carefully avoiding collision he escapes difficulty until toward evening. Then as he is at work in the poll-room some one fires a pistol at him. He thinks there was no ball in it. He did not hear it strike. At all events, it did not strike him. As he turns around to face his attackers he sees another man after him with a bowie knife. Pleasant! He starts. The man after him. It is a race for life. His pursuer gains on him. As he runs he puts one hand on the pepper-box. His pursuer is close upon his heels. Catching with the other hand by a lamp-post, he adroitly dodges around it and with

[1] Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, who began his legal career as a clerk in my brother's law office, and was my lifelong personal friend.

the other throws a good charge of the cayenne pepper full in his pursuer's face. The man dropped his knife in a wink, stopped at the second, and with tears in his eyes rubbed the cayenne pepper from his face, went back disconsolately, and left Mr. Shearman alone.

Such was an election in New York City in 1856; such was political campaigning fifty-seven years ago. Reformers have not lived and labored in vain. There is still room for improvement and need of political courage to accomplish it. But the conditions which I described to my cousin in 1856 could not be duplicated anywhere in America in 1913.

CHAPTER VI

A TURNING-POINT IN MY LIFE

I NOW approach two events which exerted a greater influence on both my character and my career than any other events in my life — my marriage and the change in my profession.

My letters to my cousin, written between my engagement in 1854 and my marriage in 1857, give a more frank and a less self-conscious account of myself, my habits, and my character than would have been contained in any journal — if I had kept one, which I did not do. I wished my cousin to have no false ideals of me; and I endeavored to describe myself as I was, that when she took me for better and for worse, she might not be too much surprised at the worse. With these letters before me, I attempt to give to my readers something of the self-painted portraits which I gave to her. The quotations are from these letters.[1] The first one, looking back to my boyhood, confirms the dim reminiscence which I have given to the reader in the first chapter of this volume.

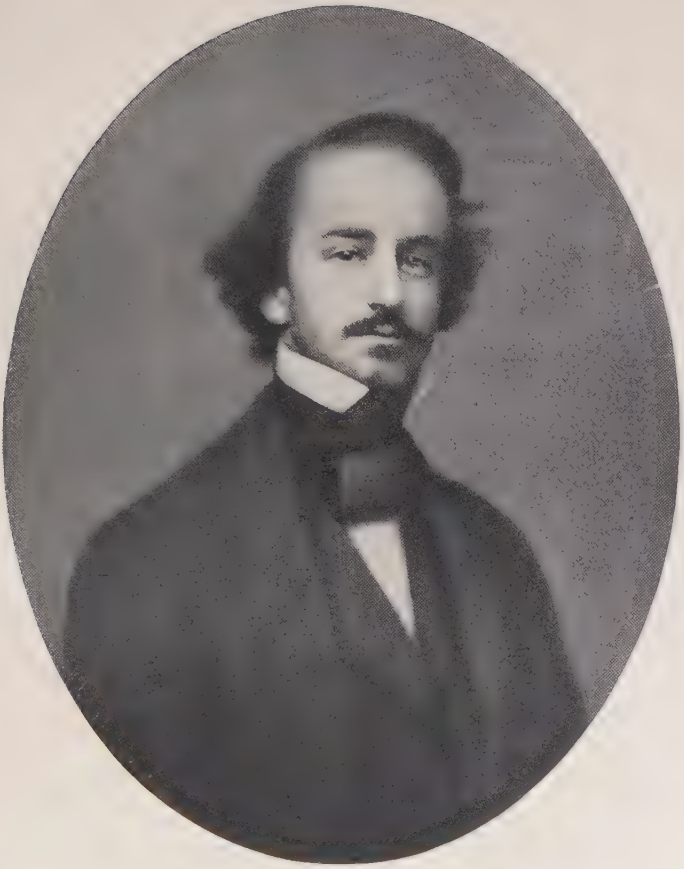
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, *December* 20, 1855.

I am twenty years of age. To say that I do not realize it, would not begin to express my want of conception of who I now am and who I used to be. Even now as I walk the room I cannot conceive who I am that am twenty years old. I think

[1] I make no attempt to correct the infelicities of expression or even the inaccuracies of grammar in these letters, but print them as they were written, often in haste, and generally without revision.

of some one, whom I know pretty well, a young fellow with whom I am pretty intimately acquainted named Lyman Abbott, who, I understand, is about that age. But to imagine that I am he or that I am I, I cannot conceive. I remember a school-boy, pale, meek, mild, never doing anything very wrong, nor anything very right, nor anything indeed at all, punished by the teachers for other boys' escapades, and by the scholars for not going into the scrapes, a little too big to associate with the little boys and rather too little to associate with the big boys. I remember such a boy as this whose name was Lyman Abbott, not as anybody I ever knew particularly, but as I remember a hastily half-read novel. Nor does my life so far seem, as I thought it would, a diorama, connected together — one whole. There are disjointed pictures here and there. A disconsolate picture of a boy at school. A picture of a pale, quiet, tolerably inoffensive youth at college. A picture of a tolerably impudent (not yet intolerably so) and go-ahead young man of considerable self-assurance, and, I am afraid, not a great deal to support it, and this is a bright picture, of the present; bright — not because it is pleasant but comparatively distinct.

My daguerreotype, taken at about twenty years of age, shows a slim youth, with black hair and mustache and the beginnings of a beard and whiskers; for I have never shaved — an abstinence which has saved me a good deal of time and not a little vexation of spirit. My eyes were blue, but were so dark that they were taken by one of my cousin's friends to be "piercing black eyes." I was ambitious, and glad of it, for I regarded ambition as a virtue, not a vice. "A person of no ambition will stay where he is; a person ambitious to go back will be very likely to degenerate. While a person ambitious for the future must progress somewhat." This ambition my engagement had increased. "For your sake," I wrote, "I want to know something, to do something, to achieve something. I am proud of you. I am very ambitious that you should have some reason to be proud



LYMAN ABBOTT ABOUT 1855

of me." But this ambition, if I read myself aright, was not for honor but for achievement. As I put it at the time, "I wanted to *do*, perform, produce some great effects, and whether any one else knew I did it or not, that is quite another matter." To what others might think of me I was, however, by no means indifferent. But it was honest and intelligent criticism I cared for, or thought I cared for. When "Cone Cut Corners," our novel, was published, I wrote, and underlined the sentence: "*I care more to know what people than what papers say about it.*"

I was a hard worker; but fitful and irregular, sometimes working till two or three in the morning, sometimes going to bed early and working one or two hours before breakfast. Not till the latter part of this epoch did I definitely form the habit, which, with rare exceptions, I have kept up ever since, of stopping my work at supper. I have found the early morning hours the best for composition; and for many years have rarely done any work in the evening, except in public addresses and social engagements. I took no systematic exercise, except the walk to and from the office, a matter of probably two miles a day. I do not think there were gymnasiums in those days; if there were, I never belonged to one. But my professional duties kept me much of the time in action — in making calls, hunting for witnesses, or going from court to court; I had comparatively little desk work.

My recreations I took rather seriously. I neither danced nor played cards, and after I joined the church very rarely went to the theater. I went to all sorts of concerts, from "Buckley's Serenaders" to the Italian opera, the Philharmonic concerts, or the Oratorio Society. I did not then, and have not since, found much

pleasure in any sort of games; a defect in my character which I have mildly regretted, but never sufficiently to set myself the task of correcting it.

Occasionally, however, I went off on outdoor excursions with companions — sometimes a fishing expedition in the country, sometimes simply a tramp. One of these excursions has an interest for me on account of its relation to my subsequent history. The afternoon before the Fourth of July my brothers Austin and Edward, my cousin Waldo, and I got on a steamboat running up the Hudson River, without any idea where we would get off or what we would do when we got there. About dusk, at the first landing north of West Point, we left the steamboat, walked back into the country three or four miles, found a boarding-house, where, after allaying suspicion by an offer to pay for our entertainment in advance, we were cared for during the night. The next day, after a tramp of some six miles back into the country, we returned to the river, where, as I wrote my cousin, "I saw just the place you and I are going to have for a country seat by and by." And I continued: —

> Up the Hudson, about three miles above West Point, under a huge rocky peak, half a mile below the nearest village by water and about five miles by road over the mountains, on the very shore of the river, well shaded with trees and surrounded by some fifteen acres of good land, there stands an antiquated old farm-house, our country seat *in futuro*. A magnificent great forest stretches back over the hills and comes down close on the water's edge except where it has been cleared away by the ax to make room for the house. A few rods farther on down the river is another house. Then another magnificent rocky mountain cuts off all approach by land. Between these two great guards stand these two houses, quite alone. Across the river is a busy town. Three miles down is West Point, crowded with fashion all summer long. The steamboats go up and down all day long. In sight is one of the best built and

fastest railways in the country, and here, in the very midst of the highest civilization and in sight of it, we are five miles from any human habitation by any accessible road. What do you think of my country seat, cousin? I wish you could see it.

The peak was Storm King, the village was Cornwall; and I am writing this autobiography in that village, in which, thirteen or fourteen years later, my wife and I made our permanent home.

When I lived with my brothers and my cousin Waldo lived with us, as at one time was the case, our evenings at home were not infrequently taken for an intellectual tournament at which all sorts of topics, practical and theoretical, were used to sharpen our wits. In these tournaments the wives took equal part with their husbands. These family discussions did not satiate our appetite for debate, and we all belonged to a literary and social society called the Linden, which met at the houses of the members, I believe, once a fortnight. Here, generally, more practical topics were debated. The literary exercises were followed by a dance, before which I generally went home. The Linden was not only enjoyable, it was useful in keeping up the practice of extemporaneous speaking.

I had no inclination to be a monk. When I was not at work on some law case in the evening, I was likely to be out, perhaps at a concert or a religious or political meeting, perhaps in a social call. At one time I went up once a week or once a fortnight to call at the Spingler Institute in Union Square — my letters say on my Aunt Rebecca, but I suspect the young ladies were an added attraction. I have never smoked, and, though I at times took ale or porter under doctor's counsel, in general practice I was an abstainer from both fermented

and distilled liquors. I was an earnest advocate of prohibition. When "Cone Cut Corners" was published, I sent a copy to my cousin, accompanying it with these two sentences: "If you like it as a good novel, it is a failure. If you like it as an effective Maine law preacher, it is a success."

At that time I recognized the fact that I was not a great student nor a great reader, for I then confessed: "I wish I loved to read more than I do. When there is anything to do, I would rather be at work than at study." For poetry I had no inclination unless I read it with some one else. But such reading as I did was generally accompanied with some reflection upon it; and I wrote critiques to my cousin on what I had read and on all sorts of books, from Macaulay's "History" to Eugène Sue's "Wandering Jew."

It is still true that whatever I read, unless it be an old and familiar piece of literature or the very lightest love story or detective story, awakens my desire to express to myself, if not to others, my own thoughts upon the subject. Perhaps this is the reason why reading fails as a recreation. To me it is almost always a stimulant, not a sedative. I found my recreation in a change of employment; did a good deal of writing, and found more pleasure in writing fiction than in reading it. And yet composition was by no means an easy task, as the following quotations from my letters indicate: —

I have to write a thing over half a dozen times before I can get it into any sort of shape.

In writing I almost invariably walk up and down the room forming my sentences, then sit down and write them from recollection. I never compose as I write.

I always imagine an audience before me and speak, generally aloud, what I am to write before I write it. As I walk the street I am almost always thus speaking to myself. Not in-

frequently I find myself speaking so loud and accompanying my thoughts with gestures such as to attract considerable attention on the part of the passers-by.

I may add, in passing, that, while I have long since broken myself of the habit of so speaking and gesturing as to attract the attention of the passer-by, I have throughout my life composed my sermons, addresses, and editorials on the street, in the trolley, in the train, and used my pen to transcribe on paper the thoughts which had already been shaped ready for utterance in my brain. I rarely sit down at my desk to write until the theme is so far formulated in mind that I could deliver it as an extemporaneous address without further preparation. This has its disadvantages. It has made me unobserving, and only the charity of my friends has prevented them from taking offense at my passing them without recognition. But it has enabled me to utilize what otherwise might be unused time, and is probably the secret of the reputation which my editorial associates give to me, of being an unusually rapid writer.

My room-mate, who ought to have known me well, told me that I was "cold-blooded," and I acknowledged that "Perhaps I am too reserved. It runs in the family. I never was fully acquainted with my father." But this reserve I defended: "I have a repugnance to be known and understood by everybody. I do not like to have my feelings or my thoughts every one's property." "I have feelings, but my pen cannot and will not write feelings; nay, my heart has no mind that can coin them into words." My cousin's pastor had come into a great sorrow. I wrote: —

You may tell him of my sympathy if *you* think best. Yet let me say that I do not. I think that the less of sympathy that is *spoken* on such occasions the better. All that sympathy that

shows itself by action is another matter. Every step that is taken, everything that is *done* that lessens his labors and so his trouble, this is an encouragement, a help, not a mere pity.

Looking back over this correspondence, I find in it evidence that I was then temperamentally, as I have been ever since, and am now, both a mystic and a rationalist — not alternately first one and then the other, but a mystical rationalist or a rationalistic mystic. I had, so far as I recall, never heard of an astral body, or a subliminal self, or of thought transference. But I thoroughly believed that the spirit had its independent existence, used the body as its instrument, and was often handicapped by the instrument which it used. I did not believe, and did not wish to believe, in the resurrection of the body.

At the same time I had gone through, or at least gone near, "every form and shape of skepticism." I could not accept the Bible as a final and ultimate authority, and stated my view in these words: "The Bible is not a book, it is a library, written by various persons and at various stages of the world, a part of them so far back in antiquity that their authorship is a question not free from difficulty. . . . What is the reason of our consent to this absolute authority which the Bible claims over us? I think there are comparatively few in the Church who could answer that question or would if they could." I had not yet found an answer to this question, or at least any fuller answer than my cousin gave to my very frank confession of my perplexities: I wrote her, "I think you are right that our experience of the truths of the Bible is the best evidence of its source." One thing was for me absolutely settled; I would not rest my religious faith on habit; I would not rest content with nothing more than an inherited faith in the Bible, and

this is what I thought I should do, "if I give nothing more than a reasonless assent to it through timidity or laziness without understanding the reasons there are for its acceptance."

As I have read over the letters from which these extracts have been taken I have been somewhat surprised at their extreme frankness of self-disclosure and at their curiously combined crudity and maturity of thought expression. With many of my ideas my cousin did not agree, as with some of them I do not now myself agree; but these differences did nothing to separate us, and we were married on the 14th day of October, 1857, at her home in Waverley, Massachusetts. Her mother had died on June 1 of that year. The house was heavily encumbered and was to be sold. The marriage of the only daughter meant the breaking up of the home. Only a few very intimate friends were present, and a certain sadness characterized the occasion. The day had been cloudy, with a threatening of rain. But just as the benediction was pronounced the sun broke through the clouds and shone upon the wedding party. I had written my cousin something like a year before that I had no inclination for a wedding journey. Since the death of my mother in 1843 I had had no real home, though my aunts had done all that could be done as substitute-mothers. I was eager for a home of my very own and would rather spend the time in getting our new home prepared for our occupancy. My bride agreed with me. Our wedding journey was simply the trip from Boston to New York. We were married on Wednesday. I had imperative court engagements on Monday. Our honeymoon vacation, therefore, was of the briefest.

After a month of very unsatisfactory experience in a New York boarding-house, my brother Vaughan and I

found what served before the days of apartment-houses as a substitute for a modern apartment. An enterprising landlord had built under one roof in Fifty-fourth Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues a block of eight cottages two stories and an attic in height. They were built in the middle of the lot, leaving room in front for large houses to be erected later, and were placed back to back with no yard or air space between them. One set of these cottages faced on Fifty-fourth, the other on Fifty-fifth Street. Hallways ran through the block from one front to the other and the front doors of each apartment opened from this hallway. My whole house was fifteen feet in width by twenty in length, not quite as large as my present library.

My brother Vaughan and I each took one of these cottages; the landlord cut out the dividing partition between the back parlors, throwing them into one room, which we used as a common library. My brother Edward lived with us, my cousin Waldo with my brother Vaughan. We had to walk down to Forty-eighth Street for the nearest horse-car to take us to our downtown office in Nassau Street.

Early in 1858 — I am not able to fix the exact date — with money lent to me by my father, I bought a commodious two-story-and-attic house in State Street, Brooklyn, not far from Flatbush Avenue, where, on the 25th day of June, 1859, my oldest son, Lawrence, was born.

Every circumstance conspired to make me the happiest of men. I had a prosperous and growing law business; for partners, brothers who were wholly congenial, and who had done everything which brothers could do to push forward my fortunes; for an anticipated future, a legal career with them which might be anything we had the ability to make it. My brothers' wives were

cousins of mine and cousins of my wife, and dear to both of us, so that nothing was wanting to make perfect our family relationship. I was in a city where I had many friends, and the doors were opened for us to the most congenial society. My church relations were ideal. I listened every Sunday to Henry Ward Beecher, the most inspiring preacher in America, and was in exceptionally intimate relations with him and with the active members of an enthusiastic working church. I was devoted to my wife; she was devoted to me; no home could be happier. And my income was entirely adequate for present needs, and was steadily increasing.

And yet — I was restless. Not discontented, certainly not unhappy, but ill at ease. My childhood aspirations for the ministry had been rekindled, and I could not extinguish them. New significance and new motive power were given to them by the public questions of the day and by the revolution in my own spiritual experience.

I have already told how the slavery question affected me; how it seemed to me much more than the mere question whether the negro should remain in slavery; that it really involved the question whether liberty should be strangled on the continent dedicated to liberty. I longed to have some active part in dealing with that question. My half-formed desire to go to Kansas had been quickly laid aside; but not the desire to be in the battle for liberty. Before my marriage I had counseled with my wife to be about going to Boston to take up the practice of the law there. I fancied that in ten years I could win a position and an income which would justify me in giving time and thought to the anti-slavery cause. With my principles there was no hope of a political career for me in New York; there might be in

Boston. Neither my cousin nor her father approved the scheme, and I abandoned it; only to revive it again after her mother's death. I could come to Boston; we could live in Waverley; save the house there, and make a home for her and for her father and brother. A little encouragement from her and I should have made the attempt. But neither she nor her father gave the encouragement and after protracted discussion I abandoned it.

But my increasing professional business did not prevent my increasing attention to ethical and spiritual problems outside the law. I early became a member of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association; attended with some regularity its weekly prayer-meeting; became a member of its directorate; then a member of a committee which held regular meetings throughout one winter to revise its constitution; and took an active part in securing the reluctantly given consent to have the rooms of the Association opened on Sunday afternoons from three o'clock until the close of the prayer-meeting at six o'clock.

The Young Men's Christian Association was the chief field of my religious and reform activity; but not the only field. I took an active part in debating in the Linden Society the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson,[1] in a meeting which so crowded the house where it was held that not only the parlors and the halls, but the stairs from top to bottom, were filled with listeners. I wrote for the Maine "Evangelist" articles on theological and ethical topics, specifically on the duty of the Church and the pulpit to deal with the slavery question. The Hebrew code exempted the young man from public service for the year after his marriage. I

[1] Imprisoned on the charge of encouraging or coöperating in resistance to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

wanted no such exemption in my volunteer service; did not after my marriage lessen my interest in work on religious and ethical lines; took a Bible class in the Plymouth Church Sunday-School, for which I prepared, if not as fully, at least as conscientiously as I prepared for my cases in court; and attended with considerable regularity the Plymouth Church prayer-meetings, which I could go to with my wife, in lieu of the Young Men's Christian Association prayer-meetings, to which I should have had to go alone.

This growing interest and activity in the ethical and spiritual field were both intensified and practically directed toward the ultimate result, the change in my profession, by two influences: the ministry of Henry Ward Beecher and the revival of 1857–58.

In 1853 Mr. Beecher was the most hotly debated preacher in the American pulpit. It was characteristic of my brother Vaughan to resolve to form no judgment on this much-discussed man until he had heard him six times. The experiment was decisive. My brother speedily became a member of Plymouth Church and an ardent supporter of Mr. Beecher both in moral reform and in theological doctrine. When I went to Brooklyn to live with my brother, I naturally went occasionally with him to his church; but at first only occasionally, because I was generally engaged in playing the organ elsewhere. At first Mr. Beecher's disregard of pulpit conventionalism jarred upon me and he was too radical for me both in politics and theology. But he was also much too radical for my cousin and her parents, who were members of Dr. Kirk's church in Boston, where the Unitarian controversy had made the evangelical faith both more definite and more dogmatic than it was elsewhere. In writing to my cousin I attempted loyally

to defend Mr. Beecher against the misrepresentation to which he was constantly subjected. There is no better way to become hostile to a public man than to criticise him, and no better way to become friendly than to defend him from hostile criticism.

My letters were at first apologetic, then defensive, then eulogistic. In March, 1854, I wrote: —

> There is much about him I don't think I shall ever like. There is much I always have liked. So I must say nothing about the first, and only listen to the second and get along.

Eighteen months later (September, 1855) I wrote: —

> You ask me what I think of Mr. Beecher. I have kept my answer till to-day because I think so many things of him that I cannot answer the question in a little space. But now I conclude to leave the discussion of his character till I can talk to you about him. I will simply say that I think him a great man, though hardly domesticated, a good man, though a little rough. He is not a flower but a tree, not a garden but a forest, not a lake but a cataract. A flower is prettier, but a tree more solid; a garden we fancy, a forest we use; a lake is very placid and gentle, but waterfalls drive all our mills. I think, or rather I presume, Mr. Beecher is a better man than any other minister I know in Brooklyn, and does more good than all the rest of them put together. And yet much I do not like about him. I think I shall never be a "Beecherite."

Eighteen months later again (March, 1857) I wrote: —

> I would have given a great deal to have had your father and mother and yourself hear Mr. Beecher's sermon this morning. In particular what he said of the incarnation and divinity of Christ. I never knew any clergyman whose theology not only but whose preaching and whose whole religious character and teaching were so full of Christ. Christ is to Mr. Beecher literally "all in all."

These extracts indicate the change in one hearer's estimate of Mr. Beecher in three years' time; they prob-

HENRY WARD BEECHER IN THE FIFTIES

ably indicate the change wrought in the minds of many; though for some the change required a shorter, for some a longer time. I am not sure but they also indicate some change in the preaching of Mr. Beecher, which grew mellower and more logical, and, in a sense, more spiritual, as he grew older. They do not, however, adequately interpret the radical revolution which he made in my method of thinking of religious truth, and, what is much more important, in my religious life. To state that revolution in a paragraph cannot be otherwise than unjust to the old views and inadequate for the new. Antitheses are never quite accurate. Nevertheless the statement must be made, for this change in my experience was a chief cause of the change in my profession.

When I came to Brooklyn in the spring of 1854, my Christian theology was something like this: I regarded God as the Moral Governor of the Universe, the Bible as a Book of Laws, Jesus Christ as the giver of a law more spiritual and more difficult to obey than the laws of Moses. Sin was disobedience to those laws, redemption was remission of deserved penalty. Under Mr. Beecher's ministry I came to regard God as a Father, whose character and attitude toward me was interpreted by my own father; the law, whether the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount, as an interpretation to me of God's ideals for his children; Jesus Christ as the supreme manifestation of the Father; and redemption as a new and divine life of faith, hope, and love which he inspires in all who desire to receive it. And as this new view possessed my mind and this new life inspired my motive powers, the passion to carry to others the message of love and life which had been given to me grew well-nigh irresistible.

This passion was intensified by the revival of 1858;

by the meetings which were held during the winter of 1858–59 in Plymouth Church; and especially by one incident in that revival which moved me very deeply. This revival exerted so important an influence on the life of the Nation that James Ford Rhodes has thought it deserving a brief though graphic account in his "History of the United States." "It was," he says, "declared to be 'the most extensive and thorough ever experienced in America.' Certainly no similar movement since has even approached it in fervor." [1] It extended from Maine to Minnesota; its effects were felt alike in the great cities and in the backwoods; and its importance was recognized alike by friend and foe. To Christians it was "the great awakening"; to the Boston "Liberator," the organ of Thomas Paine's infidelity, it was an "epidemic." It was not only the latest, but probably the last, revival of this peculiar type. It is scarcely possible that its like can ever be seen again in this country. For it is not conceivable that the conditions which produced it can ever again exist.

The old Calvinism treated the whole human race as a unit. In the person of its progenitor it had been tried in the Garden of Eden, and his failure had involved all his posterity in ruin. Man no longer possessed freedom of the will; he could not repent if he would; he was shut up to sin and misery by the one great disaster. From this ruined race God had selected some to be saved who were the recipients of his special grace. For the rest there was, and could be, no hope. The paralyzing effect of this doctrine of despair is illustrated by an incident in the life of the English missionary Cary: when he ventured to propose some organized effort for sending the Gospel to the heathen, an old Calvinist called out, "Sit

[1] James Ford Rhodes's *History of the United States*, vol. III, pp. 101–07.

down, young man; sit down. If God wishes to save the heathen, he can do it without your help or mine." The preaching of Wesley and Whitfield that salvation was offered to all men, and that every man could elect himself to receive it, was everywhere followed by great emotional excitement and great moral reform. This message was taken up in the Puritan churches by such men as Charles G. Finney, Lyman Beecher, and Albert Barnes, and was everywhere followed by similar results. It was a new theology; but it was more. For these preachers applied their doctrine to life and conduct; and in one respect more effectively than the early Methodists had done. Bred in the school of Calvinism, they held with the older Calvinists to the solidarity of the race, and pressed home upon their hearers their responsibility for the sins of intemperance and slavery. The revival of 1858 was a product of this new theology combined with the temperance and anti-slavery movements, which were partly caused by it and partly independent of it. The revival was far more than "an emotional contagion." It was an awakening of the conscience and a reform of the life. The spirit of the ministers of the new evangel was well illustrated by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's sentence: "We trust since prayer has once entered the counting-room, it will never leave it; and that the ledger, the sand-box, the blotting-book, the pen and ink, will all be consecrated by a heavenly presence."

Mr. Beecher availed himself of this opportunity with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. He became an evangelist, preaching everywhere during the week. Burton's old theater in Chambers Street, disused as a theater, was used for a noon-day prayer-meeting. At one of these meetings Mr. Beecher delivered an address

to a congregation which packed the theater as it never had been packed before. His sermons in his own church were specifically directed either to conversion or to urging the practical fruits of righteousness upon those who hoped they were converted. Some one told him of a stranger whose whole life had been changed by one of his sermons — "an arrow shot at a venture," he called it. Mr. Beecher gave one of the secrets of his pulpit success by his reply. "I never shot an arrow at a venture in my life," he said. "I have always taken aim; but I have n't always brought down the game I aimed at." At the May communion in 1858 one hundred and sixty-three joined the church on confession of their faith. There were so many waiting for examination and admission that a second communion was arranged for in June, at which a hundred and thirty-five more were admitted.

A distinguishing feature of the life of the church during this revival was the daily morning prayer-meeting followed by opportunities for conversation with Mr. Beecher and with other members of his church who were present and eager to aid him as volunteers. There were, I think, no formal inquiry meetings and no organized band of workers. Everything was free, spontaneous, mobile. The prayer-meetings were like none other that I have ever attended. They often became conversational, and even colloquial. Strangers were surprised to find humor not discouraged, a ripple of laughter sometimes sweeping over the audience, and yet the seriousness never disturbed. Religion seemed a natural experience, something for every-day use, something to be enjoyed. Mr. Beecher always closed the meeting by inviting any present who wished to do so to ask for prayers, for themselves or for others. Sometimes there

were few requests, sometimes many. If there were none, still there was no sense of failure or disappointment. When fifteen or twenty requests had been made, Mr. Beecher's ability to remember all in his closing prayer and group them in such wise as to make his petitions specific and yet not offensively individualistic, seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, wonderful.

My younger brother Edward was in 1858 a sophomore in the New York University. He had lived with my wife and myself while we were living in New York. He was warm-hearted and high-minded, and was very dear to both of us, but we both felt anxiety concerning him; for, like many another young man in his teens, he was living what might be termed a careless life and drifting where the current might take him. One morning in May I asked prayers for him. I doubt whether I should have had the courage to do so but for my wife. I was averse to letting others know my feelings; I was doubly averse to letting them be known when another so dear to me as my brother was concerned. A week later my wife received from him the letter from which I make the following extract: —

It is with feelings of unspeakable joy and gratitude that I take my pen to tell you that George Baker, Albert Stewart, my most intimate friends at college, and myself have formed the determination to give up this world and devote ourselves hereafter to God and his service. The particulars may not be uninteresting to you. We three started out yesterday afternoon (you remember how pleasant it was) for a walk on Broadway. At about one o'clock one of us proposed — I believe it was I proposed — that we go and get something "to eat," in other words, to "have a time." We entered accordingly Rud's saloon, corner of Twelfth Street, and ordered our refreshments. There our conversation turned upon matters and things in the University, and upon the recent conversion of one of the hardest fellows there. From that we expressed our own feelings

upon the subject of religion, and there in that place, where we had often, *often* met for frivolity and almost carousal, . . . we three solemnly pledged ourselves to begin a new life in God's service. The last time I went there I little thought what feeling I should have on the next occasion that I visited it. We talked the matter over till three o'clock, and then went and had an interview with Professor Martin. In the evening we went to a prayer-meeting at Dr. Pott's house, where one of our students by the name of Lloyd resides. At the close of the meeting we three repaired to Lloyd's room and remained there in conversation and prayer till a late hour. We three have been together all day to-day, have attended a meeting at Dr. Hutton's church, then went to Professor Crosby's, and afterwards to Stewart's, where *we hold our first prayer-meeting.* We three are one in our feeling and are determined.

The three friends became ministers of the Gospel. My brother Edward, as rector of St. James's Church, Cambridge, has left behind him, in its beautiful edifice and its active spiritual membership, a monument of a life of devoted, useful, and successful ministerial service.

I do not know that this incident directly influenced my ultimate choice to change from the law to the ministry. But it exerted a powerful indirect influence, for it strengthened for me my faith in prayer, which sadly needed strengthening. I continued my law business with success. I continued to be interested in it. But more and more my thoughts, when released from the duties of the office, turned spontaneously to dreams of the ministry. A new Congregational church was in process of erection near our home in Brooklyn. I used, as I walked by, to go in and imagine myself the pastor and its pulpit my platform. I wanted an outlet for my aspirations, an expression for my dreams. I talked them over fully with my wife and I gave expression to them in a letter to my wife's father: "Every Sunday night I grow somewhat aspiring and ambitious and feel in a

measure dissatisfied with my present life and a wish for the ministerial labor. . . . Monday morning, however, I generally go at my work with good zest, determined to do with my might what my hands find to do." My father-in-law did not encourage my ministerial aspirations. Instead, in a long letter he gave me an account of his recent experiences in Congregational councils, with the knowledge which they had brought to him of ministerial difficulties and failures, and the consequent frequent changes of pastorate. My wife did not take my aspirations very seriously — not enough so to argue against them. "Abby," I wrote her father, "laughs at my ministerial dreams sometimes."

At length, however, she mentioned them casually to her cousin, my brother Vaughan's wife, and she mentioned it in turn to her husband, and he came straightway to me with the proposal that, if I really wanted to go into the ministry, my brothers not only would put no obstacle in my way — they would open the door for me to do so. That he should have learned of my carefully concealed aspirations greatly troubled me. I was inclined to be vexed with my wife for having disclosed them. I have since been very grateful to her. For, whether consciously or not, she saved me from a very serious moral peril — the peril of commending myself for entertaining a purpose which I had not the courage to fulfill. It is never safe to live in actual conduct one life and to live in dreams another. And that was what I had been doing. I could do it no longer. I must choose. Honesty compelled me definitely to put aside once and forever my ministerial ambitions and devote myself wholly to the law, or definitely to abandon the profession of the law and undertake, at whatever sacrifice might be necessary, to fulfill my ministerial ambition.

The problem was not to be decided easily. My letters written at that time bring back to me the questions which perplexed my mind — questions which it took six months of reflection to decide.

Health? Under the watchful care and hygienic housekeeping of my wife, and the rest which her home-keeping afforded me, my health had steadily improved. My throat? My father and his brothers had all of them been handicapped by throat difficulties, and all but my Uncle John had been compelled to relinquish the pulpit. I consulted an expert, and he advised me that my lung power was considerably greater than belonged to a man of my size, weight, and build, and, if I used my throat aright, it ought not to give me trouble. It never has given me trouble; and I have made myself heard by an audience of ten thousand under one roof and by one of four or five thousand in the open air. My house? I had bought it, but only partially paid for it — in fact, not really paid for it at all, since the purchase money had been advanced to me by my father. And it was salable property. Preparation for the ministry? I could not take my wife and child through a theological seminary. But my Uncle John was at that time supplying the Congregational pulpit in the old home church at Farmington, Maine; and I could go back to the method of the fathers and study under him. How live while I was pursuing those studies? The home at Fewacres was opened to us by my Aunts Sallucia and Clara, and my brothers were ready to pay for my share in the good will of the business and in the law library which we jointly owned, enough to cover our living expenses until I was ready to take a parish. And I recalled the fact that Dr. Finney, who began life as a lawyer, passed from the law into the ministry with but one year of special prepara-

tion. My wife? Had my wife objected to the change I should have remained in the law. But she neither objected nor approved. When a friend asked her what she thought of marrying a lawyer and finding herself the wife of a minister, she replied, cheerfully, "I did not marry a lawyer. I married Lyman Abbott." I had only to consider two questions: Had I the character which fitted me for the ministry? and, Was I willing to pay the price involved in the change?

About one question, and that the more fundamental, I had great doubts. "I do not think," I wrote, "that I am so well qualified for it [the ministry] as I am for my present profession. I think I should only do the preaching at all successfully, and I think I should preach out before long. Of all things I should dislike most being obliged to preach when I had nothing to say." I was temperamentally skeptical, and how far I could accept the creed of the Church and work in harmony with it was a disturbing question. I believed in God and in his providential care of his children. But I lacked a knowledge of him as a personal friend. I wanted "not a technical and theologic acquaintance with his attributes, but a personal and immediate acquaintance and recognition of *him* as a person; this is what the Bible inculcates when it directs us to grow in the knowledge of God." I doubted my motives. "How much of it" (my ministerial ambition), I admitted to myself and confessed in writing, "grows out of vanity and a certain ambition common to young men to be heard from, to speak in public and to an audience, and how much out of real love to the work, I have never been able really to determine."

So six months passed in questioning, balancing, reflecting, counseling. Every choice involves a self-

sacrifice. I must choose what I would sacrifice. Would I sacrifice my assured income, my association with my brothers, my legal and political ambitions, my Brooklyn friends, my new home, and enter with my wife and child on a new experiment in life, with the certainty of small material reward and no certainty of spiritual success? Or would I sacrifice my ethical and spiritual ambitions? Finally, and with much hesitation and some misgivings, I decided to leave the law and certainty for the ministry and uncertainty.

Whether my father had approved my change from the law to the ministry I do not know; I doubt whether I ever knew. Certainly if he had been in this country when I was debating with myself the question I should have sought his counsel; as certainly he would have declined to exert any pressure in favor of or against the change. He would have said to me, "This is a question which only you can decide." He then would have put before me with great clearness, but also with absolutely judicial fairness, the advantages and the disadvantages of the change, and would have left me to balance them and come to my own conclusion. But when that conclusion was once reached he proceeded to give me every help in his power to carry my plan to a successful issue. This was also characteristic of him. He was as ready to help his sons make successful an enterprise the wisdom of which he doubted as if it were one which he enthusiastically approved. Six years before this he had married a second time; the house in Greene Street, which he owned, and which had been occupied by the school, he had rented as a boarding-house, reserving rooms for his city home, and retaining a room in the homestead at Fewacres for his country home. The room which he kept for this purpose was known, from the use to which

it had been put by my grandfather, as "the office." Much of his time was spent in travel, chiefly in Europe; but, thanks either to my good fortune or, more probably, to his good management, he was in Farmington in the fall of 1859, and I spent there in companionship with him five weeks, receiving his counsels, and, what is more important, imbibing his spirit, in preparation for what was to be my life-work.

On the 13th day of July, 1859, I had written him my decision. On the 16th of July he had replied with a letter characteristic of him, and wise in its counsel to others as well as to myself. In the course of this letter he gave me this advice: —

> I suppose that any delay which takes place in your being licensed to preach is chiefly a matter of form, and of outward respect to the profession which you propose to enter, as you are as well prepared now to begin as you ever will be. Not that I undervalue study in a minister, but I believe he can carry on his studies to best advantage while he is at his work. It will be excellent for you to give some attention to Greek. You ought to make yourself the best Greek scholar in the country, but then the great means of learning the language is in connection with the investigation of texts and passages of Scripture in writing sermons. As to theology, there *is* a royal road to it, if there is none to mathematics, and that royal road is common sense. I think your success in the ministry will depend in the first instance on your talent and tact; but your power of sustaining yourself for a long time on your attainments in study — but it must be mainly study which you perform while you are engaged in your work, not what you do before you begin.

A fortnight later he wrote me a second letter of counsel, touching upon one of the perils and perplexities of a ministerial career and upon one of the secrets of ministerial success. One passage in this letter I quote because it is applicable to many cases: —

I feel a very deep interest in your future movements, and in the progress of your plans for effecting the great change in your course of life which you propose. Indeed, I presume, I feel more *solicitude* in respect to this change than you yourself do — the young are so full of hope and buoyancy of spirits. The main thing that I should feel anxious about now is that you should not get behindhand in money affairs during the interval before you are prepared to commence your ministerial labors. As I said when conversing with you on the subject in Brooklyn, the great evil which I should have to fear in a ministerial life is the being always pinched and harassed in respect to pecuniary means, and if you drift behindhand so as to get a little in debt, while making this change, it will probably take you some years to get clear again. In this view of the subject I am glad to hear that you continue to have some duties at the office, hoping as I do that thereby you do something toward the payment of your expenses. *I* think that this is far more important than any theological studying that you may do during the interregnum. The truth is that sermons which are *made in the study*, by a process of *construction* out of elements drawn from *solitary meditation* and from *theological books*, rarely have any effect in reaching and moving human hearts. It is only by going about among men, *as a pastor*, and learning by familiar conversation with them *how they think and feel*, and then shaping what is said in the pulpit to meet what is heard and seen in the real every-day life — that any really good preaching can come. I think that if you ask any sensible and successful minister he will tell you that this is true, and that he has found it so in his own case. So that it seems to me that the great thing is to get at work as a pastor as soon as possible, and above all to husband your resources, and avail yourself of all possible means to diminishing expense, until you begin to receive an income from your work, so as not to get behindhand and in debt. . . . I was employed while in Farmington in making some improvements in the office which when they are completed will make that part of the house much more convenient, especially for the lady who occupies it. I have enlarged the office a little, and made a little bedroom, closets, etc.

In his next letter, written about a fortnight later, he described more fully the changes which he was making in that portion of the Fewacres house which he occupied — that is, my grandfather's office. I supposed at the time that these changes were made in order to give enlarged accommodation to him and his wife, and I have no doubt that he had this in view. But on reading over these letters I now have little doubt that the immediate cause of his making them at this time was to enable my wife and myself to spend our winter at Fewacres, which we could do much more economically than in or near New York City. He never intimated to me that this was his object. It was, at all events, the result. I sold my interest in the firm of Abbott Brothers to my brothers, leased my house for the winter, planning to sell it in the spring, and with my wife and child went to Farmington to spend the winter in studies for the ministry, where five years before I had spent the winter in studies for the law.

Have I ever regretted the change? Never on my own account. But sometimes, when I have realized the sacrifice which this change imposed on others, I have wondered, Was it right? It meant far greater sacrifice to my wife than to me. Yet I believe in the opportunity it offered her to share in her husband's labors and to win by her pastoral work successes for him she was more than satisfied with the change. No such compensation came to my brother Vaughan. Had he allowed me to realize what the change cost him, I doubt whether I should have had the courage to make it. To found a law firm of Abbott Brothers, to build it up and make it in law what Harper Brothers had been in the commerce of literature, was the day dream and ambition of his life. My withdrawal destroyed this dream and

resulted in a radical change in his life's work. Not till long afterward did I at all realize what my choice had cost him. He never told me. The debt is one not to be repaid, but may be quietly, simply, and with a reverent thankfulness acknowledged.

CHAPTER VII

MY FATHER

ON the 1st of November, 1879, sitting by the bed where my father lay dying, I wrote a son's estimate of him for the "Christian Union." I entitled it "Our Father in Heaven." The title was characterized by critics as irreverent. Nevertheless here, thirty-four years later, I repeat the opening paragraph of that article: —

The earthly father lies at my side sleeping his life away. Before the lines I begin can be completed the last troubled breath will have been drawn, and he will be at rest. As for the past few days I have been watching with my brothers by his dying bed, my heart has been ceaselessly and thankfully repeating the first words of our Lord's Prayer, "Our Father which art in Heaven." Blessed — more blessed, I am sure, than we can ever measure — are we who look into the life of such an earthly father for the interpretation of the tender mercies and loving-kindnesses of our heavenly Father. More than all word-teaching has been the teaching of his life, not merely in its lesson of the consecration, the firmness, the fidelity and gentleness of love, but in its suggestion of what must be the tender strength and the infinite condescension of the heavenly Father to his children. It has fashioned and vivified all the religious life and experience of his four sons. If such a life is but a spark, what must the great sun be?

This paragraph but faintly interprets the reverence for my father and the intimacy with my God which he inspired in me. I do not attempt here to tell the story of his life; but by a selection of incidents from that

life I hope to give my readers some acquaintance with the man to whom more than to any other one, perhaps more than to all others combined, I owe my theological opinions and my religious faith. In the next chapter, in giving an account of my special preparation for the ministry, I shall describe a little in detail that indebtedness.

Jacob Abbott was born in Hallowell, Maine, on the 14th day of November, 1803. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1820, and from Andover Theological Seminary four years later. In November of that year he was catalogued as a tutor in Amherst College; his success was such that in the following year he was elected Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. His method of dealing with young men is illustrated by one incident, his moral power over them by another incident, in his short professorship.

The college bell was at that epoch a favorite object for college pranks. The college bell at Amherst occupied temporarily a wooden tower. One day the boy whose business it was to ring the bell for prayers and other exercises came to my father, to whom had been intrusted the care of the grounds and buildings, with the report that the key to the padlocked door had been stolen, and asked what he should do. "Knock off a board and go in and ring the bell," was my father's reply. "And what then?" "Leave the board off and go to your recitation." The direction may have been, and probably was, accompanied with some verbal expression of faith in the college boys. Pranks with the college bell ceased. They were no longer worth while; they were "too easy." When the permanent tower to the college chapel was completed, the question came up in faculty meeting what to do to protect the bell. My

father's proposal to leave the door unlocked and access to the bell open to all was discarded, a lock was provided, and the college pranks began again.

There was a revival of religion in the college. Some of the boys planned a mock prayer-meeting, and in mere bravado invited Professor Abbott. He surprised them by appearing at the meeting, transformed it into a serious meeting, with, as a result, the conversion of at least one, I believe, of several of those who were present. I can well believe it from my remembrance of his moral power.

I do not remember that he ever punished me. Yet I not only do not recall that I ever thought of disobeying him, but I do not remember ever to have seen a child refuse him obedience, and I have seen him with a great many young people of all ages and all temperaments. This *moral* power, Professor Phelps, of Andover, illustrates by an incident narrated in a letter to me, which my brother Edward has inserted in his brief biography of my father, appended to the "Memorial Edition of the 'Young Christian.'" A pupil in his school, of brilliant parts but willful character, was ill with typhoid fever. She refused to take the remedies prescribed for her. Neither parents, doctor, nor nurse had any influence with her.

> At length, as a last resort, your father was summoned. He took his seat by her bed, took her fevered hand in his, and for some time conversed with her on indifferent subjects. When he had thus allayed the mood of resistance which the persuasions of the physician and the nurse had excited — they meanwhile having left the room — he said to her something to this effect: "The time has come for you to take your medicine, and in cases like this it will not do to be irregular; the remedies *must* be taken on the *hour*." A slight emphasis on the "must" gave her the sense of superior authority, but a similar

stress on the "hour" diverted her mind from the previous resistance and gave her a chance for yielding without conscious humiliation. Relating the incident, years afterwards, she said that she looked for a moment into your father's eye, and the look of resolution in it overwhelmed her. She took the bitter draught with the gentleness of a child. She spoke of it as illustrating your father's rare tact in uniting gentle words with indomitable authority. "I should as soon have thought of fighting with gravitation," she said, "as with that eye."

In 1829 my father resigned his professorship in Amherst to organize and take charge of a school in Boston, entitled the Mount Vernon School, for the higher, or perhaps it should rather be said the better, education of girls. Emma Willard had started a school of like character at Waterford, New York, in 1821; Catherine Beecher, such a school at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1823; and Mary Lyon proposed one in 1829 or 1830, though her plan was not carried into execution until 1837. My father was thus one of the pioneers in that world-wide movement for the higher and broader education of women which, after nearly a century of progress, has given to the daughters of America educational opportunities not greatly, if at all, inferior to those which are afforded to their brothers. In the Mount Vernon School, however, if I mistake not, the principle of reposing trust and confidence in the pupils was carried to an extent wholly unknown then, and not too widely understood or practiced even now. In "The Teacher," published in 1833, my father gave an account of his theory and practice in teaching, and from his description of the Mount Vernon School, which constitutes a chapter of the book, I condense one significant incident.

Upon the wall, by the side of his desk, hung a metallic plate upon which were, in gilded letters, the words

"Study Hours." This plate was attached on its lower edge to its support by a hinge, so that it could fall over from above and thus be in a horizontal position, or could be left resting in an inclined position, halfway down. It was drawn up and let down by a pulley, and whenever it was moved, either up or down, it touched a bell, which gave all the pupils notice of its motion. "When," says my father, in his account, "this 'Study Card,' as the scholars call it, is up, so that the words 'STUDY HOURS' are presented to the view of the school, it is the signal for silence and study. THERE IS THEN TO BE NO COMMUNICATION AND NO LEAVING OF SEATS EXCEPT AT THE DIRECTION OF TEACHERS. When it is half down, each scholar may leave her seat and whisper, but she must do nothing which will disturb others. When it is down, all the duties of school are suspended, and scholars are left entirely to their liberty."

This was the only *rule* of the school; but this rule was absolute; as obligatory on the teachers as on the pupils. No teacher had authority to modify it. She might of her own volition direct a pupil to speak or to leave her seat; but she had no authority to give a pupil permission to do so if the pupil requested it. My father in his report adds: —

I ought to remark, before dismissing this topic, that I place very great confidence in the scholars in regard to their moral conduct and deportment, and they fully deserve it. I have no care and no trouble in what is commonly called the government of the school. Neither myself nor any one else is employed in any way in watching the scholars, or keeping any sort of account of them. I should not at any time hesitate to call all the teachers into an adjoining room, leaving the school alone for half an hour, and I should be confident that, at such a time, order, and stillness, and attention to study would prevail as much as ever. The scholars would not look to see

whether I was in my desk, but whether the Study Card was up. The school was left in this way, half an hour every day, during a quarter, that we might have a teachers' meeting, and the studies went on generally quite as well, to say the least, as when the teachers were present.

I have told this incident — for it is hardly more than that — of the Study Card, not because of its inherent importance as a *method*, but because it illustrates the *spirit* which inspired that method.

Since this chapter was published in "The Outlook" I have received a letter from one of my father's pupils in his school in New York City which serves still further to illustrate that spirit and to indicate that his confidence in the self-control of the girls under his influence was not misplaced. She writes: —

One instance alone will show his influence over us. He had the direct charge of a room of some fifty or sixty young girls, among whom I was, I think, the youngest. He told us one morning that he had been suddenly called to Farmington by the illness of your grandfather. Your Uncle John was ill at the time, and your father could make no provision for the care of our room. He said to us: "I can make provision for your recitations, and the bells for their time will ring as usual, but I must leave the order of the room to your own care. I shall be absent at least a week, perhaps longer, but I trust you to do just as you would if I were here." Your father was gone, as I remember it, about three weeks, and the order of our room during the whole time was as good as if he had been present. When I remember the, to say the least, lively spirits possessed by some of us, I realize the extent of your father's influence. Every girl in that room would have felt herself disgraced if she had not done in Mr. Jacob's absence what she would have done in his presence.

My father, in his dealing with his pupils, with his teachers, with all his employees, and with his own children, was accustomed in a similar spirit to throw upon

them to an extraordinary degree the responsibility for their own lives, not in the faith that they would never make mistakes or do wrong, but in the faith that the only way to develop the judgment and the conscience is to require each individual to take counsel with his own conscience and his own judgment. I have already furnished one illustration of this habit — his leaving me at the age of thirteen to decide whether I would go to college, and, if so, to what college. Other illustrations will appear later in this narrative.

In "The Teacher" my father discusses at considerable length and with some fullness of illustration the principle by which a teacher should be governed in religious instruction. That principle he states in the following words: "He is employed for a specific purpose, and he has no right to wander from that purpose, except as far as he can go with the common consent of his employers." Applying this principle, he held that he had a right and a duty to inculcate so much of religious truth as was commonly received as true in the city of Boston, where the Mount Vernon School was situated. For this purpose he gave on Saturday afternoons, to such pupils as desired to attend, some informal conversational lectures on the subject of the Christian religion. These lectures he wrote out — whether before or after delivery, or some before and some after delivery, I do not know — and they were published in the early summer of 1832 under the title "The Young Christian." Two years later this volume was followed by "The Corner-Stone." "The Young Christian" was intended "to present in a plain and very practical manner a view of some of the great fundamental truths of revealed religion on which the superstructure of Christian character necessarily reposes." In writing these works it was my

father's practice to come home from the school in the afternoon, take a light supper, go almost immediately to bed, rise about three o'clock in the morning, write till half an hour before breakfast, throw himself on the bed for a nap, and, after the refreshment of the nap and the breakfast, go to his school duties again. During this time he was generally engaged in preaching on Sundays, and during the year 1834 was acting as pastor of a Congregational church in Roxbury which was being organized under his direction. As soon, however, as the church building for its use was completed he resigned the pastorate, and his brother, J. S. C. Abbott, was called to succeed him. Both "The Young Christian" and "The Corner-Stone" attracted immediate attention in religious circles; they were reprinted in England, both in authorized and unauthorized editions, and in some of them with revisions to make them conform to the orthodox ideas of their editors. Both fell under the ban of orthodox critics, especially in England. One of these criticisms led to the following incident.

The age was one of theological restlessness. In America the older Calvinism and the newer Calvinism were engaged in a struggle which ended in the disruption of the Presbyterian Church in 1838 into the Old School and the New School churches; and would have led to the disruption of the Congregational churches if there had been any ecclesiastical organization to disrupt. In many places the fellowship in that denomination between the progressive and the conservative wings was more nominal than real. In England a similar struggle between the old and the new took place within the Church of England, giving rise to the organized Oxford Movement and the unorganized Broad Church Movement. Both parties were dissatisfied with existing con-

ditions. One sought rest by going back to an earlier tradition and a greater church authority; the other by going forward to a newer thought and a larger liberty. It was the age of Newman and Pusey and Keble on the one side, and of Maurice and Stanley and Kingsley on the other. It was dramatically illustrated by the life histories of the brothers Newman and the brothers Froude, all four Oxford men. John Henry Newman and Richard Hurrell Froude took the path which led back to Rome, though Mr. Froude did not live to finish the journey; Francis William Newman and James Anthony Froude, both originally Churchmen, took a path which led them to abandon the Church and its traditions altogether, and substitute a theistic for a Christian faith.

If this were history, not merely personal reminiscences, it would be interesting to trace the connection between this theological ferment and the simultaneous political ferment. In both the same fundamental issue was involved: the age-long issue between tradition and reason, authority and liberty, the organization and the individual. Here a single sentence from John Henry Newman's autobiography must suffice as an illustration. He writes: "There had been a Revolution in France; the Bourbons had been dismissed; and I held that it was unchristian for nations to cast off their governors, and, much more, sovereigns who had the divine right of inheritance." The temperament which led him to this political conclusion led irresistibly and inevitably to a like conclusion in theology: "From the age of fifteen," he writes, "dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion; I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery."

At the time when "The Corner-Stone" appeared, the leaders of the High Church party in England had commenced the publication of a series of "Tracts for the Times," which has given to the movement the title of Tractarianism. One of these tracts was devoted largely to a review of my father's "Corner-Stone." It was written by John Henry Newman, then a clergyman of the Church of England, later to become Cardinal Newman of the Roman Catholic Church. In this review, as under such circumstances might well have been expected, the book was very severely criticised, and its author was adjudged guilty of heresy as a Socinian, that is, a radical Unitarian, with pantheistic tendencies. Words of commendation for beauty of style were not wanting; nor in the spirit and manner of expression did the tract transgress the bounds of legitimate criticism. But for the doctrines taught the writer of the tract had only the severest reprobation. In it Dr. Newman seems to me to deny that Jesus had or could have had any human experiences. One quotation from this tract must here suffice to indicate the difference between my father's point of view and Dr. Newman's. It is characteristic of the spirit of the tract: —

J. A. — We learn in the same manner how distinct were the impressions of beauty or sublimity which the works of nature made upon the Saviour, by the manner in which he alluded to them. . . . Look at the lilies of the field, says he. . . . A cold, heartless man, without taste or sensibility, would not have said such a thing as that. He could not; and we may be as sure that Jesus Christ had stopped to examine and admire the grace and beauty of the plant, etc. (Pp. 61, 62.)

Now Jesus Christ noticed these things. He perceived their beauty and enjoyed it. (P. 62.)

J. H. N. — Surely such passages as these are simply inconsistent with faith in the Son of God. Does any one feel

curiosity or wonder, does any one search and examine, in the case of things fully known to him? Could the Creator of nature "stop to examine" and "enjoy the grace and beauty" of His own work?

When my father went to Europe in 1843, he visited Oxford and took the opportunity which this visit afforded to make a friendly call on the author of this tract. This was about two years before Dr. Newman finally entered the Roman Catholic Church, but only about six weeks before he withdrew from the ministry of the Established Church because of his convictions against the Protestantism of that Church. It is true that my father supposed the author of the critique to be Dr. Pusey; but it is also true that he knew that the theological views of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman were in accord, and that this tract represented the opinions of the one as truly as those of the other. In the journal which he kept of this trip, not for publication, but for his own remembrance and for his especial friends at home, he wrote the following account of this visit: —

I understood that Dr. Pusey was probably not in town and that certainly he would not preach, but that Mr. Newman would probably preach either at St. Mary's, the University church, in Oxford, or at Littlemore, a small village two or three miles out of town. I went to St. Mary's Church, and was there told that he would not preach in Oxford that day. So I set off to walk to Littlemore. I passed along High Street — by the University church and Magdalen College. Thence over the bridge and by the toll-gate, which ushered me into the country. I found a smooth, straight, and level road, with a broad sidewalk upon its margin of gravel, which overlooked a wide extent of green and waving fields on each side. There was no fence between the road and the fields.

I walked on a mile or two, when a shower of rain came on. Here there were hedges. A lady and some children were standing under the lee of a hedge by the roadside, for shelter.

There was a house near, but they seemed not to have confidence enough in English hospitality to ask for shelter there. I asked them my way, and the lady answered in few words and with averted looks, which seemed to say, "I will give you a civil answer, but I wish to have as little to say to you as possible." How different, thought I, would have been the tone and look in France!

I left them huddling under their umbrella and hedge, and went on. The rain increased, and I sought shelter under a thicket at the foot of a little bridge.

After the shower I went on, but lost my way, and went to Iffley. Two girls directed me by a path across the fields to Littlemore, where I found the church.

It was now fifteen minutes before the time for service, and I strolled into the church, which was empty. A sexton told me that all the seats were free. The church was a very plain-looking building, intended evidently for a very humble class of worshipers. The walls were plastered in imitation of stone, the timbers of the roof were bare. The windows were narrow slips in the style of ancient castles, so that the interior had a gloomy expression. The pulpit was on one side against the wall. Opposite to it, on the other side, was an organ inclosed in a curtain instead of a case. The reading-desk was in front of the organ. The altar was behind, at the farther end of the church, and the clergyman, Mr. Newman, his curate, and one other, who all took part in the services, turned their faces towards the altar during parts of the exercises. The house was entirely filled when the congregation came in, and they all joined in the responses with an apparent cordiality and interest much greater than I have usually witnessed in Episcopal churches. Mr. Newman's manner was plain, simple, and unaffected in the extreme. His sermon was a homily on the sins of the tongue, read, however, with a careless and absent air.

At noon I walked into the village till I reached a little inn called the George Inn.

There were some persons sitting in a kind of bar-room in front, but they invited me into a neat little back parlor which opened in a yard planted with flowers and shrubbery. I called for some coffee, and whiled away the time as well as I could till

the afternoon service. Ten minutes of the time was occupied in inditing the following note to Mr. Newman:

George Inn, *July* —.

Rev. Sir: —

Being on a visit for a day or two in Oxford, on a rapid tour through England, I came out this morning to attend service in your chapel, and, if you would not consider it an intrusion, I should be happy to have the opportunity of calling to pay my respects to you personally at any hour which may be most convenient and agreeable to you before to-morrow noon, when I propose returning to London.

Please excuse the liberty I take, and believe me to be yours with sincere respect,

Jacob Abbott.

I went to church in the afternoon, feeling great uncertainty whether it would be well to send my note or not. It seemed clear that it was in fact wise, but I shrunk very much from taking such a step. However, after the service I returned to the hotel and sent my note. In a short time I received an answer expressed in very courteous and friendly terms, but saying that Mr. N. was engaged at that hour, but would see me either that evening at a quarter past eight or on the following morning. I concluded to wait and have the interview that evening. So I called for coffee again, and with the help of it and some books which I had in my pocket I contrived to pass the time until the appointed hour. I then repaired to Mr. Newman's dwelling, which was a long, low building.

The external appearance of the house was entirely devoid of symmetry. It was intermediate between a warehouse and a range of cloisters. I rang at a door which I found in one side near the corner, and was ushered into a narrow and intricate passageway which led into a sort of anteroom. I met a company of young men having the appearance of a class of students who were coming from Mr. N.'s study, apparently from some exercise which he had been conducting.

From this anteroom I entered the study. It was a large, somber-looking room; the walls were entirely filled with books, many of which were very ponderous and ancient-looking tomes. There was a plain but antique-looking table in the

middle of the room. Mr. Newman received me very cordially. At first there was an air of some constraint, as I imagined, with an effort, very proper under the circumstances, on his part, to keep the conversation away from religious topics. I, however, was determined not to lose the object of my visit now, and forcibly introduced the subject of the Tracts and the Oxford views. I told him that one principal object which I had in calling upon him was to speak of the Tracts, and particularly of the strictures which some of the writers had made upon my own writings. I told him that the presumption always was in such cases that when an author was made the subject of such criticisms he of course resisted and resented them — but that I did not. On the contrary, I was aware that the criticisms were in many respects just, though severe, and that they would have modified in many respects my manner of expressing my opinions, if not the views themselves, if I had had access to them before the publication of the writings in question.

Then followed considerable conversation, which lasted for an hour. I expressed distinctly the views which prevailed among the Congregationalists of New England averse to the establishment or perpetuation of an ecclesiastical power, and that the unity which we seek for is a unity of feeling, a harmony and coöperation among all different forms and organizations of Christians.

I rose to go, and he asked me to sit a moment longer. He went out, and presently returned with a volume of his writings which he offered me. I told him that I would value it more if he would write my name in it, as from him. He smiled and went out of the room again, and presently returned and gave me the book again. After some farther pleasant conversation I rose again to go, and he took his hat as if to accompany me. At the door I was about bidding him good-by when he said that he would go with me a little way to put me into the right road. He conducted me by a cross-road through the fields, which he said was nearer than the highway. After walking perhaps a quarter of a mile we came to a gate which opened upon the main road, where he gave me his hand, saying, "Good-by. God bless you. I am very glad you came to see me."

I ought to have mentioned that in the course of conversa-

tion he informed me that Dr. Pusey was not the author of the Tract which criticised my writings, as I had understood. I told him that I had been informed that Dr. P. was the author, and on that account I desired to see Dr. P. himself, and was sorry to learn that he was out of town. A little farther on in the conversation he told me that he himself was the author. He said, moreover, that if there was anything in the review which I considered unjust to myself personally, or anything in which I was misunderstood, he wished that I would let him know, that it might be corrected in a subsequent edition.

After I left him I walked on feeling very much relieved. I stopped under a lamp-post to read what he had written in the book, which relieved me still more.

Dr. Newman in a note appended to his tract on "The Corner-Stone," reprinted in his volume of "Essays, Critical and Historical," reports the impression that this interview produced upon him, and this report is necessary to make the account of this incident complete: —

> The author of the second of the works criticised in the foregoing essay met my strictures with Christian forbearance and a generosity which I never can forget. He went out of his way, when in England, in 1843, to find me out, at Littlemore, and to give me the assurance, both by that act and by word of mouth, that he did not take offense at what many a man would have thought justified serious displeasure. I think he felt what really was the case, that I had no unkind feelings towards him, but spoke of his work simply in illustration of a widely spread sentiment in religious circles, then as now, which seemed to me dangerous to gospel faith.

I have given here at considerable length this incident, not only because of its inherent historical interest, but also because it illustrates in so striking a manner that spirit in my father which made him in the best sense of the term a "peacemaker." My father made no change in "The Corner-Stone" after this visit; Dr. Newman made none in his tract. It would not be easy to find an-

other instance in theological controversy in which a theologian strongly criticised called upon his critic, not to complain, defend, or debate, but as an expression of his regard; and, when as a result, without any change in the views of either, the two representatives of the opposing schools parted in mutual amity and respect.

In this same spirit my father acted throughout his life. Many years after, when I had preached during the Civil War a vigorous anti-slavery sermon in a community in which abolitionism was much more odious than slavery, he wrote me a letter of counsel in which he interpreted in words the principle interpreted by his action in the Newman incident: —

> You have given a full, fair, honest, and uncompromising exposition of what I believe to be the true doctrine in respect to the condition of the country. There let the subject rest. If any one calls in question what you have said, do not defend it. Listen attentively and respectfully to the other side, and admit the truth of what is said in so far as it is true. So far as it is false, say nothing about it. Lean as far towards the views of your opponents as you can without retracting or compromising your own views.

That I have been able to live on terms of friendship with men of widely differing views on political, social, and religious subjects, while taking an active part in the sometimes warm debates concerning those subjects, I attribute largely to the fact that I have generally tried to follow my father's counsel and example, and to maintain something of his spirit.

One other incident in my father's life must finish this introduction of him to my readers.

After the death of his wife, it will be remembered, he removed to New York to join his brothers in opening in that city a school for young ladies, leaving his young-

est son, Edward, at the old homestead in Farmington, Maine, with his grandfather, grandmother, and two aunts. A little later Austin and I joined Edward there. Instead of writing separate letters to us, or one letter to one member of the family with messages to the others, my father edited and sent to us about once a month a paper which he entitled "The Morton Street Gazette," taking the name from the street in which he lived. This was written on a sheet of letter paper, ruled in two columns, with a heading written to look like the heading of a newspaper. Its character is indicated by the opening editorial in the first issue: —

With the commencement of the new year we propose to establish a new paper of a very high character. It will advocate the soundest principles — that is, when it has occasion to advocate any. It will contain all the latest news from Morton Street, Lafayette Place, and Colonnade Row. Its circulation is expected to be select rather than extensive.

Colonnade Row, in Lafayette Place, was the house my Uncle John occupied at that time, and was also the boarding department of the school. The "Gazette" contained various items of family news likely to interest my father's parents or sisters. Occasionally my oldest brother, Vaughan, who was living in New York, wrote a contribution for it. There was always a special article for the children. For example, three issues contained papers entitled "Code Barbarian." From this Code I make some extracts, because they illustrate my father's understanding of children and one of his characteristic methods of giving them moral instruction: —

THE CODE BARBARIAN

1. When you come in from sliding leave your sled in the yard upon the snow. It will rust the irons a little and prevent

its going too fast when you go out to slide next time. You may save breaking your neck by this means.

. . . . . .

6. Whenever you have been using the hoes or the shovels or any other tools, leave them anywhere about the yard. There is plenty of room for them on the ground.

7. If you get an invitation to a visit up in town, if you make as much difficulty and trouble as you can about dressing properly before you go, and then are rude and noisy when you get there, it will do a great deal towards preventing your being troubled with future invitations.

8. If you lose your knife or anything, it is a convenient plan to tell some other boy that you lent it to him one day and you have not seen it since. This throws off the responsibility on his shoulders. So, if you cannot find your hat, you can insist upon it that you certainly hung it up on its nail.

. . . . . .

10. If you get a new knife, or if you borrow one, go to boring a hole with the point or to digging out a boat. The advantage of this is that you will soon break the point, and after that you will be in no danger of pricking yourself.

To those familiar with my father's books for children I may add that the spirit and methods of Jonas in the Rollo Books and of Beechnut in the Franconia Stories illustrate my father's spirit and his methods in dealing with children. Of this aspect of his life and character I shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter in giving some account of his dealing with his grandchildren. In my next chapter I shall resume my narrative at the point where I interrupted it in order to give to the reader this introduction to my father, who was also my professor in theology.

CHAPTER VIII

FEWACRES THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

ON the 6th of September, 1859, I bade good-by to my brothers and their New York offices, to my home and friends in Brooklyn, to my profession and my professional ambitions, and with my wife and child took the steamer for Portland, and thence the railway and stage-coach to Farmington. My father and his wife, my stepmother, were still at Fewacres when I arrived there, and the five weeks during which he remained there I took as a vacation. He was very fond of landscape architecture of a simple sort, and I worked with him on the grounds, making paths, trimming up trees and shrubs and the like, and doing only some incidental reading. But these five weeks with him were among the most profitable of my life. For he not only gave me some specific counsels which have remained with me ever since, but also, without my realizing it then, as I have realized it since, he laid for me, by his thoughts, the foundations of much of my theological thinking, and, by his personal character and influence, the foundations of much of my religious experience.

"If I were a preacher," he said, "I would make my first sermon of any convenient length. The next Sunday I would make it five minutes shorter, and I would continue to take off five minutes until the people complained that my sermons were too short. Then I would take five minutes off from that, and the result should

give me my standard." This counsel was emphasized by the saying of a Methodist minister to me when I was ordained in the following spring, "I have resolved not to attempt to make myself immortal by being eternal."

I never followed literally my father's counsel; but I have acted in accordance with its spirit. When, in 1887, I was invited to undertake the supply of the pulpit of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, on the death of Henry Ward Beecher, I was quite conscious that I never could preach as great sermons as Mr. Beecher, but I knew that I could preach shorter ones. He usually preached from an hour to an hour and a quarter; and the congregation was surprised to find his successor's sermons half that length — very rarely over thirty-five minutes, and not infrequently twenty-five. What congregations have said behind my back I do not know; but many have complained to me that my sermons were too short, and I have always regarded the criticism as a compliment.

My father's second counsel respected the method of a preacher's approach to his congregation. "It is," he said, "a principle of mechanics that, if an object is at one point and you wish to take it to another point, you must carry it through all the intermediate points. Remember that this is also a principle in morals. If your congregation is at one point and you wish to bring them to another point, you must carry them through all the intermediate points."

The minister must be enough of an opportunist to adapt his teaching to the audience which he addresses. If a locomotive were to start at sixty miles an hour, it would break the coupling and leave the train standing on the track. This is what has often happened to radical preachers. I have no moral respect for the preacher who

THE FEWACRES HOMESTEAD AT FARMINGTON, MAINE

is contented to be a phonograph and repeat from the pulpit on Sunday the sentiments and experiences which he has gathered from his congregation during the week. But I have also scant respect for the preacher who makes no study of the sentiments, opinions, or even prejudices of his congregation, and excuses his laziness by quoting the text: "And thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God. And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear (for they are a rebellious house), yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them." I believe that the pulpit is the freest platform in America — freer than either the editorial page or the political rostrum. But he who would profit by that freedom and make it profitable to others as well must study his congregation and treat their preconceived opinions with respect. He cannot expect that they will understand him if he has made no attempt to understand them, nor that he can in half an hour conduct them through all the transitions of thought which it has taken him months, and perhaps years, of study to make for himself.

My father's third counsel respected the cause of sectarian differences and the secret of Christian unity. "I am convinced," he said, "that nine-tenths of the controversies which have agitated the religious world have been controversies about words, and I rather think the other tenth has been also."

I thought at the time that this was rather extreme, but an incident occurring in my life many years after led me to think that it is almost literally true. I told the story to an agnostic, and accompanied it with a qualification. "There is one difference," I said to him, "which I do not think is merely a difference about words — that between the mystic and the rationalist. The ra-

tionalist believes that we can know nothing which we cannot perceive through the senses — cannot see, hear, touch, or smell; the mystic believes that we have direct and immediate knowledge of an invisible world. I am a mystic." "And I," he replied, "am a rationalist; I believe that all our knowledge is derived through the senses. But I believe that there is a great domain which we enter through the faith faculty." And I said to myself, "My father was more nearly right than I thought. What I call knowledge my agnostic friend calls domain."

Acting on this principle, it has become a second nature to me to avoid all the technical terms of scholastic theology, what one of my friends calls "the *patois* of Canaan" — such words as Trinity, Atonement, Vicarious Sacrifice, Regeneration, Decrees, Foreordination, Plenary Inspiration, and the like. These words are battle-flags, and the moment the word is raised prejudice rushes in to attack it, and prejudice, often no more intelligent, rushes in to defend it. In consequence the religious teacher finds himself involved in a theological tournament, which never was profitable, and in our time is not even interesting. The adoption of these two fundamental principles — an understanding of the audience coupled with a real respect for their convictions, an honest endeavor to adapt my teaching not to their likes but to their needs, and an instinctive omission of all words which have come to be battle-flags — has enabled me to preach Divine Sovereignty to Methodists, Orthodoxy to Unitarians, the Civil Rights of the Negroes to Southerners, Industrial Democracy to capitalists, and the leadership of Jesus Christ to Jews. How far I may have converted them to my way of thinking I do not know; but I have at least got a respectful hearing for my convictions.

Whether it was at this time or earlier that my father gave me the following counsel I am not sure: —

Lyman [he said], I have resolved always to have plenty of money.

Myself. That's easier said than done, father.

Father. Not at all. It is perfectly easily done.

Myself (*incredulously*). I should like to know how.

Father. Always spend less than you earn.

And I remember the concrete illustration he gave to me: "If I landed at the Battery from Europe with ten cents in my pocket, I would walk home rather than spend six cents to ride uptown in an omnibus."

To my father's counsel I have added, "Spend your money after you have earned it, not before."

This counsel has kept me from dishonorable debt, although at times my income has been so small that it has been necessary to forego myself and to deny to my family all luxuries and some comforts. There was one winter when my wife, with two little children to care for, was her own cook, housemaid, and nurse, and, on occasion, dressmaker and milliner, and I sawed and split all the wood for our winter's fuel, though I kept up the sawing only till I had paid for the saw and the saw-horse. At such times this resolve to incur no dishonorable debt has spurred me on to add to my regular income by extra work outside my profession. Not all debt is dishonorable. But all debt incurred without assured resources with which to repay it is dishonorable, unless the creditor knows the circumstances, and, for friendship's sake or for profit, is willing to take the risk.

But much more important than these specific counsels was the general religious influence of my father, who was the only teacher of theology under whose personal influence I have ever come. It is never possible for a teacher

to know from whom he has derived the various threads which have entered into and compose the fabric of his teaching. Nor could I tell now what or how much I received from those five weeks of association with my father. But as I have recently reread certain of his religious writings, I have been anew made sensible how much of my theology — that is, of my philosophy of religion — has been derived from him; I hope also something of the spirit of devotion which vitalized all his religious thinking. Faith in a divine Helper and Healer of men, and the desire to write, not to demolish one theological system or to construct another, but to help inquiring and doubtful minds, always inspired him; and whatever of that faith and that purpose has inspired and directed my work was inherited from him.

My father was not a Calvinist — certainly not in the sense in which John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards were Calvinists. But I imbibed from him a sympathy with two phases of Calvinism — its reverence for divine sovereignty and its interpretation of human sinfulness. From him I learned to hold both the supremacy of law and the freedom of the will without attempting to harmonize them. "The only way in which the mind can be really at peace on this subject," he wrote in his "Commentary on the New Testament," "is humbly to acquiesce in our incapacity to fathom this gulf in theory, and then practically to yield a full and cordial assent, on the one hand, to the dictates of conscience which testify that we are entirely unrestrained in our moral conduct, and so accountable for it, and, on the other, to the word of God, asserting that Jehovah is *supreme*, and that his providence includes and controls all that takes place under his reign." On this subject, and on some others, my father was an agnostic before Huxley

had coined the word; and I imbibed this measure of agnosticism from him.

Nor was he less explicit in recognizing a truth in the Calvinist's view of sin. Theodore Parker, in a letter written about 1859–60, said: "I find *sins, i.e., conscious violations of natural right,* but no *sin, i.e.,* no conscious and intentional preference of wrong (as such) to right (as such), no condition of enmity against God." [1] I learned from my father that sins are the product of sin; that as virtue is something more than conscious performance of virtuous acts because they are virtuous, so sin is something more than conscious performance of wrong acts because they are wrong.

He did not believe with the Westminster divine that, as a result of Adam's fall, "we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." In what seems to me an eloquent passage he describes the industry which characterizes the average American village, in which "each man labors thus industriously, day after day, and year after year, not mainly for himself, but for others"; the affection which unites the home, binding the mother "to her husband, her children, her home, and to all the domestic duties which devolve upon her"; the spirit of self-denial which leads the father and mother to devote themselves by day and night to the care of a sick and suffering child. "There is," he says, "a great moral beauty in this, and in all those principles of human nature by which heart is bound to heart, and communities are linked together, in bonds of peace and harmony, and of mutual coöperation and good-will. Some persons may indeed say that there is nothing of a *moral* character in it. We will not contend for a word. There is beauty in it of some sort,

[1] John Weir's *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker,* vol. I, p. 151.

it is certain; for he who can look upon these and similar aspects of human character without some gratification is not human. It is beauty of some sort, and it is neither physical nor intellectual beauty; if any man chooses to apply some other term than *moral* to characterize it, we will not contend. At any rate, it is human nature."

Thus recognizing the moral beauty in human life, he presents in a passage not less eloquent, but far too long to quote here, an indictment of mankind for their refusal to submit to the law of God, and drew a sharp distinction between loyal obedience to divine law and natural affection, to which and to policy he attributes nine tenths of all that is called virtue in this world. I do not think that in 1859 he would have drawn this distinction quite so sharply; he would perhaps have thought as I do, that much of what is called natural affection is really a spontaneous and glad obedience to God's law of love written in the heart. However this may be, it is certain that he recognized the difference between sins and sin, the first a form of conduct, the second a quality of character; and from him, in part at least, I derived my lifelong conviction on this subject. The conviction has determined my teaching alike on individual and on social topics, and has made me regard all mere reform of society as of little value, except as it promotes or is produced by a new life of justice and good-will in the community.

The remedy for this condition my father did not think could ever be found in either an emotional or an intellectual change. We are not to postpone *doing* aright until we can be persuaded to think rightly or feel rightly. The remedy for sin is practical obedience to divine law. This truth he illustrated in a characteristic parable. A father goes away from home leaving his boys in charge

of the house and placing certain duties and responsibilities upon them. These they neglect. A friend remonstrates with them and urges on them a radical change from one character to another.

This discourse is all perfectly true, and admirably philosophical, but it is sadly impotent in regard to making any impression on human hearts. Another man comes to address them in a different mode. He calls upon them at once to return to their duty.

"What shall we do first?" ask the boys.

"Do first? Do anything first; there is the garden to be weeded, and the library to be arranged, and your rooms to be put in order. No matter what you do first. Begin to obey your father. That is the point."

This twofold doctrine of the reality of sinfulness and of the remedy by obedience has led me throughout my ministry to deny the commonly received distinction between morality and religion, to urge obedience to the moral law, never as a substitute for religion, but as both a first step toward it and an evidence of it, and to welcome the present religion of humanity as a real and permanent advance upon the religion of the intellect and the religion of the emotions.

Still more important in its effect on my intellectual and spiritual development was my father's teaching concerning the nature of God and of Jesus Christ.

God [he wrote] is everywhere. . . . The Deity is the ALL-PERVADING POWER which lives and acts throughout the whole. He is not a separate existence having a special habitation in a part of it. . . . GOD IS A SPIRIT. . . . That is, he has no form, no place, no throne. Where he acts, there only can we see him. He is the widespread omnipresent *power*, which is everywhere employed — but which we can neither see, nor know, except so far as he shall manifest himself by his doings.

"The Corner-Stone," from which these words are quoted, was published in 1834, fifty years before Herbert Spencer's declaration that "we are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed." When it is remembered that at the time of its publication the current theology in practically all churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic, was what has been well called "the carpenter theory of creation" — that God at a definite period in history made the world and launched it on its course under the control of certain secondary causes which he also created and set a-going independently of him — it will not be thought strange that my father was accused of pantheism. Nor perhaps will it be thought strange that my father, and I who had imbibed his theology, were quite ready to welcome the doctrine of evolution when it appeared. The insuperable obstacle presented in the minds of those who held to the older and mechanical conception of creation was no obstacle in my father's mind or in mine, though it took some years for me to acquaint myself with the new view and adjust and apply it to the moral and spiritual development of man.

Nor is it strange that my father's interpretation of the divinity of Jesus Christ brought down upon him equally severe criticism. But it was the natural, almost the inevitable, consequence of his view of the Deity as a Spirit universally present but invisible and made known only by his manifestations of himself in his works.

> He is an unseen, universal power, utterly invisible to us, and imperceptible, except so far as he shall act out his attributes in what he does. *How shall he act out moral principle?* It is easy by his material creations to make any impression upon us which material objects can make; but how shall he exhibit to us the moral beauty of justice, and benevolence, and mercy between man and man? How shall he exhibit to us

clearly his desire that sorrow and suffering on earth should be mitigated, and injuries forgiven, and universal peace and goodwill reign among the members of this great family? Can he do this by the thunder, the lightning, or the earthquake? Can he do it by the loveliness of the evening landscape, or the magnificence and splendor of the countless suns and stars? No. He might *declare* his moral attributes as he might have declared his power; but if he would bring home to us the one, as vividly and distinctly as the other, he must act out his moral principles by a moral manifestation, in a moral scene; and the great beauty of Christianity is that it represents him as doing so. He brings out the purity, and spotlessness, and moral glory of the divinity through the workings of a human mind, called into existence for this purpose, and stationed in a most conspicuous attitude among men. . . . Thus the moral perfections of the divinity show themselves to us in the only way by which, so far as we can see, it is possible directly to show them, by coming out in action, in the very field of human duty, through a mysterious union with a human intellect and human powers. It is GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH; the visible moral image of an all-pervading moral Deity, himself forever invisible.

This was very different from the then current view of the Trinity — three independent and individual Persons mysteriously joined together in one Person; and equally inconsistent with Mr. Beecher's view as expressed by him in an article pointing out the radical difference between his theology and that of Theodore Parker: —

Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my manifest God. All that I know is of him and in him.

Those who are familiar with my writings will recognize that it was from the teachings of my father that I evolved my own conception of Jesus Christ as, not God *and* man mysteriously joined together in a being who represents neither what God is nor what man can become, but God *in* man, the supreme revelation in history of what God is, what man can be, and what is the true and normal relation between the two.

One more reference to my father's theology must bring this perhaps too prolonged account of my theological professor to an end. He was wholly indifferent to forms, whether of doctrine or of worship. He was, therefore, not a denominationalist. He remained in the Congregational Church to the day of his death; but he would probably have remained equally contented in any church in which he had happened to be brought up. But he did not believe in church union. If he had lived till to-day, and his faith had remained unchanged, he would have given his hearty support to the attempted federation of the churches, but he would not have given support, and perhaps would have actively opposed, the proposal to unite all churches in one church.

> Nine tenths of nominal Christians all over the world [he wrote] are firmly believing, and sincerely wishing, that their own denomination may extend and swallow up the rest, and become universal. . . . There can be no moral effect more certain than that, in such a case, four or five generations would place worldly, selfish, ambitious men at the head of the religious interests of the world!

When, in 1876, I was invited to become associated with Mr. Beecher in the editorship of the "Christian Union," I was prepared to welcome the invitation, because I had learned from my father to desire the coöperation of all Christians in a common work for the better-

ment of the world, but not in a common ecclesiastical organization.

My father's discarding of forms and his non-combative and persuasive temper were both illustrated by one incident in his life, for that reason worth narrating here. In "The Corner-Stone" he had one chapter upon the Last Supper. Nearly the whole of this chapter was devoted to an interpretation of and comment upon Christ's instructions as reported in the Gospel of John. The institution of the Supper my father described as follows: —

> At the close of the interview he established the great Christian ordinance, which has been celebrated, without interruption, from that day to this. The circumstances under which that ordinance was established teach us a lesson, as we have already briefly said in a preceding chapter, in regard to the manner in which the Saviour regarded forms and ceremonies, which it is strange that Christians have been so slow to learn. In the first place, he made apparently no preparation for it. The articles used were those which we may literally say *happened* to be there. . . . He does not look around and choose some act or arrange some ceremony with care, adapting it to its purpose and prescribing nicely its forms. No, he selects a portion of the very transaction which was before him, and consecrates that. He just takes the bread which was upon the table, and pours out another cup of wine, and says, "Take these, as emblems of my sufferings and death, incurred for the remission of your sins, and henceforth do this in remembrance of me; as often as you do it you will represent the Lord's death, until he come." Had he been walking in a grove, instead of being seated at a table, when his last hour with his disciples had arrived, he would perhaps, on the same principles, have broken off a branch from a tree and distributed a portion to his friends, and then Christians would have afterwards commemorated his death by wearing their monthly badge of evergreen; or, if he had been returning to Jerusalem, he would perhaps have consecrated their walk, and then, during all succeeding ages, the sacred ceremony would have been performed by a solemn procession of his friends.

No matter what the act was which was thus set apart as a memorial. The *feeling* of which it is the symbol is all that is important.

Congregationalists have generally regarded the Supper as Zwingle did, as merely a memorial; but even to Congregationalists this dismissal of its ecclesiastical character gave offense. When my father, about six months later, came before a Congregational Council for ordination, one clergyman objected to this passage as heretical. My father accepted the criticism, and said that in future editions he would modify the paragraph; and he subsequently did so by omitting altogether the illustrations of the branch and the procession. But I have no reason to think, either from the alteration made or from his subsequent writings, that he ever modified his essential view of the communion as a simple memorial service, with no special sacrificial significance — a service of real value in the Christian Church, but not essential to the Christian life or character.

The reader is not to think that I entered on my ministry fully equipped with my father's theology. It was the product of his experience. He could no more impart to me his theology than he could impart to me his experience. I do not think he even tried. There was no attempt at formal instruction. We talked together while we worked together on the grounds or sat before the open wood fire in his room, and he answered my eager questionings. How much of the theology which I have outlined here he gave me then I cannot say. I only know that he put into my mind the clues which I subsequently followed, and which led me by a gradual process to accept his philosophy of life, because they inspired me with the aspiration to make his life and character my own.

On the 13th of October my father left Fewacres, whether for New York City or for Europe I do not now recall. My wife and I took possession of his rooms and I began my winter's course of study. I had marked it out for myself before leaving Brooklyn, after consultation with Mr. Beecher, Dr. Kirk, of Boston, and Dr. Calvin E. Stowe, of Andover Theological Seminary. Even before finally deciding to enter on the ministry I had written to my father-in-law describing what I thought was the true work of the minister and what should be the chief subjects of his study: his work, "the application of the principles of the Bible to human life and human experience"; his chief subjects of study, therefore, the Bible and human nature.

Dr. Kirk had told me that "students don't have time to study the Bible in the theological seminary," but he "would make it the main thing." This seemed to me then, and seems to me now, a very serious indictment of the theological seminary. Perhaps he was mistaken; perhaps the seminaries have reformed since; perhaps they assume that theological students have a general acquaintance with the English Bible before they enter the seminary, as colleges are said to assume that students know how to use the English language before they enter college, though neither is justified by the facts. At all events, I agreed with Dr. Kirk that a knowledge of the Bible was the main thing, and I was quite sure that I had no such knowledge of it as I desired to have. Mr. Beecher, Dr. Kirk, and Professor Stowe all agreed in advising me that Alford's Greek Testament was the best existing commentary on the New Testament. I used nearly all the little money I had for books in buying this commentary, Robinson's Lexicon of New Testament Greek, and Robinson's "Harmony of the Gospels." In

outlining my plans for study to my father-in-law, I wrote him that I proposed "to read Alford's Greek Testament, the newest, best commentary, in the original Greek, carefully looking out the references, writing my own notes suggested by the study, and getting such information concerning manners and customs, history and bibliography, as I can from books within my reach." As to the Old Testament, "my present plan is not to study Hebrew, but to read through Townsend's Chronological Arrangement of the Old Testament, with Josephus, and perhaps some assistance from some commentaries." As incidental aids to this Bible study I proposed to read Robinson's "Biblical Researches in Palestine, Sinai, and Arabia" for geography, and Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Letters of Paul" for manners and customs. For theology I proposed to reread Sir William Hamilton's lectures on metaphysics, which I had studied in college, Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thought," and Combe's "Phrenology." To the last book I was attracted by Mr. Beecher's constant references to phrenology in his preaching. Other books I included in my plan of study, but rather as incidents than as essentials, such as Dwight's "Theology," Knapp's "Theology," Paley, Jeremy Taylor, and others. When I reached Farmington, I found in my Aunt Clara's library, derived from her husband, Calvin's "Institutes." As I have always been inclined to go to original sources as far as I could do so, I discarded Knapp and Dwight, and in their place read, with care, Calvin.

Of course certain of these books belonged to that epoch, as is the case with Mansel; and others have been supplanted by modern scholarship, as is the case with Townsend's Bible, which had come to me from my grandfather's library, and is, so far as I know, the first serious

attempt to treat the Bible as a collection of Hebrew literature. But, considering my slender resources, the course was wisely laid out. The study of Alford, Conybeare and Howson, and Townsend laid the foundation for subsequent studies pursued with more adequate equipment, and for subsequent work both by the voice in the pulpit and by the pen in literary labors. The accompanying study of Sir William Hamilton prepared me to frame my own theology and to modify it with advancing years and enlarging experiences. Every minister should have a theology. But it is best for him to make it for himself. For theology should always be the intellectual expression of a spiritual experience. If the student cannot make one for himself, but must accept it ready made, he must at least vitalize it with his spiritual experience; otherwise it will prove not an equipment but a handicap. Modern psychology has disregarded phrenology. But I still think the phrenology of Combe, Spurzheim, and Gall affords the most convenient classification of mental and emotional phenomena for practical use by the religious teacher.

There remains one important branch of a minister's education — homiletics, or the art of preaching. For this I had made no other preparation than a vague plan to write some sermons, which I proposed, with the audacity of youth, to ask Dr. Kirk to criticise for me. This plan was never carried out, for homiletics was taught me by a somewhat unique method.

I had been pursuing my studies for perhaps three or four weeks when one day two men from the village of Wilton, nine miles distant, called to see me. A new Congregational church had just been erected. The congregation had scarcely moved in before their pastor suddenly sickened and died. They wished to continue his salary

to his widow until the 1st of January. This they could do only in case they could arrange for the supply of the pulpit without expense. Neighboring pastors had agreed to supply it so far as they could do so without injustice to their own parishes, but this would still leave several Sundays unsupplied. After January 1 the church could not expect to get candidates to come, in the dead of a Maine winter, to preach in what was not a specially desirable parish. Would I contribute my services for the unprovided Sundays before January 1 and preach for such compensation as they could give (how much it was I do not recall) after January 1?

It is often said that one can always find reasons for doing what one wishes to do. It is equally true that reasons flock to one unsought for not doing what one wants very much to do. Of course I wanted very much to accept this invitation. For the privilege of preaching I had given up all that I had gained in six years' study and practice of law. I was eager to begin my ministry. Therefore I saw half a score of reasons why I could not. But the delegation which had called on me was insistent. Without my coöperation they could not pay the pastor's widow her greatly needed pension; and they would have to close their new church through the winter just when they were looking forward with such anticipation to a successful winter's campaign. I finally agreed to consult my Uncle John. My Uncle John was an enthusiast. Do it? Of course I could do it. Not prepared to preach? The way to learn to preach was to preach. No time to write sermons? No need to write sermons; preach without writing. Interfere with my studies? The fact that I had to preach on Sunday would give point to my studies. Irregular? Father Hackett at Temple, seven or eight miles away, was the oldest preacher in that

THE CONGREGATIONAL MEETING-HOUSE IN TEMPLE, MAINE

region. Drive over there and ask him if it was irregular. I did so. Father Hackett welcomed me as the son of my father, the grandson of my grandfather, and the husband of a wife whose maternal grandfather, Benjamin Abbot, had been one of the oldest and most honored members of his parish. He invited me to preach for him the next Sunday, which I did; and he arranged for an early meeting of the local Congregational association, at which I was examined and by which I was duly licensed. My objections all met, I informed the Wilton church that I could spend no time in preparing sermons, but I would make the attempt to preach for them, and the experiment could last as long as they were satisfied, and stop when they were not. My experience justified my expectation previously expressed to my father-in-law, that he who studied life would find themes for his pulpit. On November 24, after I had been preaching about six weeks, I wrote to him, "Sermons occur to me oftener than I have occasion to preach them"; and this, except for occasional brief periods of physical fatigue, has been true in my experience throughout my life.

Before leaving Brooklyn I had written to my father-in-law that "I do not mean to spend my study hours, when I get to work in the church, in specific preparation for special sermons if I can avoid it, but in general study, preaching from a constantly accumulating fund of knowledge and study, and studying for my sermons much more among men than among books." This invitation from Wilton gave me an opportunity to put this theory to the test. In truth, I had no option. I must either abandon my general preparation for the ministry or I must do my preaching "from a constantly accumulating fund of knowledge." I carried on my general studies in the Bible and in theology, especially

the former, without interruption through the week. I do not remember that I ever touched pen to paper in preparation for the next Sunday's sermon, though I tried to get my theme in mind early in the week and let it lie there accumulating thoughts and illustrations in leisure hours. On Saturday afternoon I drove over to Wilton, an hour and a half or two hours' drive, and this was my time for putting my to-morrow's two sermons into shape. In Wilton I "boarded round," my host for each Sunday giving me the invitation the preceding Sunday. Sunday morning I asked for a warm room where I might be by myself to prepare for the service. I generally began by writing somewhat fully the first part of my morning sermon with full notes for the latter part, and I followed the example of the old New England divines, by making my afternoon sermon one of practical application of the doctrine of the morning sermon. After service I drove back to Farmington, and was ready Monday morning to go on with my general studies.

Speaking in large measure extemporaneously, I watched my congregation, as in the law I had watched the judge and the jury, to see whether or not I was getting their attention and carrying their minds with me. The true extemporaneous speaker does not talk *to* his congregation; he talks *with* them, and receives as well as gives. This habit, which has stayed with me through life, was intensified by an incident which gave me at the time something of a jar. My host on one Sunday was the village lawyer, who was not a great churchgoer and had the reputation of rather liking to poke fun at the minister. I was therefore agreeably surprised when he said to me at dinner, "Mr. Abbott, you produced a very profound impression by your sermon this

morning." Embarrassed as well as pleased by the unexpected compliment from so distinguished a member of my congregation, I mumbled such acknowledgment as I could, and he continued: "Yes; I do not think I have ever seen so great an impression produced in that church. You kept Squire ——— awake as much as fifteen minutes." After that Squire ——— became a kind of thermometer to me. I kept my eye upon him and measured the influence of my eloquence by his wakefulness. I do not think I ever kept him awake through the whole sermon. To keep him awake and attending for fifteen minutes was a victory.

I may say in passing that the method of preparation for the pulpit formed in me by this winter's experience in Wilton I have followed ever since. I have throughout my life spent my week in general courses of study, and preached my sermon and written my article out of a reservoir which these courses of study kept full. I have been more solicitous to have something worth saying than to say it in the best form. Doubtless had I expended more time and thought on the sermon it would have been better literature and perhaps better worth printing, but I doubt if it would have been a better message. I am never complimented as an "eloquent orator," but I am often thanked for "the talk you gave us this morning"; and the thanks are worth more than the compliment. The reason why churches want young men for their pulpits is not because they are enamored of youth. It is because they want fresh truth, freshly conceived and freshly put by the preacher. He who spends all his time in writing sermons and leaves no time for general study soon grows stale in thought.

Before the spring opened I had grown eager to get to my regular work. I wanted to be something more

than a mere preacher. I wanted a congregation which I could study and a parish in which I could do personal work. I wanted to be, not a lecturer, but a pastor, a counselor, a friend. I was invited to make Wilton my parish. In a letter to my father-in-law I put the pros and cons. I was attached to the people; my father's and grandfather's reputation added to my influence; the parish was small, and I wanted a small parish in order to go on with my studies. But neither the village nor the county was growing in population; the young and enterprising men went West or to the large towns, and the young women married and did the same. I should like to be a little more within the reach of the world's tide waters and, on my wife's account, nearer her friends. And I felt that there was a better opportunity for useful work in a growing community of young people than any inland village of Maine could afford. In addition, I feared the effect of the Maine climate on my wife's health, both of whose parents had suffered from lung disease. On February 7 I was summoned to New York to give some needed testimony, I presume, in a legal matter in which I had been engaged when associated with my brothers in the law. I resolved to seize that opportunity to look for a parish. If I found none, I would return to Wilton.

One incident in connection with this visit to New York exercised a real, though indeterminate, influence upon my character. On February 27 Abraham Lincoln made his famous Cooper Union speech. It was his first speech in the Eastern campaign which had been arranged for him by his friends. I succeeded in getting a ticket and hearing the address. It was the only time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln. My recollection of the scene is little more than a memory of a memory: the long hall

with the platform at the end, not at the side, as now; the great, expectant, but not enthusiastic crowd; the tall, ungainly figure, the melancholy face, the clear carrying voice, the few, awkward gestures. Reading over that speech now, I can discern in it elements of power which I was in no critical mood to discern then: its Anglo-Saxon words, its simple sentence structure, its intellectual and moral unity, its steady and irresistible progress from premise to conclusion. But even then it seemed to me the most compelling utterance I had ever heard. I had been many times more thrilled by Mr. Beecher. But the impulses which Mr. Beecher's more fervent oratory had created in me Mr. Lincoln's unoratorical address welded into an invincible resolve. Conscience makes cowards. New York was afraid. The spirit of Abraham Lincoln's address was embodied in its closing sentence: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to the end to do our duty as we understand it." That faith I had inherited from my father, and my pastor had kindled it into a passion. What that single speech of Abraham Lincoln did to give to that faith steadfastness of courage I did not know then and cannot adequately estimate now. I only know that it stood me in good stead in after trying days.

Possibly the ingenuity of man could devise a worse method for the churches to adopt in securing a pastor than the one adopted by the Congregationalists, and largely also by other Protestant denominations; but my imagination is not equal to conceiving a method that would be worse. When the young man is ready for a parish, he secures as best he can a list of vacant parishes in the general region in which he would like to settle. He gets the year-book of his denomination and looks up the records to find the statistics of these churches:

How large is the congregation? how large the Sunday-School? how much the benevolences contributed? what salary is paid? When he has picked out a church, or two or three churches, which suit him, he writes to them, or gets some friend to write for him, to obtain an invitation to preach for them some Sunday as a candidate. That is, he asks a chance to preach, not to convert sinners or edify saints, but to let the sinners and the saints see how he can preach. "The candidate," said my Uncle John to me, "goes into the pulpit and says, 'I have come to show you what I can do. I will show you how well I can read Scripture. I will read the fifth chapter of Matthew. I will show you how well I can preach. My text is the seventeenth verse. I will show you how well I can pray. Let us pray.'"

There was nothing in my adventures in search of a parish either more or less humiliating than in the analogous experience of all candidates. But it was intolerably humiliating to me. It was in vain that my wise wife urged me to be patient. I was not patient, and I am afraid I did not even wish to be. It was my first and last experience of candidating. I wrote to churches; I asked friends to write for me to churches; I got letters of introduction to forward to churches; I looked up churches in the year-book and towns in the gazetteer; I interviewed friends who might know of churches or know some one who did; and I preached in successive churches to show the congregations what I could do. I resolved then that I would never go through that experience again, and I never did. When, in 1869, I left my parish in New York City and retired to Cornwall-on-the-Hudson for a three months' vacation, it was with the resolve that if I must be a candidate in order to preach again I would never preach. In fact, rather than

pass again through the humiliating experience of a candidate in search of a parish, I remained for seventeen years out of true parish work, though not out of pulpit work, devoting myself to a ministry through the pen, the pulpit supply of a small church in the immediate vicinity, and occasional preaching away from home. My candidating tour in 1860 was brought suddenly to a close by an invitation which came to me unsought. It came to me in this way: —

I was in New York City. A friend told me that Mr. Henry C. Bowen, the proprietor of the New York "Independent," wanted to see me. I called to see him, and he handed me a letter from a merchant of Terre Haute, Indiana. "Answer that," he said. He was a man of few words, and said not much more. I have not the letter. I probably returned it to him. But as I now recall it, it was to this effect: "You have supplied our house with dry-goods for many years very satisfactorily. Now we want to know if you cannot supply our church with a minister. Our preacher, Dr. Jewett, has been here for a quarter of a century. He has taken a year's leave of absence. It is doubtful whether he ever returns. He may. We want a supply for our pulpit for the year; a permanent pastorate may perhaps grow out of it. Dr. Jewett is one of the most popular preachers in the State; his successor should be a good preacher; he should have had some experience; should have had a good theological education. A man without family would be preferred, as the post may not be permanent." I wrote at once for information, and gave such information as I could; as that I had had no experience, that I had never been in a theological seminary, and that I had a wife and child. Perhaps the frankness of my reply, perhaps some word from Mr. Bowen, served to sat-

isfy the committee. I received almost immediately the following response. The writer was then an entire stranger to me. He and his wife became afterward to us the warmest and most loved of friends: —

TERRE HAUTE, *March* 2, 1860.

DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 27 ult. was received yesterday. Also one from H. C. Bowen, Esq. Both letters are very satisfactory. The Trustees had a consultation this morning and decided to make you the following proposition. We will employ you for one year at a salary of one thousand dollars, provided the arrangement should prove satisfactory to both parties. By this I mean that if on trial you should not be satisfied to remain, or we for any reason should be dissatisfied with you, the engagement may be *terminated*, but in a way satisfactory and just to both parties. From this I would not have you infer that *we* feel any apprehension; on the contrary, from your letters everything seems as promising as we could wish. As to the probability of your being permanently settled I can say that, in case of mutual satisfaction, there is a strong *probability* that you might be, nay almost a *certainty*. In case of your settlement we might offer you a salary of from $1,200 to $1,500. We have paid our pastor for the last ten years from $800 to $1,500 per annum, which is as much as any minister in the place has been paid, and one third more than two-thirds of them have received.

We have *no parsonage*. Dwellings for rent are scarce now, but we think a good and convenient one may be had after a while for about $200. We have good hotels and some good private boarding-houses. There is but the one Congregational church in the place. We have the best church edifice, and the largest *congregation* (except the Methodist) in the place. Our church and congregation embraces many of the most prominent business men here. On the whole we regard it as a very promising field for usefulness. I know of no place where the right man would be likely to accomplish more good.

I went back to Farmington and told my wife that we had been praying to God to open a door for us; he had

opened two — one in Wilton and one in Terre Haute; I was not inclined to shut both doors in his face and ask him to open another.

My wife was not inclined to either parish; but when I put the alternative before her, her reply was that when I decided where I was going she should certainly go with me. Not without some misgivings I decided upon Terre Haute.

Before going it was very desirable that I should be ordained, that I might legally perform wedding ceremonies and without impropriety administer the sacraments. In the Congregational churches, when a man desires to be ordained to the ministry, a council of neighboring Congregational churches is called. It is attended by the minister and one lay delegate from each church. The candidate describes his spiritual experience and his "call to the ministry" and defines his theological views. An oral examination follows, participated in by all the members of the council, both lay and clerical; and, if satisfactory, he is ordained with appropriate services. Such a council was called by the Farmington church. The paper which I read was a brief and simple statement of what was known then as the New School theology. It lies before me now. It indicates either that my father's theological views had not taken possession of me or that I thought the council wanted a purely and coldly intellectual statement, and that I tried to give them what, in that respect, they wanted. It is as little like a statement of religious faith as a skeleton is like a living man. It would be interesting only to the theological reader, and hardly to him. It interests me only because it indicates in a striking manner the change which has taken place during the last sixty years, not so much in my intellectual convictions as in the nature of my faith, and this interests

me because I think it is typical of a change which has taken place generally in the churches and the ministry. My statement consists of sixteen propositions which, with one exception, seem to me now hardly more spiritual than an equal number of propositions in Euclid's Geometry. Some of the propositions in that confession of faith I should now accept, some I should now reject, but no one of them as mere intellectual statements would interest me. The only clause which does interest me is the last one, which I here reaffirm. It has been confirmed by the experience and observation of a lifetime:

> Finally, I believe that all creeds and confessions of faith are fallible and imperfect; that true religion is in the heart; that he whose life is most nearly assimilated to that of the Lord Jesus Christ, in his spiritual communion with God and his active, self-denying love toward men, manifests thereby the best evidence of true religion, while he, no matter what his creed or his professions may be, who does not in his daily life manifest somewhat of the spirit of Christ is "none of his."

In the examination which followed, my answers must have been fairly satisfactory, for I was ordained as an evangelist without objection from either Old School or New School representatives in the council. This was March 12, 1860. On the 31st day of March we arrived in Terre Haute. It was almost to a day seven months after we had arrived in Farmington for a winter of preparation for my new profession. My eagerness to get at work had shortened my anticipated year of preparation about one half. My father's counsels in his letters of July 15 and 31 had undoubtedly encouraged me to cut short my preliminary preparation, as they stimulated me to continue my preparation after I had received ordination and had entered on my pastoral work.

CHAPTER IX

A MID-WESTERN PARISH DURING THE CIVIL WAR

IN 1860 Terre Haute was a town of eighteen thousand inhabitants, situated a little south of the center of the State of Indiana, but on its extreme western border, not over six or seven miles from the eastern border of Illinois. It had two Methodist churches, one Baptist, one Episcopal, two Presbyterian (one of them Old School, one New School), a Christian (popularly called "Campbellite" from the name of its founder, Alexander Campbell), a Universalist, a German Lutheran, and a Roman Catholic church, in addition to the Congregational church to which I was temporarily called. It had also a school for the higher education of girls, known as a "Female College," and, if I remember aright, a State normal school. The Polytechnic School, which is now one of the features of the city and one of the educational features of the State, was a later creation. But already in 1860 the city was something of an educational as it was something of a railway center.

The first settlers of the town had been largely French, and had given to the town its name — High Land. To one accustomed to the hills of New England it was not very high. It stood on a bluff rising probably between one and two hundred feet from the western edge of the Wabash River and about fifty feet above the prairie, which extended to the south and east. The local pro-

nunciation gave two syllables to the first word — thus: Ter-rā Hōt. The brakeman on the train usually called out "Tar-hot." I wrote to my father-in-law in June following our arrival: "Terre Haute is a very beautiful town. A German and Irish immigration has filled up a part of this town, as of every one in the West. Pigs ornament the streets, and a part of the town is anything but attractive. But that which is occupied by the finer residences is very beautiful. The homes are surrounded by grounds and by fruit trees, many of them by beautiful gardens." The "best people" of the city were mostly from the Middle States — Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, Maryland; a number also from Kentucky. There were only two New England families in my congregation, and, so far as I know, they were the only ones in town. "Yankee" was distinctly a term of opprobrium. It did not take my wife long to find this out. We speedily came to regard ourselves as coming, not from Massachusetts, but from New York. Mr. Ryce, who had conducted the correspondence with me, made us his guests. A large room in the third or attic story was given to me for my study. A large table served the purpose of both desk and bookcase, for my library did not contain over a score of books — perhaps not so many.

I soon found that it was customary not to open the church for service on stormy Sunday evenings. The attendance was so small that it was thought not worth while. I asked Mr. Ryce if he closed his store on stormy days. "Certainly not." "Yet I imagine the attendance of customers is small." "Surely." "It would not be good business, would it?" "Certainly not." "Neither," I suggested, "is it good business to close the church. Let us keep it open; but let it be understood that there

are only two persons whose duty it is to be present — the sexton and the preacher. If no one else comes, we will close the church and go home." We never had to close the church. I very soon organized a congregational Bible class which met one evening in the week at private houses. Membership was not confined to members of my own congregation; nor was any kind of faith or unfaith a condition of or a bar to membership. The subject of our study was the life of Christ. There was absolute and untrammeled freedom of opinion; equal facility for the Calvinist to insist on verbal inspiration, and for the deist to deny all miracles and to interpret Christ's cursing of the fig tree as a sign of ill temper. It required a little tact and occasional authority to prevent a debate, but not much. It required a good deal of preparatory study to make myself ready to meet so wide a range of opinions and questionings. But familiarity with the life of Christ was what I preëminently needed for my ministry. My class compelled me to acquire that familiarity, but it did for me much more. It enabled me, nay, it compelled me, to see how the life and teachings of Jesus Christ seemed to the average layman when applied to his life and his beliefs. I was able to get from my class, what the preacher is not able to get from his congregation, an immediate response; to see what the Gospels meant, not in the original Greek to the disciples in the first century, but in the English tongue and in their modern applications to all sorts and conditions of men in the nineteenth century. In short, it enabled me to study the Gospels not merely as literature, but as a guide to life.

That he may understand the events which follow I must drop the narration at this point, and ask the reader to go back a quarter of a century to the history

of the origin and development of the church to which I had been brought.

In 1834 (the year before I was born) a young man, Rev. Merrick A. Jewett, started from Baltimore on horseback to ride to St. Louis, Missouri, in search of a missionary field in the Far West. His theological education had been secured under an independent Presbyterian clergyman of Baltimore, and he was himself an independent in temperament and conviction. Whether he planned the horseback ride of a thousand miles because he thought it would restore his health or because he had so much health that he anticipated enjoyment from the ride, I do not know. He stopped on a Saturday noon in Terre Haute at the only inn of any pretension in what was at that time a village of about eight hundred people.

As the stranger came up from dinner and stood upon the generous portico which extended over the sidewalk, across the entire front of the old tavern, his horse having been fed and brought from the stable, ready for him to resume his journey, he found a group of men examining his horse and commenting on its strength and beauty. In answer to a question from Captain Wasson, the landlord, as to ownership, Mr. Jewett stepped forward and said that the horse belonged to him. "And who are you, sir?" "My name is Jewett; I am from Baltimore. I am a minister of the Gospel on my way to St. Louis to seek a field of labor," was the answer. "And did you ride that horse all the way from Baltimore?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer, one of the company said, "You need n't be in a hurry — just stay over Sunday, and it shan't cost you a cent, and we will have you preach for us." These gentlemen, Mr. Jewett's first acquaintances, having prevailed upon the young minister to remain with them, although none of them were church members, used every effort to get a large congregation for the Sunday service. They secured the court-house, swept it out themselves, rang the bell, and by personal effort secured a large attendance. After the morning service notice was given that

there would be preaching in the evening at early candlelight, and as many as could make it convenient were asked to bring a candle.[1]

The next week an impromptu town meeting was held; resolutions were passed that it was highly desirable that the preaching of the Gospel should be established in Terre Haute and that the Reverend Merrick A. Jewett was eminently qualified to discharge successfully the sacred duties devolving upon the pastor of a church; a salary was pledged and a committee was appointed to ascertain from him whether he would consent to settle in the town as a minister of the Gospel. This was on November 13, 1834. His consent having been obtained, he went home to bring his bride back with him. Whether she came on horseback also history does not inform us. Immediately on his return, on December 29, 1834, the pastor-elect of the church, which as yet had no existence, invited all who loved Jesus Christ to meet together and organize a church. Six men and five women responded to the call. Behind them stood a considerable number of citizens who were not prepared to unite with the church, but were prepared to give it financial support.

The church thus organized continued for six years without any formal creed or any ecclesiastical connection with any of the denominations. Because it was not anything else it was Congregational, or, to use the more accurate English equivalent, Independent, and Mr. Jewett was reëngaged from year to year. Not until 1850 was the church formally received by a Council into the fellowship of the Congregational churches; at the same time Mr. Jewett was formally installed as its pastor.

[1] From a paper read by Mr. Frederick A. Ross at the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the First Congregational Church of Terre Haute.

This occurred, however, approximately as soon as there were enough Congregational churches in the vicinity to make such fellowship real and effective.

In this history of the church I have thus far followed its official or semi-official records. It is interesting, however, to add that at the time of my life in Terre Haute I was informed that the chairman of the town meeting which invited Mr. Jewett to organize a church and which pledged to him a salary was a well-known gambler, but a public-spirited citizen, who interested himself in getting a church in Terre Haute as he might have interested himself in getting a railway, and no more thought it necessary to be a member of the church than he would have thought it necessary to be a stockholder in that railway. That an entire community should recognize the need of a church, as it might recognize the need of a fire department or a public school system, seems to me to lend confirmation to the saying of Sabatier that "man is incurably religious." When I reached Terre Haute in 1860, the church occupied the largest church building in the town, and its membership on the roll numbered upwards of two hundred, though I am afraid the roll included a considerable number of absentees.

Dr. Jewett had enjoyed an unusually successful pastorate. Why he resigned I never knew. The church met his resignation by giving him a year's vacation and agreeing to provide for the pulpit during his absence. It was to furnish this supply that I had come to Terre Haute. The month after my arrival his resignation was repeated. A council of churches called to give its counsel, advised the church to accept the resignation, and the church, acting on this advice, accepted the resignation by a vote of thirty-six to twelve; the congregation by fifty-seven to fifty. Despite repeated invitations, Dr. Jewett

never preached in the pulpit of that church again, though once he united with me in administering the communion and once joined with me and other ministers in speaking at a union meeting.

The inevitable result followed: a division of the church and congregation for the time into two factions — Jewettites and Abbottites. Under these circumstances, had we left at the close of the summer, according to our original plan, our leaving would have converted a comparatively quiet difference of sentiment into an open church quarrel. It would have been said with truth that I had been driven from my post; would have seemed to be, and in fact would have been, a soldier's desertion of his post because it was a post of difficulty. Our confidence in the church was expressed in the best possible way, by hiring a house for the rest of the season for which I was originally engaged — that is, until the spring of 1861.

The threatened division in the church was not our only problem. In the autumn of 1860 God had given us our second child, a daughter. This was one reason why we had gone to housekeeping. How to support a wife and two children on one thousand dollars a year, and live and dress as the pastor of the most aristocratic and influential church in the city was expected to live and dress, was an economic problem of no little difficulty.

There are two ways of carrying out my father's wise advice, "Always spend less than you earn." One is to decrease expenditures; the other is to increase income. We pursued both courses. I had read in John Stuart Mill that it is a fair division of labor between husband and wife if the husband earns the money and the wife expends it. Always has it seemed to me a shameful

humiliation for a husband to require his wife to come to him for every item of money she wants as she wants it. My wife had an allowance paid to her as regularly as my money was paid to me. The allowance was determined in conference between us, and its amount depended on our annual income. My wife set her wits to work to keep household and personal expenses within this allowance. The only fault that I could ever find with her administration was that too large a share of the allowance went to the household, too small a share to herself.

In choosing our one-storied cottage for our residence we had cut our garment according to our cloth. It was a very small garment; but then we had very little cloth. Off the diminutive parlor was a little cubby-hole of a room, just big enough for a table and one chair. This was my study. The few books I possessed found bookroom in the parlor. How often have I come out of that study into the parlor for a book entirely oblivious of the caller sitting there, until my wife waked me out of my dreamland with the words, "Lyman, Mrs. ——— is calling on us!"

While my wife saved money I set to work to earn some. I began sending occasional contributions to the Eastern press; but I think I never wrote unless I had something which I wished to say to another audience than my Terre Haute congregation. The pay was very little; often there was none. But at a time when an unexpected bill of ten dollars kept me awake half the night wondering how I could meet it, a very little payment was gladly welcomed. Two years later my Uncle John was engaged in writing for a subscription publisher a history of the Civil War — writing as the war progressed. He employed me to write for him an account of the

Western campaign, though this was not until the year 1863.

As I was the latest comer to the Terre Haute pulpit, it was natural to invite me to give the Commencement address in the summer of 1860 for the Terre Haute Female College. I had never heard of the composite authorship of the Pentateuch, or of the priestly and the prophetic documents; but I recognize, as the most casual reader of Genesis cannot fail to recognize, that it contains two stories of the creation and that they are not altogether harmonious. The first chapter declares that God made man in his own image — "male and female created he them" — the woman as truly in the divine image as the man. The third chapter declares that God made man first and woman as an afterthought to be his "helpmeet." This contrast furnished the basis of my Commencement address. The world, I said, has accepted the second narrative; has treated woman as made for man; and has shaped and fashioned her education accordingly. She has sometimes been his servant, sometimes his parlor ornament, sometimes his companion; but always measured by her adaptation to his service. The first narrative furnishes us with a very different ideal of woman and her place in creation. She is no more made for man than man for her. They are made for each other. It is true that to be a wife and a mother is the highest function a woman can fulfill. But it is no less true that to be a husband and a father is the highest function a man can fulfill. She is no more to be educated for him than he is to be educated for her; no more to be educated to be a wife and a mother than he is to be a husband and a father. She is to be educated to be a *woman*, as he is to be a *man*.

This was more radical doctrine then than now; though

as far removed from John Stuart Mill's doctrine that there is no inherent difference between man and woman as it is from the barbarian's doctrine that the difference is that between a superior and an inferior. The address attracted some attention and was welcomed by the college as a true interpretation of its ideals; and in the autumn I was engaged for a time to act as chaplain to the college and to teach the senior class philosophy. At the same time I had an opportunity to do some tutoring in my home for a private pupil.

It is easier to report a man's labors than his wife's economies. They are so minute that he rarely knows them, and so habitual that she is hardly conscious of them. I have come across some letters of my wife's written to her father about this time, which will give a better idea of some of our household perplexities and how they were met than I could possibly give. From them I select one: —

Thursday Morn. Have just come from market — it is not yet five o'clock. . . . Shall I tell you what I got? First, a little piece of beefsteak for dinner. I shall not be at home, Lyman is away, so I got a very small piece for a dime; three bunches of beets (five in each), a dime; two quarts of "string" beans, a dime; two pounds of butter, two dimes; two spring chickens, alive, two dimes; three quarts raspberries, three dimes. The chickens are for supper for Lyman, who will, we expect, come home this afternoon.

The servant problem appears to have been in all ages of the world and in all communities unsolved if not unsolvable. I sometimes wish that a part of the feminine energies which are now being directed to the determination of political issues could be directed to deciding aright the more important question how so to adjust and administer the home as to make domestic service a

recognized and honored vocation. There were in Terre Haute in 1860–65 some peculiar difficulties in this problem. There was in the city no intelligence office to which servants could go to find a place or housekeepers to find a servant. If a lady wished a maid, she told her friends, the report of her need was circulated, and if any friend of hers knew of a maid, or any friend of a maid seeking a place happened to hear of this lady, the information was given. This process produced sometimes singular servants and, I presume, also singular mistresses. One maid I happen to remember whose perpetual surprise furnished us with perpetual amusement. She had come from southern Illinois, popularly dubbed "Egypt." She looked on with wonder when my wife rolled the dining-table to one side to sweep, for never before had she seen a table "on wheels"; when, in dusting the piano, the keys struck the wires and some notes were sounded, she expressed her bewilderment by the phrase, "Why, the critter speaks, does n't it?" When my wife lighted the gas, she fled in terror halfway across the room from the magic which brought a flame of fire from the wall.

Despite my additional earnings, which were small, and my wife's economies, which were great, we should have found it difficult indeed to live within our income had it not been for the chronic hospitality of our people. Their gifts were of almost daily occurrence. Fruits and vegetables from the gardens and bakings from the kitchens were continually left by considerate parishioners at our cottage door. I recall one young man, who was more familiar with the game of poker than with either church or prayer-meeting, who used to bring to us prairie chickens on his return from his hunting expeditions in the neighboring State of Illinois, and another

gentleman, a member of the congregation, but not of the church, the owner and driver of a beautiful span of horses, who, when he was in town, came every few weeks to take my wife and, when my engagements permitted, myself for a drive. One summer my wife went East with the children. In her absence I was not allowed to live at home, but was made the guest of different households in the congregation. I accepted these invitations not to save money, but to save myself from homesickness; but they did save money.

So the summer wore away and the fall came on. Meanwhile came another cause of anxiety, far more serious than either the division in the church or the meager salary. The slavery question had driven all other questions out of politics. It had destroyed the old parties and created new ones. The Whig party was dead, the Democratic party was divided. The Republican party pledged itself to no further extension of slavery; but the Republican party, as the election of Abraham Lincoln showed, had only a plurality, not a majority, of the voters, and was itself far from united. Its constituents included men who were as hostile to slavery as the abolitionists, but who thought the programme of the abolitionists impractical, and men as indifferent to slavery as the Douglas Democrats, but who thought the device of "squatter sovereignty" no solution of the national problem. Thousands of voters in both parties did not decide until November whether they would vote for Lincoln or Douglas. There was a little remnant who tried to content themselves by crying "Peace! Peace!" when there was no peace, but the vote for Bell and Everett, their candidates, showed them to be a negligible quantity.

This division in the Republican party was nowhere

more marked than in Indiana. Henry S. Lane, who had come from the Whig party, represented the conservative element; Oliver P. Morton, who had been a Democrat, represented the progressive element. Happily for the party and for the State, a fusion of the two elements was effected — Mr. Lane was nominated for Governor and Mr. Morton for Lieutenant-Governor. Subsequent events justified the rumor that this nomination was the result of a "gentleman's agreement" between the two candidates. After the election of both Governor and Lieutenant-Governor by about ten thousand majority, Mr. Lane resigned and was elected United States Senator by a Republican Legislature, and Mr. Morton became Governor. He proved to be one of the great war Governors of the period. He was under forty years of age, a man of rare executive ability, of indomitable courage, of strong and clear convictions, and with the kind of eloquence which comes from the possession of such convictions and the ability to give them forceful expression. On March 10, nearly three weeks before my arrival, he had spoken in Terre Haute at a ratification meeting, advocating squarely the Lincoln as opposed to the Douglas method, and had met the charge of being an abolitionist with characteristic frankness: "I am opposed to the diffusion of slavery. I am in favor of preserving the Territories to freedom, of encouraging, elevating, and protecting free labor; at the same time conscientiously believing that with slavery in the several States we have nothing to do and no right to interfere. If this makes me an abolitionist, then I am one, and my political enemies may make the most of it." It would have been well for the Republican party and for the country if all Republicans had possessed Governor Morton's courage and shared his convictions.

Usually in America the excitement of a campaign comes to an end on election night: not so in 1860. The announcement of Mr. Lincoln's election on the evening of election day was greeted in Charleston, South Carolina, with cheers for the Southern Confederacy. The United States Judge and the United States District Attorney resigned. Their resignations were followed by the resignation of one of the United States Senators. The Legislature at once called a Convention to consider the state of the country. That the object of this Convention was to prepare for secession was well understood, though not formally avowed. There were unmistakable indications that other States were preparing to follow the lead of South Carolina.

For secession and its inevitable consequences the North was ill prepared. Brave men who were ready to meet the threatened war if it came yet confessed their dread of it. "The heavens are indeed black," wrote Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, "and an awful storm is gathering. . . . I am well-nigh appalled at its awful and inevitable consequences." In every community were found Republicans who lamented that they had voted for Mr. Lincoln and frankly confessed that they would never have done so could they have foreseen the consequences. Some proposed to escape those consequences by surrender. Three days after the election of Mr. Lincoln Mr. Greeley wrote in the New York "Tribune": "If the cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace." Others sought to avoid the threatened war by some new form of compromise. It was variously proposed to amend the Constitution so as to give all territory south of a certain line to slavery and all north of it to freedom; to provide that slavery should

never be interfered with in the Territories; to recognize State rights and deny to the Federal Government the right of coercion; to bring about the resignation of Mr. Lincoln and a new election; to abolish the office of President altogether and substitute an executive council of three; to repeal the Personal Liberty Laws of the North, which had been enacted to prevent the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law; to amend that law so as to give the negro a right to a jury trial; to provide for the payment to the slaveholder for rescued slaves by the county where the rescue had taken place. "No one," wrote Mr. Seward, "has any system, or any courage or confidence in the Union." This was said in Washington. In Indiana and Illinois it was seriously proposed to those States which lay along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, which could never permit their exit to the sea to pass through a foreign and hostile territory, that they join the Southern Confederacy, bring in Ohio and Pennsylvania and perhaps New York, and leave abolitionist New England out of the new Union; it would be what New England deserved, for the country would never have been brought to this pass had it not been for these Yankee agitators. It is useless to inquire what would have been the result if a Washington or a Jackson had been at the head of the Federal Government at this time. Mr. Buchanan had neither the wisdom of the one nor the courage of the other. He could not get above the arts of the politician. In his Message of December 4, to please the North he argued that no State had a right to secede; to please the South, that if a State did secede the Federal Government had no right to prevent the secession.

Such was the condition of the country in December, 1860. In such a time of conflicting counsels no private

citizen should be deemed a coward because he keeps silent, or weak and vacillating because he is inclined to follow first one counsel and then another. Traditions are then of no avail, and most men are guided by traditions. Parties have dissolved, party platforms have disappeared, party allegiance no longer governs or even guides. The citizen is like a navigator who is separated from his fleet in a dense fog, hears whistles blowing in every direction, and knows not which are warnings of danger and which are calls to safety. If the fog has shut down suddenly and he knows not where he is, he does well to anchor or to slow down his engines and wait for the fog to lift. The election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 left the country fog-bound. A minority of resolute spirits in the South were determined to dissolve the Union and erect a new Republic with slavery as its corner-stone. A minority of resolute spirits in the North were equally determined to maintain the Union and restrict slavery, expecting its eventful overthrow. But the great majority both South and North were doubtful, perplexed, anxious: not knowing what to think or which way to look for escape from impending calamity.

Prior to the election in November I do not recall that I spoke in the pulpit at all on the political issues. There were two reasons for this silence: one was my father's counsel, first to get my influence, then to use it; the other was that I did not wish to use it in favor of the election of the Republican candidate. I have never believed that the minister should be the advocate of a political party or a political candidate. He may urge temperance, but not the claims of the Prohibition party; social reform, but not the claims of the Progressive party; liberty, but not the claims of the Republican party. I do not know that I have ever departed from

this principle in my pulpit utterances. I did not do so in Terre Haute. Nor was it likely that in the first few months of my ministry, a stranger among strangers, I could exert much influence on the moral issues involved. I must secure the confidence of the community before I could even get a hearing. And this was the more important because there was little in common in our point of view. There was very little anti-slavery sentiment in Terre Haute; so little that when, two years later, a Republican orator — an officer in the Union army — was speaking at a mass-meeting in favor of enlisting the negro in the Union cause, the sentiment which evoked the most uproarious applause was, "I hate a nigger worse than I hate the devil."

But when, after the election, these impractical schemes of surrender, evasion, and compromise were everywhere discussed, I thought the time had come for me to speak. I was known; I believed I was respected; I was sure I should be listened to. And I was not mistaken. On the 9th of December, the Sunday following Mr. Buchanan's Message, I preached a sermon on the condition of the country. I had at least one equipment for the task. I did not share either the common surprise or the common perplexity. The reader may remember that in 1856 I had written to my cousin, now my wife, that I did not see how war could be avoided, and I hoped that, if it came, I might have some part in the battle for freedom. The threat of disunion, therefore, did not surprise me. Nor did it make me hesitate. For I preferred a divided country, one half of it free, to a united country, all of it slave. I had made up my mind that the only possible settlement of the issue was to be found in the motto: "Liberty national, slavery sectional." And I was prepared to set that principle by the

side of the current proposals of compromise for the popular judgment.

Before preaching the sermon I counseled with Mr. Ryce, who was my best friend and my wisest adviser. He was a lover of peace and hated strife. He advised me against speaking upon the subject at all. There were some weighty reasons for this counsel. Such a sermon would be an innovation, even a startling innovation. Whatever might be the custom in New England, the people of Indiana were not accustomed to political sermons. Mine would be the first one ever preached in a Terre Haute church. In fact, so far as I know, I was the only minister in the town who dealt with slavery at all in the pulpit throughout the Civil War. The people of Terre Haute were loyal; but many of them were Southern in their origin and in their sympathies, and would resent any anti-slavery utterances. The division in the church was not ended; it might break out again at any time — as indeed it did a little later. The epithet Unitarian had been applied to me but had not hurt me, because the people cared nothing for theological distinctions. But the epithet abolitionist would not be regarded so lightly. Such an utterance as I proposed would be perilous to the church and might be perilous to me. Party feeling ran very high. Lovejoy had been murdered in Illinois for his anti-slavery utterances. Anti-slavery meetings had been broken up by mobs and even practically forbidden in the East by the authorities. At the same time Mr. Ryce was careful to make it clear that neither he nor any one else in the church would attempt to interfere with my personal liberty. I had asked his advice, and he gave it to me.

It has been throughout my life my principle, not as clearly defined then as it has been since, to ask courage

to tell me what to do and caution to tell me how to do it. I had left the law for the ministry partly that I might be free to minister directly to the spiritual life of the individual, partly that I might be able to take an active part in the solution of the great and, as I thought, fundamental moral question before the community. The opportunity was given me. I could not refuse it. But my friend's counsel enabled me to speak in such fashion as secured a patient and even a somewhat sympathetic hearing. The church was crowded; the Republican paper published the sermon in full. And even the Southern Democratic paper granted to its spirit a qualified commendation. The state of feeling in the city on the general subject is perhaps slightly indicated by the fact that when I reached home a little after midnight, having been kept at the newspaper office correcting the proof of the sermon, I found my wife very anxious lest I had been assaulted on the street, and just preparing to sally out in a search for me. And she was not easily alarmed.

Of this sermon I have no report. The printed report which I once had has disappeared, and an account which I might give from recollection would be untrustworthy and without value. I can only say that, on the one hand, I emphatically expressed my disbelief in the doctrines of the Garrisonian abolitionists, which I thought then and still think to have been not only impracticable but a cowardly evasion of responsibility; and, on the other hand, I declared that the issue joined between North and South, union and secession, liberty and slavery, was one that could not be settled by any compromise, however sagaciously framed, but was a phase of the world-wide issue between a Christian and a pagan civilization. I believe that two families with Southern sympathies left

the congregation in consequence of the sermon. But more came in to take their places and my reëngagement in January at an increased salary satisfied me that I had the confidence of my church and congregation.

But after the Presidential nomination, in June or July, nothing interested the people in Terre Haute except politics. The Sabbath services were well attended. But the prayer-meetings were not. I had always heard that the prayer-meeting is the thermometer of the church. The way to raise the mercury in the thermometer is to warm the room. I attempted to warm the room by raising the mercury — that is, to increase the spiritual life in the church by increasing the attendance on the prayer-meetings. They were held on Saturday evenings, and as I made my pastoral calls and urged the women to come to the prayer-meeting, I discovered that they were all eager to come, but could not because Saturday night was set apart to get the children washed and the clothes laid out for Sunday. A change was made to Wednesday evening — and the attendance was no better. I then learned the difference between real reasons and good reasons — the reasons which have induced us to act and the reasons we give to others for our action. Two years later I induced the church to run a partition across the Sunday-School room, making in one end of it two rooms connected by folding doors, one for my study, the other for a church parlor. The attendance jumped at once from fifteen or twenty to forty or fifty, sometimes a hundred. It was possible to hold a social prayer-meeting in a parlor; not possible to hold one in a lecture hall.

When Dr. Jewett returned to Terre Haute from the East I do not now remember. But not long after his return he began a series of Sunday morning services in

the court-house where twenty-six years before he began his pastorate. Something like a score of the congregation took their hymn-books from the church and joined him in these services. At the same time the reports were repeated that the young man now occupying the pulpit was not orthodox; that he had leanings toward Unitarianism; that there was danger that he would unsettle the faith of the church; that his friends had conspired to drive off the old pastor. Where did those reports come from? Where does gossip ever come from? Where do the weeds that spring up in the garden bed, to the great vexation of the gardener, come from? I do not know. But the fact that they came, and that no authoritative denial was given to them, widened the breach in the church.

To preach in the court-house to people who never go to church is in itself a very good deed. I assumed, and the church assumed with me, that this was the motive which inspired the court-house services. I had learned from my father and my grandfather that it takes two to make a quarrel, and I resolved not to make one of the two. In this resolve I was thoroughly supported by my wife, who paid no attention to the prevailing gossip. When, which was not often, it got a chance to get in at one ear, it went straightway out of the other. The church took the same attitude and was inspired by the same spirit of peace and good-will. I called on the members of my church who were taking an active part in the court-house services and expressed my interest in their enterprise and my hope for its success. The result was that when, at the end of three months, the court-house services were discontinued, the members of our church and congregation came back with no sense of humiliating defeat; there were no asperities to be apologized for,

no broken friendships to be reknitted, no wounded feelings to be healed. And I may add that if the experiment had proved a success, if out of it there had grown either a permanent mission or a new church, the results of this spirit would have been equally beneficial. In the one case the mission would have had the sympathy and support of the mother church; in the other case the two sister churches would have worked together in Christian fellowship.

In the midst of this threatened division of the church came the assault on Fort Sumter and the President's call for volunteers. Before that call had come Governor Morton had sent to the President the following telegram: "On behalf of the State of Indiana, I tender to you for the defense of the Nation, and to uphold the authority of the Government, ten thousand men." All thoughts of compromise were for the time being at an end. The slavery question was forgotten. The only issue recognized by the people was, Has the Nation a right to exist? The preservation of the country was the theme of sermons in some churches, of prayers in many churches. Guards were necessary to protect some of the extreme Democratic newspapers from mob violence. Volunteers poured in upon the recruiting officers. Within a week the quota of Indiana was filled more than twice over. A camp was organized in the outskirts of Terre Haute, where on the 27th of May I preached a sermon on the text, "In the name of our God we set up our banners." The choir sang at the opening of the service "The Star-Spangled Banner." The Democratic paper advised them the next time I officiated there to conclude the service by singing "Yankee-Doodle-Do." I wrote for the "Congregational Herald" of Chicago — a paper which I believe is no longer in existence — defining the

issue before the country: "We have wisdom to make our own laws; have we the *power* to enforce them, or is our country, which has been strong to defend itself against foreign aggression, to drop to pieces at last of its own weakness?" The Congregational Association held its annual meeting in Indianapolis about four weeks after the attack on Fort Sumter. It adopted resolutions declaring it to be the Christian duty of all men to rally to the support of the country. On my motion these resolutions were amended by adding one declaring that the object of the war against the Union was "the perpetuation and extension of a system of slavery, which is as antagonistic to the plainest principles of humanity and the simplest principles of the Gospel as it is at last confessed to be to those principles of liberty which underlie our Nation, and to which, under God, we are indebted for all its prosperity."

In reading this chapter the reader must remember that I was only in my twenty-fifth year; that this was my first parish; that I was a comparative stranger in a strange land; that I had to acquaint myself with the spiritual and intellectual temper of a people quite different from those of New England, with whom I was familiar; that the conditions both in the community and in the church were new and strange; that I was far from my old friends and advisers, and had to feel my way aided by the advice of only two counselors, Mr. Ryce, who understood Terre Haute but did not understand me; and my wife, who understood me but understood the people of Terre Haute better than I, only as a woman's intuitions are quicker and more trustworthy than a man's. Add to this that I had not learned that the minister needs one rest day in the week as truly as the layman; I worked habitually every day. It is not,

then, altogether strange that my wife's apprehensions were realized; and when the summer came on, my church perceived that I needed a respite and gave me a vacation, which I spent in the East.

On the Friday before I started for the East I saw a mouse in my study, went out into the yard, picked up a cat which belonged to us but was imperfectly domesticated, and attempted to bring her in to introduce her to the mouse. She objected, struggled to get free, scratched, and finally put her tooth into my finger. Then I let her go. My wife wanted me to see a doctor. I laughed at her, but so far yielded to her persuasions as to wash out the little wound, which scarcely bled at all, and then dismissed the matter from my mind. But by Saturday the finger had swollen and the hand was painful. I then went to the doctor. The germ theory of disease was unknown. Of infection I had never heard. The doctor explained the condition of my hand by saying that the bite of an angry animal was poisonous, "from the bite of a cat to the bite of a woman." On Sunday I preached with my hand in a poultice and my arm in a sling. Monday I traveled on with friends, spent a day in considerable discomfort at Niagara Falls, and, on arriving in New York, went straight to the doctor there. He told me he thought he could save my life, and hoped he could save my arm, up which by that time the pains were shooting to the shoulder, but he doubted whether he could save my finger. He did save my finger, but I doubt whether I have ever had, except for the scarlet fever in my childhood, an illness more serious than that caused by this little incident.

The only other incident in this vacation of any interest to the general reader was a perplexity which illustrates an aphorism of my brother Austin's which I have found

comforting in some of life's trying experiences: "Perplexity is generally a choice of blessings." My Uncle John had put my name before a vacant Congregational parish in Meriden, Connecticut. At their invitation I preached for them, and received a call to settle there. The church was a large one, numbering about three hundred; the Sunday-School was large and flourishing; there was no debt; there was a probable salary of twelve hundred dollars and a parsonage, "a very pleasant two-story house, apparently roomy and commodious." If I had accepted the call, we should have been brought back to our old friends, and to our immediate and even remote family relations. This last would have counted for much, for the Abbotts have always been a united family, and the reader will remember that my wife was an Abbott on her mother's side. We should have been in an intellectual and social atmosphere congenial to us, and in a climate certainly better for my wife's health. The summers of Terre Haute were long and hot. The nights seemed hotter than the days, for what breeze there was went down with the sun. Often my wife would put her pillow on the window-sill and sleep with her head as far out as was safe, in order to get a breath of air. Sleeping porches were unknown. I was not settled in Terre Haute, but employed only for the year. I should have been permanently settled in Meriden. The church was apparently more spiritually active than the church in Terre Haute, was a better working force, and had better prayer-meetings. The slavery question was not so perplexing. I wrote to my wife that in New England all loyal supporters of the Government were anti-slavery, and this was far from true in Indiana.

But all these were questions of secondary importance. My wife, in a letter to me, put the whole question in a

sentence: "It seems to me that both places are attractive, and the question is, Where can we do the most good?" It seemed to us both that we could do the most good by remaining where we were and by trying to make the Terre Haute church more spiritually active, and to do what little I could to make the loyal supporters of the Government also lovers of liberty for the slave as well as for themselves. I therefore declined the call, with my wife's hearty approval.

While this question was under consideration the church brought no pressure to bear on either of us to remain, although occasional expressions made it clear what they generally felt. After the decision was made we were overwhelmed with expressions of appreciation and gratitude. The culmination of these expressions was reached a little after Christmas.

At the other extremity of the city from our home, a mile away, was one of the finest places in Terre Haute, known as Strawberry Hill. One afternoon my wife and I were invited to take tea at Strawberry Hill. Tea was hardly over before the young man of the household brought word that an omnibus was outside waiting to take us home. It had come, he said, by his order, but he was surprised that it had come so soon. When we reached our house, it was dark. To arouse the maid I began pulling the bell handle back and forth. Instantly the front door was flung open, our host and hostess of the evening stood in the open door to admit us to our home, the before darkened house was ablaze with light and was filled, hall, stairs, parlors, with members of the congregation.

When, the following day, I attempted to express my thanks in a note to the daily paper, I found myself almost as much at a loss as I had been in my impromptu

address of thanks the night before. I finally hit upon the plan of writing a fanciful description of an invasion of my home by a body of burglars who had gained access to the house during the afternoon, had brought with them "a great quantity of plunder, evidently taken from other houses, not only bread, cake, jellies, ham, and other articles, under the weight of which my substantial dining-table bent (literally bent, so that it had to be supported in the center by a dry-goods box), but also a magnificent silver water-pitcher and coffee urn." They also left behind them, I said, $225, and a great variety of other articles of every description. The local readers, knowing the facts, understood the letter, but when a prosaic reporter in the East made a paragraph out of it, treating the incident quite seriously, I received from Eastern friends some letters of condolence, and, to correct misapprehension, wrote for the New York "Independent" a description of my ministerial experience in this mid-Western parish, where my salary was promptly paid, where I was treated justly and even generously by the tradesmen, where I preached temperance in a community cursed by drink and liberty in a community pervaded by pro-slavery prejudices and "nobody got up and went out of the church," where my people vied with each other in hospitality, and where I was writing this letter surrounded by Christmas fruits — "books for my library, silver both elegant and beautiful for my table, toys for my child, food for my larder."

CHAPTER X

PASTOR AND PREACHER[1]

WHEN I returned to Terre Haute in the fall of 1861, all hopes of a holiday march to Richmond and a brief campaign and a speedy end of the Confederate Republic were over. The disastrous battle of Bull Run had made clear to the North the seriousness of its undertaking, and the Act of Congress authorizing a loan of two hundred and fifty million dollars reflected the public consciousness and the public resolve. From this time on the war excitement made spiritual work in the parish difficult.

One Fourth of July two celebrations were held, one by the "Butternuts," as the sympathizers with secession were called, the other by the loyalists. There was reasonable dread of a collision between the two. But forewarned is forearmed, and the day passed peacefully. Once we were thrown into alarm by the report of a threatened raid by Morgan's Confederate cavalry. They did, in fact, cross the border, but did not come as far north as Terre Haute. We organized a secret Loyal League, the only secret society I ever joined. I do not remember that it had any very important secrets to preserve, or that it ever accomplished any particular

[1] A true report of the experiences of a pastor and preacher is necessarily made up of incidents generally insignificant in themselves and without apparent connection with each other. I am not, however, without hope that this chapter, which is such a report, may serve as an encouragement to some ministers discouraged as I was discouraged, and an inspiration to some parishes to do for their minister what my considerate and loyal parish did for me.

achievement. I have always believed that the best way to fight a secret foe is by calling him into the open. A home guard was organized. Most of our stalwart men were in the field, but a home guard might have served a useful purpose against a Butternut raid which we had some occasion to dread. Every election was a campaign on which depended, or at least we thought so, the question whether Indiana could be kept in the column of loyal States. It was so kept, thanks to our war Governor, as brave a fighter for the loyal cause as any soldier in the field.

The war, which Mr. Seward had prophesied was not to last over sixty days, had lasted more than two years, and the anti-slavery section of the supporters of the Administration were beginning to demand that the Administration strike at the great weakness of the Southern Confederacy by adopting a policy of emancipation. On the 17th of September, 1862, five days before the President issued his preliminary emancipation proclamation, I gave to my congregation in a Sunday evening sermon — and, as the sermon was published in the Terre Haute "Express," to the people of the city — the reasons why that policy should be adopted.

Rebellion, I said, is not always infamous; it is sometimes glorious. Whether infamous or glorious depends on the purpose of those who assail the Government. Most rebellions have been against despotism and on behalf of liberty. This rebellion is against liberty and on behalf of despotism. Both North and South have been filled up by foreign immigration; the North by immigrants invited, the South by immigrants captured and enslaved. The North has given her laborers free lands, high wages, large liberties; the South has denied her laborers all liberty, all wages, all property rights. The

inevitable antagonism between these two systems has passed from one of ideas to one of arms. These slaves have been made to add strength to the men who are fighting to keep them slaves. Over three millions of laborers in the South remain upon the farms raising food for the armies, while our laborers are compelled to leave their farms untended. The time has come to turn this weapon of the enemy against himself and in destroying slavery destroy the cause and weaken the forces of the rebellion. Nor is it enough merely to destroy slavery. We must reconstruct the South in harmony with the principles of liberty and justice. To the question, What will you do with the negro? Will you admit him, when emancipated, to a position of political equality? I answered, unhesitatingly, "No!" I would confine the control of government always to the moral and the intelligent. For generations it is probable that the African must be governed. The only question is, Shall he be governed selfishly or Christianly, by laws which disregard his rights or by laws which protect them? Slavery overthrown and the slaveholding aristocracy of the South destroyed, the slaves will become a peasant population; the poor whites, set free from their political servitude, will become in time industrious and intelligent citizens; foreign immigration will go into the South as it has gone into the West; and out of these elements a new and genuine democracy will be created.

Events did not justify the prophecy with which this sermon closed. The governing class in the South, following the guidance of their great leader, Robert E. Lee, accepted with a loyalty unparalleled in history the results of the war, and have taken the lead in the reconstruction of the South on a basis of liberty and justice. The opposition to liberty and justice comes to-day

chiefly from representatives of the poor whites. Their education in the meaning of liberty, their inspiration with the spirit of liberty, is to-day the greatest need of the South, if not of the Nation.

I had by the fall of 1862 such evidence of the confidence and affection of my people that I was justified in believing that in this address I spoke not only to them, but in some measure at least for them. If they did not heartily indorse, they at least cordially acquiesced in, my anti-slavery utterances. Nevertheless, the slavery question and some other questions growing out of the Civil War continued to present one of the two chief difficulties with which we had to cope. But my impression is that I was the only minister in Terre Haute, and that the Congregational church was the only church in Terre Haute which recognized the existence of slavery. This impression is confirmed by the account which I wrote to my wife, on the 28th of April, 1863, of the Fast Day Union services: —

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, *April* 28, 1863.

Our services are over. The church was full. Extra seats had to be brought in. But I am heartily ashamed to say it, the word slavery or slave was not once mentioned. Isaiah came the nearest to preaching "abolition." Dr. Jewett read the fifty-eighth chapter. I am ashamed, yet I hardly feel blameworthy. We agreed to a previously arranged assignment. I was to open with the truth that prayer and fasting must produce repentance and reformation. The others were to speak of the sins of which we must repent. . . . My address perhaps referred to [slavery] more than any one else's, though not by name; it being especially agreed that I should make no reference to any sins by name, lest I should tread on others' ground, but confine myself to the general principle. . . .

As I now read over a sketch of my address which I sent to my wife, I do not think I had quite as much rea-

son for humiliation as I then thought I had. It is true I did not mention slavery, but it required no reading between the lines to make out my meaning. Fasting and prayer, I said, will not save the country. If Pharaoh had issued a proclamation for fasting and prayer and had still refused to let Israel go, God would not have stayed the plagues. Balak sent for Balaam to curse the Israelites and bless him, but neither blessing nor curse was efficient. Jefferson Davis had appointed numerous days of fasting and prayer, but their Confederacy is gasping at its last breath. Our Ship of State has rottenness at its keel; through the leak the waters pour. If we leave the hole unmended and this leak unstopped, and content ourselves with scraping and holystoning the decks, wreck and ruin will be the result.

I did not, however, believe that wreck and ruin would be the result. I believed that we should learn our lesson, and when we loved liberty enough to give it to those whom we had enslaved the end of the war would come.

I wrote my wife: "When the North is thoroughly abolitionized, when the negro has fought his way up to respect, then, I think, our war will be over, and not much before. How long it will last I do not pretend to prophesy. But I was never more hopeful of the final result than now. When God has held us in the fire long enough to purge out, not only slavery, but the intolerable hate of the black race on which it is founded, then I trust to see peace restored — not before."

From this political aspect of my ministerial work during this period of the Civil War I turn to its more personal aspects.

In the summer my wife's only brother had come West to make his home with us, and her father, Hannibal Hamlin, a cousin of the Vice-President of

the United States who bore the same name, had gone to Washington, where he obtained a position in one of the departments. Our hope that the change in climate would restore her father's health was not realized. On November 15, 1862, he died, surrounded by friends whom his amiable disposition and his unselfish spirit had attracted to him. His life had been misplaced. He was a man of fine literary taste and good literary judgment, and was a natural but kindly and sympathetic critic. With a literary education, he would have admirably filled an editorial position on a weekly or monthly publication. But he was not fitted for a business life in the fierce competition of his time. His grave in the Congressional Cemetery near Washington bears the simple inscription: —

HANNIBAL HAMLIN
Waterford, Maine
January 30, 1809
Washington, D. C.
November 15, 1862

Your brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

In April following her father's death my wife, with the two children, went East for the summer, partly to attend to the papers and furniture which her father had left in Washington, partly to visit friends and get, what she greatly needed, so much of a vacation as is possible to a mother with little children and a meager purse. I followed her in July, and in the following summer, 1864, I went on a trip to Lake Superior on the invitation of friends in my parish. The letters written to me by my wife in the summers of 1863 and 1864 have revived my somewhat faded memories of the events and incidents in the last two years of our mid-Western parish life.

History does not and cannot report the forces which exert the greatest influence on the life of the community. They are unseen and unheard. The sun has a far greater power than the tornado, but it is the tornado which is headlined in the newspapers. They report the wind, the earthquake, and the fire, but not the still, small voice. I had come to Terre Haute from a church radiant with the warmth and the light of a revival of religion. I wanted a similar revival in my church, and the church seemed to me dead. I wrote to my wife to ask Dr. Kirke about an evangelist who had worked with him in revival meetings. He replied, "The Lord certainly does bless Mr. ———'s labors, but I could never see why." That stopped my quest in that direction. I had read Dr. Finney's Life and studied his Revival Lectures, and I planned on our return from the East in 1863 to stop at Oberlin and hear him preach — a plan which I carried out. I am not sure that his quiet conversational method did not have a great effect on my own public style, for before that visit my ideals of oratory had been largely derived from Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, and Henry Ward Beecher — the first a rhetorical orator, the two latter dramatic orators. I think it was Dr. Finney who demonstrated to me that one could be an effective speaker without being either rhetorical or dramatic.

I do not transfer to these pages any of the expressions, in my letters to my wife in 1863, of my discouragement at the lack of spiritual life in the church. They were not groundless; but their repetition here would be unjust to the church. For I did not realize then, as I do now, that there are times when the spirit of consecration to God's service can be aroused in men, leading them to a new life, and other times when the ministry must direct into wise ethical channels such spirit of service as exists,

however imperfect it may be. Nor did I realize that the kingdom of God is like a seed growing secretly, and that one cannot expect a harvest until the seed which he has planted has had time to grow. Two years after I left Terre Haute I returned to it on a visit, to find the church in a revival, harvesting seed, some of which I had sown. Looking back, I am glad to find in my correspondence that my discouragement deepened and strengthened my spiritual purpose. "My chief motive," I wrote to my wife (May 9, 1863), "in most of my ministerial work thus far has been human love — a desire that my people, my congregation, should be better, happier. And I have preached to them for their sakes, not for Christ's. I think that this is changing now with me — a little. I hope it is a permanent change. I begin to feel that I am not working merely for my people, my church, my friends; but also for Christ. It has given me a new impulse in my life."

This experience wrought another and a permanent change in the emphasis which I began to put on the life and service of the pastor. "I am beginning to feel," I wrote my wife, "that I am at least something more than a preacher, that I am beginning to be accepted by some of my people as their pastor." The public are apt to regard the minister's sermons as his most important work; he sometimes thinks so himself. In fact his most important service is that of counselor and personal friend. But of this service there is, and can be, no report; both because it is not reportable and because it is confidential. I have been a lawyer, a pastor, an executive, an author, and a journalist. Of all these professions the pastor's is the most perplexing and the most illuminating, the most troubled and the most peaceful, the most burdensome and the most care-free, the most sorrowful and

the most joyous. The true pastor fulfills according to the measure of his ability the prophecy of Isaiah. He is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He bears the griefs and carries the sorrows of his people, and is wounded by their transgressions and bruised by their iniquities. But in comforting the sorrowing he is strengthened, in counseling the perplexed he is illumined, and there is no joy like his joy when he succeeds in giving peace to the troubled and succor to the tempted. The few pastoral experiences here narrated may serve to give the reader some conception of this hidden life of the minister.

A young man of a lovable nature, a devoted husband, and, I believe, a sincere Christian, had been injured in a railway wreck, and during his recovery alcohol was prescribed for him. It fastened a drink habit on a nature neither physically nor morally strong. One night, when his wife had left town for a week on a visit to her old home, which he had urged her to make, he took her photograph out of the album, turned its face inward, left in the book a note which was a cry of defeat, and the next morning they found him on the bed with an empty pistol by his side and a bullet-hole in his temple. His membership was in another church, but he was in my congregation. I was absent at the time. In the funeral services, conducted in the Congregational Church, the choir sang:—

> "How blest the righteous when he dies,
> When sinks the weary soul to rest."

I firmly believe that no attack by infidelity does to the church a fraction of the harm which it does to itself by such unreality in its religious services. When I reached home, I preached a temperance sermon to young men,

with this death as my text. Remembering him who said to the Pharisees that the publicans and harlots should go into the kingdom of heaven before them, I cannot doubt that this prisoner, struggling to be free, was a better man than some of his critics; but this made the lesson of his tragic death all the more significant.

Another illustration of unreality in some Christian teaching was furnished by the sudden death of a young man, the only son of his widowed mother. While bathing in the river he was seized with cramp and sank instantly, before his comrades could come to his assistance. He had never professed faith in Christ. His mother was a member of the Old School Presbyterian Church; some of the family attended the Congregational Church. Thus both pastors called on her. The Old School Presbyterian pastor assured her that there was time between the attack of the cramp and the death for her son to repent and make his peace with God. To suggest that the heavenly Father would make the eternal destiny of a human soul depend on any such chance as that seemed to me a terrible indictment of God's justice. I simply read to the bereaved mother some passages from the Psalms which affirm the eternal mercy of God, and then in prayer commended both her and her son to her Father's keeping. Never again did I preach or hold that death ends hope for any of God's children, though it took me some years to reconstruct my theology respecting the future state and to learn that there is as little ground in Scripture as in reason for the doctrine of a closed door. I will never teach a doctrine in the pulpit for evangelistic purposes which I am not willing to reaffirm in the parlor by the side of a mother weeping for her son.

There was very little skepticism in Terre Haute, but there was a great deal of indifference. Shortly after my arrival in the city I called on a pew-holder whose family occupied the pew, but who never came to church himself. "I wish you would tell me," I said to him, "your views about God, duty, a future life. I am a stranger here, you are an old resident; and I want to know what such men as you think on these subjects." His reply was: "Sometimes one thing, sometimes another; but, on the whole, I don't think much about them." I have since been inclined to believe that this indifference was not greater in the Middle West than in New England; it was only more frankly avowed. The New Englander would have had a theoretical answer to my question. But I am not sure that a purely intellectual curiosity is spiritually any better than a frankly avowed indifference.

Twice church rules seemed to me to stand in the way of spiritual life, and each time I set the rule aside.

Infant baptism is regarded in the Congregational churches as simply a consecration to God of the child by the parent. It is therefore a practical though unwritten canon of the Congregational churches not to baptize a child unless one of the parents is a member of some church. A Roman Catholic mother in the town sent to me one night asking me to come and baptize her dying child. Her husband, an aggressive disbeliever, would not allow a priest in the house. There was no time to explain to her that her child could be safely intrusted to her heavenly Father's care. Without a question I baptized the still breathing though unconscious boy. My reward was the devoted friendship of both father and mother and their occasional presence in my congregation.

Baptism is regarded by most Congregationalists as a

necessary condition of membership to the church, though, unlike the Baptists, they allow infant children to be admitted to citizenship in the church on the faith of their parents. An elderly man, born and brought up a Quaker, wished to confess his faith in Christ, but he believed neither in baptism nor in the Lord's Supper. I told him that I saw no *good* reason why he should not be admitted without baptism, and, if he wished, I would urge that view upon the church. But it would certainly provoke opposition and perhaps serious debate. Baptism might not be necessary; I thought it desirable, but not necessary; but certainly it could do no harm. I explained to the church that he did not believe in water baptism, but was willing to accept it out of regard to the belief of others; the members of the church were satisfied with this concession, and he was admitted.

The most intimate and sacred experiences of the pastor he has no right to repeat. But one such experience is here briefly described in order to give to the lay reader a hint of the more joyful side of the pastor's life. One Saturday afternoon I had a long conversation with a member of the church who was in the valley of the shadow of death. She doubted whether she was a Christian, and all the future seemed gloomy before her. I wrote to my wife: "I told her to direct her thoughts to Jesus, but thought I had failed. And I felt very, very sad. At the mission Sunday-School she handed me a little note. And after I left I opened and read it. It was this: —

> "'I came to Jesus as I was,
> Weary and worn and sad.
> I found in him a resting-place,
> And *he* has made me glad.'

I do not know that I was ever much happier than I was then for a few moments."

A church of Christ should never be satisfied with rendering service only to the families which support it. It should minister to the community. Like its Master, it comes not to be ministered unto but to minister. The only demand it should make on the community is the right to serve. So when two ladies, one a Baptist, the other a Congregationalist, came to me with a proposal to start a mission Sunday-School in the town for the boys and girls who were spending Sunday afternoons on the streets, the proposal met my instant and enthusiastic support. We secured for Sunday use a hall employed during the week as an armory. We extemporized seats out of planks stretched across empty ammunition boxes. We adopted the name given to us by the boys on the street, "The Union Rifles Sunday-School." There were three features of this Sunday-School which I fancy were somewhat original, if not absolutely unique.

We had a recruiting officer. A young man, who was enough of a boy to understand boys, started out every Sunday after dinner, picked up the boys he found playing marbles or loafing on the street corners, and brought them into the school. He would come in with six or eight trailing behind him and then start out for another group. On him we depended, and not in vain, to fill up the school, which soon reached an attendance averaging from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. We endeavored to secure punctuality and regularity from these recruits by a plan borrowed from other Sunday-Schools. We gave to every scholar who was in his seat on time a picture card; for every ten cards, a larger picture card; and for five of the larger picture cards — that is, for a year's attendance — some gift was proposed. I am not sure whether it was ever given, for when our recruiting officer found one Sunday afternoon that a group of our boys

had made a pool of their cards and were gambling for the pool by pitching pennies we thought it best to discontinue that particular form of "reward of merit."

I was the superintendent of the Sunday-School, but my duties were confined to a very general oversight and the conduct of the platform exercises. A Baptist lady, who was a teacher in the high school, was made assistant superintendent. During the sessions of the school she was constantly moving in and out among the classes, and knew, as no superintendent could who saw the school only from the platform, who of the teachers were doing effective work and who were not. A woman acting as superintendent of a Sunday-School was, I think, unusual at that time, though it may not be so now.

Perhaps the most radical peculiarity of the school was a rule, which was early made, that any teacher who was absent two Sundays in succession without previous explanation would lose her class. By this means we weeded out some unsatisfactory teachers who came for a social time and only when they felt like it; and the standard which we thus set, and the independence which we thus declared, attracted to us the kind of teachers that we wanted. I am still of the opinion that the Sunday-School which goes a-begging for either teachers or scholars lowers its dignity and lessens its efficiency. The school was still in existence when I left Terre Haute, and out of it has grown, though not directly, a second Congregational church.

The preaching of a minister must be the expression of his own personal experience. He must *be* the truth which he utters. "Let us prophesy," says Paul, "according to the proportion of our faith." With the change in my experience heretofore referred to came a change in my

preaching. It was more vital, more spiritual. If the reader asks what I mean by "more spiritual," I reply, it was more directly addressed to reverence, conscience, affections, and especially hope. Penologists tell us that the remedy for crime is not the deterrent power of fear, but the inspiring power of love and hope. I had never endeavored to arouse the fears of my congregation. I held in very small estimation either the virtue or the piety which is inspired by fear. But I had addressed the reason and endeavored to persuade to a life of godliness because it is a reasonable life. I now began to put before my congregation ideals which were worth attaining, and to inspire in them the hope of attainment.

I wrote my wife in May, 1863, that I was meditating some simple Sabbath evening sermons on practical sins, such as lying, dishonesty, etc. On my return from the East in the fall of 1863 I began to carry out this plan. There was a gentleman whose family were in my church and who, when he was in town, was quite frequently in my congregation. He had the reputation of being a professional gambler. In conversation with him I got some light on the practices of the professional gamblers and used it in a sermon on gambling. Drinking, gambling, and attendant vices may not have been more common than they were in New England, but they were practiced more openly. At length, at a masquerade ball, the openness of these vices shocked the moral sense of the community. It is rarely of use to rebuke the wrongdoer unless conscience can be aroused to indorse the rebuke. Only self-condemnation leads to repentance. I thought that the psychological moment had arrived when this was possible, and I preached a sermon on the text, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Of the character of this sermon the reader may

judge from the following sentences in an editorial on the sermon in the Democratic paper: "His word pictures of the causes of initiation of young men in the three great evils of gambling, drinking, and licentiousness were in bold relief and full of truthfulness, and it is hoped may be a warning to young men. We cannot think, however, that the extreme plainness of statement and bluntness with which the reverend gentleman depicted some things in his sermon was appropriate on the occasion." I have no copy or report of this sermon, and therefore I cannot defend it from this criticism, even if I wished to do so. But I may take the occasion to say that when such vices are treated at all by a public writer or speaker bluntness is desirable. Veiled allusions only pique the curiosity and excite vicious imagination. I could not take seriously the naïve criticism of the Democratic paper: "We have serious doubts as to such sermons accomplishing any great good. To live up to the reverend gentleman's standard the whole business world would have to be revolutionized." I had not then, and have not now, any objection to taking part in an endeavor to revolutionize the spirit and methods of the business world. In fact, what prompted the sermon was an ambition to have a little part in such a revolution.

One of these sermons produced a considerable sensation in the city, though the sensation was not intended but was due to a serious blunder on my part. In preparing these sermons, I went, not to my books, but to my friends and acquaintances, for illustrations. One of them said, "You should study the advertisements. How does a merchant who advertises 'the greatest stock in the West' know that he has the greatest stock?" In my sermon, speaking of men who did not lie, but were not always careful to make sure that they were speaking

the truth, I repeated the question that my friend had put to me. I felt at the time the sensation in my congregation. Coming out of church, a friend asked me, "Do you know who advertises 'the greatest stock of goods in the West'?" "No." "Your friend Mr. Ryce." Public apology was impossible, for I had told the truth. I could only say to him that, in my judgment, a minister has no right to be personal in the pulpit, and if I had known the facts I should not have used the illustration. I am inclined, however, to think that the sermon was effective, in spite of, or perhaps because of, my blunder. For next week's newspapers published such advertisements as are reproduced here.

The sermon was, quite naturally, criticised very sharply in a letter by Mr. Ryce's son, who was his junior partner. To that criticism I made no reply, and neither the sermon nor the criticism did anything to alienate either the father or the son from me. That it did nothing to disturb their kindly feeling toward me, or the kindly feeling of the church, is indicated by the generosity of the church extended to me by Mr. Ryce, as their spokesman, in the following spring. The action is here best described by a few sentences from an article upon the incident which I sent to the Boston "Congregationalist": —

I had been sick. The winter had been an unusually hard one. There had been a great deal of sickness and several deaths in my parish. Among these last were some of my best friends. I had become worn down by the hardest kind of pastoral visiting. And when the warm weather of the spring came on, it brought with it a fit of sickness — my first in my ministerial experience. It was nothing serious, however. I was soon out again, and had resumed once more my usual duties. But I could not perform them with my usual animation. The Sabbath, which I had always welcomed, I began to

THE DAILY EXPRESS.

TERRE-HAUTE:

THURSDAY,.....NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

Another Lie!

The largest stock of goods in the United States at Tuell & Ripley's. [19 d1t

☞ We can satisfy any one that we do not lie when we say that we have just received the largest and best stock of perfumery, fancy soaps, &c., that was ever brought to this place. Try us. Also, the best of segars and tobacco.

Nov. 19, d1t G. W. PATRICK & CO.

"True as Preaching."

For the best assortment of gentlemen's Pins, Sleeve Buttons, etc., in Terre Haute, go to Freeman's.

A Lie!

200,000 Balmoral Skirts at Tuell & Ripley's. [19 d1t

☞ The Rev. Lyman Abbott, of Terre Haute, is "waking things up" over in that little city by preaching against "Lying and Liars." The editorial fraternity are particularly exorcised. The reverend gentleman having once been an editor himself, knows just how to hit 'em. — *Indianapolis Journal.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! — Bartlett presumes he has the largest stock of Pocket Books, Portmonaies and Purses in this city, consisting of Berlin-wires, Kids and Moroccos, with and without chains; but for fear it should not be, advises you to look at all the other stocks first, then at his.

dread. I had to search my note-book for subjects for sermons. They no longer came flocking to me unbidden. . . . My parishioners wondered I did not call as I used. I had no excuse to offer, except that I was too lazy. My doctor told me I ought to go away. But I did not see how I could afford to. I labored more diligently in arithmetic than ever in my school-days; but no figuring would bring income up or expenses down. And I determined to fight the summer through as well as I could without a vacation. . . . Congregations are quick to see the difference between creamy and skim-milk sermons; and mine were very blue. Yet no bevy of good ladies met me with reproaches for not calling oftener. And no frank-spoken parishioner asked me what had got into me that my sermons were so dull lately, and no kind friend quietly informed me that my usefulness was at an end and I had better resign. With a sagacity unusual in Christian congregations, they divined both the cause and the cure of the trouble. When a horse, overworked, shows signs of wear, his owner neither presses him to labor beyond his powers by whip and spur, nor turns him out to die, nor sells him at a sacrifice. He sends him to pasture to recruit. My people resolved to send me to pasture, to see what a three weeks' recruiting might do for me. And a couple of weeks ago, one of my good deacons — whom may God bless, as all who know him do — called at my house and handed me a roll of bills, $150, in greenbacks. "Some of your friends in the church and congregation bid me hand you that, Mr. Monk," said he. "Go off and recruit with it." So here I am on the waters of Lake Superior, following the advice of a most excellent recent editorial of yours, "A Minister at Pasture."

This article was published in the "Congregationalist" of July 22, 1864. In the February following I resigned my pastorate and left Terre Haute, not to return except upon two or three brief visits. What led me to resign a pastorate where I had been treated with such kindness, to bid good-by to friends who had proved themselves so friendly, and to undertake a task of extreme difficulty, and what that undertaking was and what I made of it, will be the subject of my next chapter.

CHAPTER XI

RECONSTRUCTION: THE PROBLEM

FOR the ten years preceding the Civil War a slave insurrection had been dreaded. The raid of John Brown had thrown, not the State of Virginia only, but the entire Atlantic slave States, into a panic. The history of the war proved this dread to be without just cause. The negroes remained at home raising the crops while their masters fought in the field to keep them in slavery. In some cases this patient waiting of the slaves may have been due to a habit of abject submission which they had not the will power to break; in many cases it was due to a feeling of loyalty by the slaves toward the masters and mistresses, for between them had grown up a peculiar feeling of attachment which the North has never understood — loyalty of service on the one hand, loyalty of protection on the other. But more important than either was the religious faith of the negro — superstitious, some think it; rational, I think it. The negro is something of a fatalist. He realized that the problem in which he found himself involved, by no act of his, was far too great for him to understand. God was at work, and God would somehow accomplish his redemption. He could do nothing; he must wait and see the salvation of the Lord.

But the Emancipation Proclamation wrought a gradual change in his feeling, quickened his aspirations, and in hundreds of cases became a call to action. Even before

the Proclamation, negroes had flocked from their plantations to neighboring camps of the Federal armies. Benjamin F. Butler, with characteristic shrewdness, confiscated them as contraband of war, and "contrabands" they became. After the Emancipation Proclamation, the exodus of slaves increased, and their title was changed to "freedmen." Thus gradually in all the Southern territory permanently occupied by the Federal authority there grew up camps of negroes, many of them almost as helpless as a lost dog without his master. A race does not easily and quietly pass from a habit of dependence and submission into a habit of self-support and self-control.

With these negroes, companions only in their misfortunes, were camps of white men and women fleeing from the South. Some of them were Unionists. A Northern man, realizing the contempt with which the victorious section regarded the "Copperhead," should have been able to imagine the hatred felt in the defeated South for the Unionist. But the motto "Put yourself in his place" requires more imagination than most men possess. Nor was it only Union men that fled to the territory protected by Northern armies. Secessionists, deprived of home and industry by the devastating progress of the war, fled for safety and support to the regions where war was not. And with them were many poor whites, who understood the causes and nature of the war even less than the negroes whom they despised. Said a Confederate prisoner who had been drafted into the Southern service to a friend of mine, "What did you-uns come down to fight we-uns for?" What answer could be given to such a question with any hope that it would be understood?

What to do with these helpless colored "freedmen"

and white "refugees" became the perplexing problem of every division commander as fast as his territory was cleared of Confederate forces. Rations could be, and were, provided out of the army's stores. Shelter was provided where possible out of army barracks or abandoned school-houses and churches. Here and there some fitful work was provided and some semblance of schooling. But to organize either an industrial or an educational system was beyond the power of local authorities. That this must be done for all the territories which had been devastated by the war gradually became apparent to the people of the North. It constituted the perplexing problem of Reconstruction.

It is easy, looking back, to see that the men of that generation blundered egregiously, and brought upon the country, especially the South, and most of all upon the negro race, tragic disaster by their blundering. But it is not so easy, even in the light of that experience, to see what they should have done. To build in a generation a new democratic civilization on the ruins of a feudalism overthrown, with only the impoverished lands and the ignorant serfs as material, is a problem almost impossible of achievement.

Who was to undertake this work of reconstruction? Was it an executive function to be exercised by the President of the United States? Was he to determine by his authority, as Commander-in-Chief of the United States, in what sections martial law might be abandoned and civil law reëstablished, and, by his pardoning power, who of those lately in arms against the United States might resume the rights and prerogatives of citizenship? Or was the work of reconstruction a Congressional function, and was Congress to determine, as it would in the case of conquered territory, on what terms the States

might come back into the Union from which they had attempted to secede?

What should be done with the negroes? The Emancipation Proclamation had relieved them from all duty of service to their masters; but it had also relieved the masters from all duty of providing for and protecting their slaves. By a stroke of the pen four million slaves had been transformed into four million vagrants and paupers. Under the existing laws of the various States they could not own a rod of land, or a house, or personal property of any description. They did not legally own the clothes they wore or the shacks they might have constructed. They could not vote, nor hold office, nor sit on juries, nor testify in court, nor practice as lawyers or as physicians. They were not legally married, and their children were not legitimate nor legally subject to parental authority.

Who should solve this problem? The States? Surely, said the South; in the State the negro must live, in the State ply his industry; there he would be surrounded by his old masters, who had been his caretakers, understood his character, knew how to deal with him, and felt a real affection for him. Surely *not*, replied the North. To hand him over to the States was to hand him over to the very community which for four years had been fighting a bloody war for no other purpose than to enslave him. What they would do with him if they had the power was apparent from what in some States they had attempted to do. It is not strange that Southern men, who had never seen the negro work except under compulsion, thought he never would work except under compulsion, and for the authority of the master over the slave he owned attempted to substitute, in a system of serfdom, the authority of the State exercised through their late

masters over the freedmen. Should the Federal Government undertake the care of the negro? That meant that Congress should undertake it. And Congress was composed almost exclusively of Northern men, who did not understand the negro, never had lived among the negroes, had no real affection for the negro, and could not understand his temperament, his ignorance, his superstition, his shiftless habits, his animal passions, his disregard of property rights. Grant that these characteristics were relics of slavery; still, it would require time, patience, and intimacy of acquaintance to emancipate him from them. If, then, neither the State nor the Nation could be trusted to take care of the negro, why not trust him to take care of himself? Enfranchise him; give him the ballot, and with it all the rights and privileges and prerogatives of citizenship. Apply the principle of the Homestead Act. Use the abandoned lands in the South, and, if necessary, confiscate the lands of the rebels, and give each negro a lot for cultivation — forty acres was proposed. What if the South objected to negro suffrage? It would be a just punishment. But the South would not long object. In a few years — five at the most, said Charles Sumner — the South would conquer its prejudice sufficiently to allow the late slaves to be their equals at the polls. Sumner was better acquainted with political theories than with human nature. This, however, was the course finally adopted. The political power in the reconstructed States was given to all loyal citizens, white or black, ignorant or educated. The results proved that the ballot in the hands of ignorance is as effective an instrument for self-destruction as for self-protection. I agree with Professor Burgess that "it was a great wrong to civilization to put the white man of the South under the domination of the

negro race."[1] But the alternative propositions were also full of peril.

The reader must not think that these theories were as clearly defined as I have defined them here. Public opinion at the North was a swirl of contradictory opinions. Members of the same political party held opposite opinions, and the same man often held half a dozen opinions in as many weeks. Andrew Johnson, who as President became a bitter opponent of negro suffrage, was reported on May 12, 1865, as in favor of it. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, was an ardent advocate of negro suffrage; Governor Andrew, of the same State, opposed it. It was a time of chaos. There was nothing in the written Constitution or in the traditions of the Nation to govern, and little in either to guide. History furnished no precedents. Except to the doctrinaire, there was no great political or moral principle on which the voter could take his stand, sure that it was right, and therefore sure that it was wise. Probably an overwhelming majority of the people of the North gave little thought to the problem. The tense emotion aroused by the war was followed by a reaction. The war had succeeded, the Union was saved, slavery was abolished; why worry?

[1] *Reconstruction and the Constitution*, by John W. Burgess, p. 133. Mr. James Ford Rhodes, in his *History of the United States*, agrees with Professor Burgess and gives in considerable detail the facts which he thinks justify this conclusion. I quote from his history here only two or three sentences. "No such mass of political inexperience, of childish ignorance, — no such 'terrible inert mass of domesticated barbarism' was ever before in our country called upon to exercise the suffrage. In five of the States, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, the negroes outnumbered the whites; in Georgia the races were almost even; in Virginia, North Carolina, Texas and Arkansas the white voters were in the majority. Over 700,000 negroes, most of whom only three years before had been slaves, were given the right to vote." The number of white men disfranchised as estimated at the time was not very great, but "the highest social class — the men of brains, character and experience — were disfranchised while the lowest of the low were given a vote. Of the whites, considered apart, the illiterate were admitted, the intelligent excluded." (Vol. VI, pp. 82–83.)

This brief summary of conditions is necessary to make clear to the reader the nature and reasons of the change in my work which this chapter is to describe.

The October number of the "New Englander," a monthly review published at New Haven, contained an article from my pen on reconstruction. Published a month before the Presidential election of 1864, it has historical significance only as it indicates the spirit of the dominant section of the Republican party; it has personal significance because it led to a change in my life as great as that made five years before when I left the law for the ministry. This justifies, if it does not necessitate, giving here a fairly full abstract of this essay. I wrote: —

> At the commencement of this war we were often sneeringly asked the question, Suppose you conquer the South, what are you going to do with it? This question, impertinent then, has now become pertinent. A considerable part of the South is conquered. The Federal flag floats in triumph over the principal parts of Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Louisiana. What are we going to do with the conquered territory?
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> To conquer alone is not enough. It is impossible to make the President a permanent autocrat of the subjugated territory. Where the Confederate authority has been destroyed the Federal authority must be restored in its *legitimate* and *constitutional* forms. Destruction must be followed by reconstruction. Unless liberty is framed into permanent institutions the victory of liberty is vain. . . .
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> Victory in battle is simply *preparation* for the Nation's work. We must occupy the South not only by bayonets but also by ideas. We must not only destroy slavery, we must also organize freedom.
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> Two conditions are absolutely essential to the perpetuity of the Republic: popular intelligence and popular morality. Hence two institutions are essential: common schools and christian churches. "Free institutions without general intelligence can exist only in name. There is no despotism so cruel

and remorseless as that of an unreasonable mob. Men who do not know how to govern themselves cannot know how to govern a great country. The ignorance of the masses and the consequent political power of the few made this rebellion possible. The power has been taken from the few, it remains to give knowledge to the masses. But knowledge alone is not enough. For while intelligence tends to make *men* free, it does not suffice to constitute a free *State*. And it is not enough to emancipate individuals from iniquitous thraldom. That liberty may be permanent, it must be organic. Heads, legs, arms, trunks, gathered in an indiscriminate pile, cannot make a man. They must be united by sinews and ligaments, inspired with life, and governed by one dominant head. So a mass of individuals, however free, gathered together do not constitute a free Republic. Individualism is the characteristic of simple barbarism, not of republican civilization."

How to harmonize individual liberty with the cohesion necessary to secure the preservation of the State is the problem of republicanism. To solve this problem, to constitute a free State, three conditions are necessary: Its citizens must love liberty for themselves. They must know how to submit; for reasonable subordination is essential to organized liberty. And they must know how to coöperate with others; for fraternity is as essential to free institutions as liberty and equality. Thus to constitute permanently a free State men must be taught not only their rights but also their duties. To establish liberty it is not enough to strike asunder with the sword the chains which bind men; they must be bound together by the bonds of duty and of affection. Thus the principles of religion underlie republicanism. Religion teaches man that he is a son of God, and thus makes him unwilling to be the slave of man; teaches him submission to the authority of God, and so renders submission to his earthly superior more easy for him; inspires him with affection for his fellowmen, and so makes coöperation with them in government possible.

History attests the truths of this principle. Religious liberty has preceded civil liberty. To establish the safety of the Republic in the South we must organize in the South free schools and free churches. The South now possesses neither. In colonial days the Governor of Connecticut, in answer to

questions of the English Government, reported that one fourth of her income was expended in public schools. The Governor of Virginia replied: "I thank God that there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years." As a result, in 1860 three fourths of the children of Connecticut were attending public schools, while nine tenths of the children of Virginia were growing up in ignorance. The census does not show the same disparity in the number of the churches, for the negroes are naturally religious. But statistics of church property show that Connecticut, with less than half the population of Virginia, has invested in churches nearly three quarters of a million more. Moreover, in many Southern communities churches flourishing before the war exist no longer. Church organizations are disbanded, congregations are scattered, church edifices are closed or temporarily converted into hospitals, barracks, and negro schools.

Three elements of population in this territory call for aid from the North. An immense negro population without education cannot know how to use freedom. The poor whites must have free schools and a free Gospel, or the political liberty which they have received will prove only less disastrous than has their political servitude. "To give political power to the ignorant, without also affording them education, is to put the helm of the ship of state in the hands of those who will surely run it on the rocks." Northern immigrants will stand in no less need of educational and religious institutions. "We have need to beware lest the devil, having been cast out of the South, and the territory been swept and garnished, he go and get seven other devils and return, and the last state of that country prove worse than the first."

"While society is fermenting, and institutions are being established, and public opinion is forming, and government is in process of organization, is the time to impress upon this new organization its permanent character. While nature was in chaos God fashioned and formed it as it is. While the metal is molten is the time to stamp and mold it." The free polity of the Congregationalists affords some peculiar advantages for this work. For, while the South would give but a surly welcome to Yankee missionaries coming with advertised purpose to plant Yankee churches, it will not refuse the assistance of

Northern capital, and even of Northern ministers who shall proffer to the people aid in organizing their own churches upon the broad and catholic basis of a common evangelical faith.

I have given this essay at some length because it states not only the principles upon which, and the spirit in which, I believed the work of Reconstruction should be undertaken and carried on, but not less the principles and the spirit which I still believe are essential to all political and social reform. Two of these principles I restate, because they are as applicable to the problems of the beginning of the twentieth century as to those of the middle of the nineteenth century: —

Men who do not know how to govern themselves cannot know how to govern a great country.

Individualism is the characteristic of simple barbarism, not of republican civilization.

The first principle should determine the conditions of suffrage both in America and in her dependencies. The second principle should determine the purpose and direction of all social reform.

Four months before this essay was published, and probably one or two months before it was written, two Congregational clergymen, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, of New York, and Dr. William I. Budington, of Brooklyn, had visited Tennessee as delegates of the Christian Commission. Impressed by the desolate condition of the country, they had returned to the East and organized a Union Commission to coöperate with the Government in the work of reconstruction, as the Christian Commission and the Sanitary Commission had been organized to coöperate with the army in the prosecution of the war. This Union Commission at once began its philan-

thropic work, which at first consisted chiefly in providing for the immediate physical necessities of the homeless and starving freedmen and refugees. By January, 1865, the work had grown to such dimensions as to require a paid executive head, and the support furnished to it by the philanthropic citizens of the North was such as to justify the appointment of one. On the 1st of February my brother Austin wrote me from New York telling me of this Commission and sounding me as to my willingness to accept an election. Partly to become acquainted with the Commission and its work, partly to attend the wedding of my younger brother, Edward, which was to take place on the 14th of that month, I went to New York. On my arrival there I found that the Commission had already elected me its Corresponding Secretary.

The reader may remember that in 1857–58 I had hesitated between entering the ministry and entering public life. I wished to have some part in dealing with the moral problems which confronted the country, and either ministry or politics afforded a better opportunity for dealing with them than the law. This invitation to become the administrative head of the American Union Commission seemed to me to offer a rare opportunity to take some part both in an individual and a social gospel. It appealed to my imagination and to my ambition. I found it also appealed to the soberer judgment of both of my older brothers and of my father. The work could not be left to go on undirected while I waited. After a week's delay I accepted the call and went back to Terre Haute to hand in my resignation and prepare to return to the East. If I had not done so, I doubt whether I should have had the courage to resign. For when the resignation came, Mr. Ryce told me that, if I would reconsider the question, he would ring the court-house bell and call

a town meeting to protest against my going. And I do not doubt that he would have done so.

On Sunday morning, February 27, I announced my resignation to my congregation and stated the reasons which led to it, but postponed a farewell sermon until a later date. For it was desirable for me to know directly the field in which I was to work and to see something of the people to whom my service was to be rendered. Except for my trip to Georgia in 1856 and one brief trip to Kentucky to present a National flag to a Federal regiment, I had never visited the South. Therefore, before leaving for the East to take up my new work, I made a flying visit to Tennessee. What I saw there I can best tell my readers by quotations from letters which I sent almost daily to my wife: —

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, 29 *March*, 1865. *Wednesday morn.*

In order to go to Nashville one must have a pass. And in order to put travelers to the greatest possible amount of inconvenience they do not allow them to be granted in Louisville. We must telegraph to Nashville, and wait for a reply before we can leave. But W——— has already secured a pass by telegraph from Cincinnati. He bids us good-by and starts away in the seven o'clock morning train. We are to meet at the Commercial House, in Nashville. W——— has with him a Miss B———, a teacher. We all go in to breakfast together. Then for the telegraph office. A placard hung against the glass door says "Office closed." A young man sits tantalizingly near the window. In answer to our inquiries he calls through the window that the office does not open till eight o'clock. . . . I hunt up the Sanitary Store rooms. Nobody there but a burly Irishman sweeping out. Clerk will be down about eight o'clock. He can tell me where to find Mr. H———. Back to telegraph office, where I wait till half-past eight; no W——— appears. Then I send my request for a pass, receiving from the clerk the cheering intelligence that it is doubtful whether I can get a reply in time for to-day's train, which leaves at one o'clock. Probably must spend the night on ex-

pense at Louisville, and travel all the precious hours of Wednesday. Humbug! However, no help for it. Back to Sanitary rooms, and thence to Rev. Mr. H———'s, who receives me cordially, and after half an hour's talk proposes adjournment to military headquarters, where he is to meet some of the gentlemen of his commission. This is a Louisville Refugee Commission. It is not directly connected with ours, though I hope it will become so. Mr. H———, its President, is the Unitarian clergyman of the city.

We go up to General Palmer's headquarters, who is in command of Kentucky. Arrangements are in progress by which Government builds a home for the refugees, which is placed under the care of this Commission. I am introduced to General Palmer; at the close of the interview tell him my business and ask if in any way I can get to Nashville without waiting for a pass. He replies that he has no strict authority to grant them, but does sometimes in special cases; and gives me one. So I am all right. Through Mr. H——— and Mr. T———, chief clerk of Sanitary Commission, whom I find to be an old Brooklyn friend of mine, I get a free pass on the railroad, bid Louisville friends good-by, and make my way to the depot.

There are soldiers at every door of every car. I must carry my bag to the baggage car to be marked, examined if they please, and I must show my railroad military pass before I can enter. Soldier scrutinizes military pass, doubts it, and hands it to a lieutenant, in uniform, standing near. This is the military conductor. Every train has its military conductor, in command of the guard, one of whose duties it is to pass through the train and take up military passes, and put out those who have none. It won't do, he says. He is very short, as military men are wont to be. I argue. No use. Yes, it is some use. "You can telegraph," says he, "for a pass and ask them to send it to Bowling Green. If it comes, all right. If not, you will have to get off. You cannot go into Tennessee on that pass." Very good. Will he telegraph for me? Yes, he will. There is no time now. But he will telegraph from the first station. So I get into the car, in some disagreeable uncertainty whether I am going to Nashville on business, or to Bowling Green, Kentucky, on a pleasure trip. I succeed, however, in sedulously cultivating the gentleman's acquaintance. He becomes more

amicable. We sit together for some time on the train. He sends the telegram. And when we get out to supper at Cave City (a magnificent metropolis of half a score of houses and four or five score of people, taking its name from its proximity to Mammoth Cave) he brings me the reply — a pass in due form. Total expense of telegraphic operations, all told, at Louisville and on the train, is $3.50.

As we leave Cave City I begin to realize we are in a guerrilla country. Every time the train stops passengers listen attentively for firing and ask anxiously, "What now?" One military gentleman gets out ostentatiously a very large pistol. Military conductor tells me that the place for guerrillas is ten to twenty miles north of Bowling Green. A soldier of the guard, who heard my name called, sits down by my side, asks if I have relatives in Minnesota, and we open conversation. He gives me a story of some interesting guerrilla adventures. It is growing quite dark now. And he says the guerrillas attack only the night trains — men ought not to travel with much money, and there are said to be a band of one hundred just below here — we have a guard of thirty armed — and much more equally interesting. I am not much alarmed. Except for the delay, a guerrilla adventure would not trouble me much. However, I put the bulk of my money in my pantaloons watch pocket, devise a scheme for hiding my watch, then pillow my head on my coat and go to sleep. No guerrilla disturbs my peace, or even troubles my dreams.

We are due in Nashville at one o'clock. A freight train off the track delays us. We do not arrive till four. Walk up to the Commercial House. S——— not there. On to the St. Cloud. Not there. Too early to do anything. Too late to go to bed. But I have fallen in with a commercial traveler from Cincinnati. He is going to a private boarding-house as soon as it is fairly light. The hotels are unpromising. So I go with him. And at Mrs. B———'s house, on Cherry Street, I am writing this letter while I wait for breakfast. If you could see the room, I am afraid you would have convulsions. There are two or three beds in the hall, three double beds and a cot in this room. Of course no privacy. Board $3 a day. I hope some gentleman of the Commission will take pity on and rescue me. . . .

Slavery is dying fast in Kentucky. I do not think I saw ten negro men between Louisville and Bowling Green not in soldier's uniform, nor five including those in Louisville, if I except waiters at the hotel.

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE, 30*th March*, 1865.

I believe I left myself just going down to breakfast. Fortunately I found the breakfast better than the lodging. Got a very good meal, for which I subsequently paid seventy-five cents. Then out for business. Without much difficulty found the Sanitary rooms, and Judge R———, the agent, who is also our representative at Nashville. Originally from Wisconsin, and a very pleasant and excellent man, as I judge. The refugee work sadly needs organization.

Under a military order Colonel D———, Methodist preacher formerly, is appointed superintendent of the refugees. He has two large buildings — one a home, the other a hospital.

In these buildings are an average of 400 to 500. They are continually coming in for help, from 100 to 200 weekly. And as continually he ships them North. The Government furnishes transportation and gives them food. He also distributes rations to 1,700 or 1,800 refugees scattered throughout Nashville; while the city is crowded with 3,000 or 4,000 of these suffering people, only the most destitute of whom the Government relieves. There is a useless kind of school in one of the homes. And some of the ladies have procured and distributed a good deal of clothing.

After dinner went up to St. Cloud, was introduced to Governor Brownlow and several leading members of the Legislature, and went up with them to the Governor's room. In private intercourse he is a very quiet, gentlemanly man, with an inexpressibly sad cast of countenance; no trace of the fierceness of his public speeches. Our interview was very pleasant and very gratifying. I think the Legislature will be all ready to accept our coöperation in the matter of education.

There are now no public schools in Nashville; no really good private schools. The buildings are occupied by the military. The same is true at Knoxville. The State has no money to establish them. And all her energies must be at first devoted to paying debts and organizing the State machinery. Of

course nothing definite was arranged. But I suggested that we would commission and pay some one to act in coöperation with the State as *quasi* Superintendent of Public Instruction — a suggestion which they seemed to like. Also that I should like to be in correspondence with their Committee on Education. And they suggested that I come to Nashville, after an organization has been perfected, and meet with the Committee, and also deliver an address in the House of Representatives, which I said I should be glad to do on receiving an invitation. I think the foundation has been laid for effective, useful work in Tennessee by this visit.

I cannot find that there is a single radical, progressive, live minister in Nashville. I strongly incline to favor commissioning one as chaplain nominally to refugees, really to organize and build up a liberty-loving, progressive church. Also I favor opening a first-class school in Nashville. Connected with it might be a Sunday-School. Out of the Sunday-School might grow a church.

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE, *Friday*, 31 *March*, 1865.

All that Government does at this post is to impress buildings, furnish rations and some materials for building partitions, etc., with furniture for the house and stores for the hospital. But the commander at Nashville lays a special tax on liquor, which yields a revenue of $2,000 a month, which is appropriated to the refugee work, and pays extras, teachers, clothing, etc. So this point is pretty well supplied and needs but little comparatively from us.

After dinner Lieutenant C——— detailed a sergeant, who took me in an ambulance to the contraband camp, about a mile out of town. This operation is necessarily much larger. The negroes can neither be shipped North nor scattered through the South. There are about 2,000 in camp under military law — Captain B——— commanding. He received me very kindly and showed me all over the camps. Limited as I was as to time, I had not much opportunity for talking with the negroes. Two long sheds have been erected by the negroes, something like soldiers' barracks, only much more rude. These are partitioned off into rooms. Each room contains six bunks or berths, one above the other. A chimney, built in the partition, affords a fireplace to each of two rooms. In these

rooms live, somewhat promiscuously, men, women, and children; an arrangement not very conducive to health, comfort, or morals — but probably the best practicable. Very few of the rooms have any other floor than Mother Earth. Besides these family barracks are others, somewhat similar, for negro soldiers. These homes are furnished with bedding and the negroes with clothing by themselves, "borrowed" — see Exodus — from their masters. For the universal testimony is that "Negroes will steal." "The fact is," said a slave-owner, member of the new Legislature, to me in Nashville, "the negroes thought, as we did not pay them anything, they had a right to help themselves. And they are about half right. The only trouble is that they do not always adjust the account accurately." One negro girl came into this camp bringing pearls to the value of several hundred dollars. All such articles are returned to their masters when called for. At a little distance from these barracks is a negro village. The negroes that are able to procure the lumber are permitted to put up their own houses, with little garden lots about them. The best class of negroes do this. Most of these, however, are the families of soldiers. Attached to the camp is a large field, which the commandant is putting under cultivation, largely to tobacco. Thus he will keep them at work and help support them. In a long, narrow building on a little knoll by itself is a school with three or four rooms. By the side of it is a rough one-story board house, where the teachers live. Four churches in and near the town are also used as school-rooms. There is a shoe manufactory where the negroes, under the tuition of one of their number, are learning to make shoes. The commandant's wife is teaching the girls to sew. He wishes also to open a store, to prevent their suffering from dishonest traders in the village, and, in connection with it, to open a savings bank where they may deposit their earnings.

Of course such an enterprise as this costs a great deal of money. The Government furnishes food and fuel. The negroes cut their own lumber; it was sawed on shares; they built their own barracks, the United States finding the nails. The extra expenses are borne by private benevolence. And here is the rub. There is no organ of a national and comprehensive character which provides it. No less than four Freed-

men's Commissions are working here, without unity of plan or heartiness of coöperation. None can do much. Each is jealous of the other. The colonel wants leather for his shoe shop, materials for his sewing girls, clothing for the destitute. There is no one responsible party to whom he can apply. There are two Commissions in Cincinnati, three in Indiana, one in Chicago, one in New York, one in Philadelphia, one or two in Washington. They work without organization or coöperation. Indianapolis takes charge of the orphan asylum. Indianapolis and Plainfield both are engaged in the school. Both Boards at Cincinnati have agents or representatives here. And the Old School Presbyterian Board are going to send a chaplain. So far as I can learn, it is so all over the country — a disgrace to the friends of freedom and humanity. I think we shall prevent, by the perfection of our organization, a like disgraceful result in the case of the refugees. . . .

I am doubly convinced of the importance of the South as a field for the Christian labor of Northern patriotism. In Clarksville there is neither a good school nor a loyal church. The old residents are, almost without exception, secessionists. Northerners do probably more than half the business. But they do not go to church anywhere. Whether they could be drawn into the right kind of church is perhaps uncertain. In Nashville there are two Northern loyal clergy. But their congregations are mostly soldiers. Northerners do not go to church. Southerners are rebels, and will not. One of the largest churches in Nashville (New School) contains a membership of thirteen. The rest have all left. I think no delusion is greater than to suppose that Northern emigration is going to save the South. It will not unless Northern piety outruns and outgenerals Northern cupidity. I am more than ever convinced that we must send our best and ablest men South. And I am inclined to think that Congregationalism, if the cause is wisely managed, will possess peculiar facilities in the work of evangelization. The military seize a church, put into the pulpit a minister against the will of the people, the people leave in disgust. But if a new man, of combined wisdom and courage, quietly supported from the North, should go to Nashville, establish a mission Sunday-School, gather by personal visitation the people into his church, leave them to manage their own

affairs, he would not begin with armed prejudice against him; he could disarm much that might exist; and gradually a Congregational church would, not be formed, but grow — a truly people's church. But for such a work we must send South our best and ablest men.

This visit made clear to me, as these letters will make clear to my readers, the threefold task in which I had promised to engage. For success it was necessary: —

To unite in one organization the various local and often conflicting societies, and to secure their adoption of the principle that distinctions of race, caste, and color should be disregarded. Freedmen's Societies by their very title emphasized the difference between the freedmen and the white refugees.

To stimulate the dormant and develop the growing good feeling in the North toward the people of the South, and to organize and direct it in wise channels, not merely for the relief of present distress, but for the civil and social reconstruction of the South on a basis of liberty and justice.

To secure the coöperation of the South in this undertaking; to find men who realized the need of a new South and who would welcome Northern allies in the endeavor to create it; and to work in fellowship with them. The war had merely destroyed the barrier between North and South. The creation of a civil and social union of the States must be the work of peace.

The greatness of the undertaking did not appall me; it excited me. I have always found joy in tackling difficult tasks. I set about preparations for closing in Terre Haute one chapter of my life and opening another in New York. But I had been at home from my visit to Tennessee less than a fortnight, when, like a bolt of

lightning out of a clear sky, came the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Generally half a century after a great disaster one can see some benefits which it has conferred upon mankind. But, looking back over the intervening years, I confess myself unable to see any benefit to the people of the United States growing out of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. It transformed the growing good feeling of the North into bitterness, revived the expiring sectional enmity, robbed the Nation of its leader, caused the work of political reconstruction to be carried on in the spirit of war, and set back, apparently, the progress of the Nation toward liberty and union at least a quarter of a century.

It was not, like the assassination of President Garfield and that of President McKinley, the act of an individual crazed by his own fanaticism. A simultaneous attempt was made by Lewis Payson on the life of William H. Seward. The fact of a far-reaching conspiracy was subsequently established by a trial of the conspirators, four of whom were hanged and two sentenced to life imprisonment. How far it extended, who was concerned in it, no one knew. Suspicion is never restrained. Men prominent in the Confederacy fell for the moment under suspicion. Even so phlegmatic a leader as General Grant was not immune from the general epidemic; he telegraphed to Richmond to "arrest all paroled officers . . . unless they take the oath of allegiance." The Confederate States fell for the moment under the irrational wrath of the North. When was public wrath ever guided by reason? "Magnanimity," says Mr. Rhodes, "to the beaten foe was the sentiment of Monday; a cry for justice and vengeance, a demand that the leaders of the rebellion should be hanged, were heard everywhere on

Saturday." On the morning of his assassination Abraham Lincoln had said, "No one need expect me to take any part in killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union." On the Sunday following the assassination President Johnson exclaimed, "I hold that robbery is a crime, rape is a crime, treason is a crime, and crime must be made infamous and traitors must be punished." Lincoln expressed the sentiment of the people before the assassination, Johnson their sentiment after it.

This passionate resentment might in time have been extinguished, but the political events which followed transformed it into a deliberate policy of hostility to the South.

Mr. Lincoln was a new type of statesman. Public men before this time had served the people; but he was a servant of the people. As the orator understands and by his speech interprets to his audience their unformulated thoughts, so Mr. Lincoln understood and by his acts interpreted to the people their unformulated will. And he at the same time and by the same process developed and organized their individual and unexpressed aspirations into a national purpose. In his election he saw the evidence that the people were weary of compromise with slavery, and in the critical months of Buchanan's timid and shifty policy he interposed a quiet but indomitable resistance to all the compromise measures proposed by some of his frightened followers. When the secessionists fired on the flag, he was quick to see that the issue was no longer the non-extension of slavery but the preservation of the Union, and in his

famous letter to Horace Greeley in 1862 he expressed the purpose of the Nation: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would do it." At the same time that sentence, "If I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it," prepared the conservatives for the Emancipation Proclamation when it came. The Nation emancipated the slaves. Lincoln held the pen; the people whom he had educated dictated the document.

He would have pursued the same cautious policy in dealing with reconstruction. I say he would have done so, because, in so far as he had the opportunity, this is what he did. He was essentially a pragmatist in politics, and tested all policies by the question, Will they succeed? He put his policy of reconstruction in a characteristic figure: "We shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it." The radicals after his death tried smashing the egg, with disastrous results. A reconstruction bill of Congress, passed in the early summer of 1864, which assumed that the States had lost their Statehood by secession, he allowed to lapse without a veto by declining to sign it after Congress had adjourned. He privately declared that he considered "the discussion as to whether a State had been at any time out of the Union as vain and fruitless. We know they were, we know they shall be in the Union. It does not greatly matter whether in the meantime they shall be considered to have been in or out." He authorized the people of Louisiana to try their hand at reconstruction, and suggested that some of the colored people might be allowed to vote, "as, for instance, the very intelligent, and those who have fought gallantly in our

ranks." At the same time he publicly declared that he was fully satisfied with the system of reconstruction outlined in the act of Congress as one proper for any State to adopt, if it wished to do so. The radicals attempted to go to the country on the issue thus raised, and nominated General Frémont as a radical Republican candidate for the Presidency, but got so little response from the people that the candidate withdrew and all Republican opposition to Mr. Lincoln was abandoned. These facts are sufficient to justify the historian in affirming that if Mr. Lincoln had lived he would have pursued a conciliatory policy toward the people of the South; he would have largely intrusted the reconstruction of the States to those who lived within them; he would have effectively used his influence for a gradual enfranchisement of the negro race upon some such basis of property and educational qualifications as has now been adopted by several of the Southern States; and in this policy he would have had the support of the majority of the people of the North.

At his death a man of very different temperament succeeded to his office. It is not necessary for me to attempt any estimate of President Johnson's character. His warmest eulogist would not commend him as a peacemaker. He attempted to force his policies upon a hostile Congress. The result was four years of increasingly bitter political warfare: warfare between the President and Congress; between the South and the North; between the white race and the negro race; culminating in the unsuccessful impeachment of the President by Congress, in the enactment of the unwise and unjust Force Bill, in the temporarily successful attempt to force universal suffrage on the Southern States, in the finally successful attempt of the South-

ern States to recover political domination for the white race by revolutionary methods, and in a consequent period of civil and industrial disorder in the South popularly known as the "Reconstruction Period," which some Southerners believe inflicted on the States a greater injury than was inflicted by the Civil War.

It was during these four years of political anarchy, from 1865 to 1869, that I was endeavoring to promote by measures wholly pacific a work of moral reconstruction in the South. Whether any one could have succeeded I do not know. It required both greater resources and greater abilities than I possessed to win the success I had hoped for. What share I had in this work, what principles I adopted, what difficulties I encountered, and what my associates and I accomplished will be shown in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII

RECONSTRUCTION: EFFORTS FOR ITS SOLUTION

ON the last Sunday in April, 1865, I preached my farewell sermon in Terre Haute and started immediately thereafter for the East. On our way we met the funeral cortège bearing the body of Abraham Lincoln to its resting-place in Springfield, Illinois. As soon as my wife and children were settled in our temporary home in the boarding-house in New York where my father was living, and I had acquainted myself with the details and with the workers at the office of the Commission, I started for Washington and Richmond. In the former city I wished to see General O. O. Howard, the head of the newly constituted Freedmen's Bureau; in the latter city I hoped to acquaint myself with conditions in Virginia and with the agent of our Society who was already there engaged in the work. My letters to my wife were briefer than they had been from Tennessee, but extracts from two letters will give the reader a better idea of my work than I could do now from my faded recollection: —

Wednesday. Breakfast at 7.30 A.M. Then went down to boat for Alexandria. . . . Went to General Howard's. I had undertaken to draw up a circular letter to the public to give the outline of his policy. Obtained his ideas, quietly insinuated some of my own, and took the draft home to draw up in form. I like General Howard very much. And, unless I greatly mistake, my stay in Washington will pay in my future intercourse with the Government, though it has accomplished very little now.

Thursday. Arose early this morning and drew up circular letter. After breakfast submitted it to Dr. M———, made some alterations at his suggestion, and at 10 A.M. went up to War Department. Met General Howard there, and we all walked up to his quarters together. He had just got in some desks, but had no chairs, nothing yet in shape. Submitted the circular letter to him, which he afterwards read to some representatives of Freedmen's organizations present, and later still to General Thomas, Adjutant-General. It was adopted with no material alteration, and, between you and me, as published before now to the country, is a good deal my work. It recognizes refugees as well as freedmen, which otherwise would not have been done. . . .

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 23*d May*, 1865.

I bade you good-by at Fortress Monroe. We had a very pleasant sail up the James River. But first we saw at Fortress Monroe the steamer on which Jeff Davis was then a prisoner. It was pointed out to us by several, among others by a young surgeon who had belonged to a man-of-war that was standing guard over him. We left our boat and took another at City Point. Here the fortifications begin. The river on both sides is lined with them. No advance on Richmond up the river would have been possible. We fell in with some officers, who explained all the works to us, pointed out Dutch Gap Canal, Fort Darling, Chapin's Farm, Bermuda Hundred, etc., etc. Reached Richmond at night about 7 P.M. Saturday. We went to a rebel major's house, a private boarding-house, where the Confederates conquered me. I was attacked in the night by a large army of small infantry, and after a brief but bloody battle I retired in good order from the field and slept on the floor.

If the reader does not find much romance in these letters, he may imagine that I did not find much romance in the work. The conditions in Virginia were far more discouraging than they were in Tennessee. There was not in Richmond a single newspaper which was interested in any attempt to create a new South. There was not, so far as I could learn, a single minister who pointed

toward or hoped for the coming days. "The clergy," I wrote, "who have been for four years preaching slavery and secession, cannot now preach liberty and union. If they attempt it, the people attribute their conversion to fear or self-interest." An agent of the American Tract Society was told that his publications would be welcomed if the local society could put its own imprint on them. "We do not believe," said the Richmond representative, "in an American Tract Society. We are going to maintain a Virginia Tract Society." Some Bibles had started before the war from the American Bible Society for Richmond, but had been housed in Baltimore during the war and shipped to Richmond when the war ended and the blockade was raised. And the Richmond Bible Society refused to receive them because they bore the imprint "American" Bible Society.

There were a few Union men in Richmond, but very few. And of these few not many were inclined to declare themselves. They were right to keep silent. To speak was to invite obloquy, if nothing worse. They must bide their time. One of them gave me a dramatic account of conditions during the last weeks of the war. He was a school-teacher; received six hundred dollars tuition for each pupil; and the week before the surrender paid, in Confederate money, seventy-five dollars for a pair of boots and twelve hundred dollars for a barrel of flour. He congratulated himself on the bargain. He had been wise enough to realize that anything was better than Confederate money.

While I was in Richmond Sherman's army passed through the city on its way North. It was a pathetic sight. In the summer of 1861 I had seen perhaps some of these very regiments marching down Broadway to the war — colors flying, bands playing, bayonets

glistening, voices cheering. Now they marched through a captured city as silent as if it had been deserted by its inhabitants, or as if some magic spell of silence had been laid upon them by an evil genie. Not a flag flying, not a handkerchief fluttering, not a cheer uttered; no populace upon the sidewalk, no faces at the windows; no small boys in extemporized procession accompanying the troops. The troops themselves bore witness to the campaigning they had passed through: no prancing horses here, no eager faces, no gay caparisons, no gleaming muskets; instead, well-worn garments, pans and kettles thrown over the shoulders or jangling from the horses' backs, and flag-poles borne aloft in sad triumph, from which almost every vestige of the once gay flag had been shot away. The war was worth all that it cost. But the cost was terribly great — cost to conquered and cost to conqueror.

I returned to the North not discouraged, but certainly not encouraged, by what I had seen. My triple task — of federating the Freedmen's Societies, inspiring the kindly feeling of the North, and securing the coöperation of the South — was carried on simultaneously; but I shall best describe it to my readers as three separate and successive tasks.

Over a dozen local undenominational societies sprang up in the North to render aid to the freedmen. They were known as Freedmen's Societies. They were working with little or no coöperation, and sometimes in rivalry. The American Union Commission was the only society which ignored all distinctions of color and was organized to help its unfortunate brethren in the South, whether white or black, freemen or freedmen. It was also, I think, the only society which was national in its organization. The Freedmen's Societies were naturally reluctant to aban-

don the advantage which their name and their limitation of purpose gave to them. For the North had a great and, as it has proved, a permanent sympathy with the ex-slave; but after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln it had none for the white people of the South. The hostility to the South had to be allayed and sympathy with the South created in order to obtain funds for a non-sectarian and non-racial service in the South. But the radical abolitionists, who had insisted on no distinction because of race or color when that principle was of benefit to the negro, could not deny it because it was of benefit to the white man. The founders of the American Union Commission had thought that the way to ignore distinctions of race and color was to ignore them. Therefore, in the official declaration of their purpose they had not mentioned by name negro or slave or freedman. "The Commission," they said, "is constituted for the purpose of aiding and coöperating with the people of that portion of the United States which has been desolated and impoverished by the war in the restitution of their civil and social conditions upon the basis of industry, education, freedom, and Christian morality." This was not enough for those who had organized and were carrying on the work of relief and education among the freedmen. They were not content merely to ignore all distinctions of caste, race, or color; they wanted to declare that they did so. They accepted our principle, but insisted that it should be formally declared; we acquiesced; and for our simple declaration was substituted in the reorganized society the following: —

> The object of this Commission is the relief, education, and elevation of the freedmen of the United States, and to aid and coöperate with the people of the South, without distinction of race or color, in the improvement of their condition upon the

basis of industry, education, freedom, and Christian morality. No school or depot of supplies shall be maintained from the benefits of which any shall be excluded because of color.

The next difficulty in bringing the societies together in one national organization was the question of officers. Who should be its head and direct its policy? That, so far as I was concerned, was easily settled. As soon as I saw the union of all the undenominational societies in sight I tendered my resignation as general secretary. "I am unwilling," I said in my letter, "that my name and official position should be any source of embarrassment in the final consummation of this union, or that it should be deemed a matter of courtesy either to myself or to the Union Commission to continue my official connection in the United Commission."

This resignation was not accepted. Instead I was elected by the united organization its general secretary, and Mr. J. Miller McKim, who had been the general secretary of the New York Freedmen's Aid Society, was elected corresponding secretary. He was a Friend, belonging to the Hicksite branch, I was a Congregationalist; he was a Unitarian in his sympathies, I was an orthodox minister; he a radical, I, as compared with him, a conservative. But our object was the same. We were both unselfishly devoted to the intellectual and moral reconstruction of a new South, and in the four years of coöperation which followed I do not think the good understanding between us was ever interrupted in a single instance. So much more important for coöperation is unity of spirit than unity of opinion.

What proved to be the most difficult obstacle of all to the union was the question of name. It often happens, as it did in this case, that the questions of least significance become questions of greatest importance. The

sense of relative values is, I sometimes think, the sense least developed, especially in reformers. The final reorganization was effected in the month of May, 1866. It resulted at once in considerable economies in administration. Two central offices, one in Cincinnati, one in Washington, were discontinued, the two offices in New York City were united in one, salaries were reduced, and one national publication was made to do the work before done by at least three. It is to this monthly periodical that I am indebted for the extracts and much of the information given below.

I had written to my wife in February from New York before accepting the office of secretary that I should not be charged with the duty of raising money. "They do not expect me," I wrote, "to do any collecting agency business. I should, for example, write to Mr. H———, arrange through him for a public meeting in Masonic Hall, attend *perhaps* myself as *one* of the speakers, but rely largely on the interest and coöperation of others there. This is the plan they are now pursuing successfully." Moreover, we had a financial secretary, to whom the duty of raising funds was especially intrusted. George J. Mingins was a natural orator. He had wit, humor, imagination, sentiment, emotion, a good voice, freedom of action, and aptness in expression. He was an admirable story-teller. A slight Scotch burr added fascination to his speech. No one ever went out while he was speaking.

Nevertheless I had experience enough in the money-raising campaign to give me ever after a vital sympathy with that much underrated and much overworked profession — the secretary of a religious or philanthropic society. Such a secretary must be in three places at once — at least the three are constantly calling for him. He must be in the field to know how the work for which

he is responsible is going on, and to give cheer and courage to the workers who complain to themselves, if not to him, if a year goes by without a call from their chief. He must be with his constituents, on whose interest and enthusiasm he is dependent for the means with which to carry on the work. They complain if he does not come, and endure him if he does. Men welcome an opportunity to make money, but resent an opportunity to use it. And while he is in the field or with his constituents he is always reflecting that he ought to be in his office. If he is absent for a week, he returns to find his desk snowed under by a mass of correspondence, and every correspondent imagines that he is the only one who has written, and grumbles if he does not get a reply by return of mail.

I suppose my experience was neither better nor worse than the average. The letters to my wife portray some of the sorrows of an itinerant secretary. Sometimes the meeting was good and the collection was poor. Sometimes the weather was almost prohibitive. Sometimes the speakers we wanted were absent and the speaker that we did not want was present. Sometimes the audience failed to appear. This part of my work had no attractions for me. To speak to the head is interesting; to speak to the heart is fascinating; to speak to the pocket is dreary work. I wrote my wife: "I think a year will tire me of this traveling, desultory life; I can hardly go into a church but that I wish I were a preacher again, or into a library but that I want the old opportunities for study."

Our campaign for funds was not, however, as discouraging as these letters might imply. Successful mass-meetings were held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco. General Howard, Phillips Brooks, Bishop Simpson, Chief Justice Chase,

Henry Ward Beecher, Governor Andrews of Massachusetts, were among the champions of our cause. A committee of well-known citizens was appointed by the Union League Club of New York City to coöperate with us in raising funds for our work. Our first annual report showed that we were a national organization with nine local or district branches covering practically all the Northern States east of the Mississippi River, including Maryland and Delaware; had collected and expended in the South over eight hundred thousand dollars in money and supplies, partly for relief, but largely for educational work; and were sustaining or helping to sustain three hundred schools in the South. These schools were in every Southern State except Delaware and Texas. Of these I was able to write: "They embrace among their instructors many of the best and most experienced teachers the North can furnish." At the end of five years we had raised and expended at a minimum cost for administration five million dollars, about one fifth of it contributed from abroad, chiefly from England.

In this work we were confronted with three fundamental questions: What should be the attitude of our representatives toward the people of the Southern communities? What should be our attitude toward the missionary work carried on in the South by our Northern contemporaries? And what should be our attitude toward the black and the white races?

I. We sought, and to a considerable degree secured, the coöperation of the men and women in the South. We had Southern men acting as our representatives and Southern teachers teaching in our freedmen's schools. My experience during these five years of work in the South convinced me that for the prejudice then more widely entertained than now against Northern schools

and Northern teachers working for the negro in the Southern States, the Northern missionary teachers are partly responsible. I can best illustrate this fact by a single typical instance — an extract from a letter written to our office by one of our teachers in the South and our reply: —

By the way, I must tell you two little bits of news. First, a lady in town has offered to give music to colored children, and I was requested to make the announcement in school. I did so with a smile in my sleeve. Second, several are quite anxious that we should have a gentleman in school as a teacher of the boys. It is some one who lives in town. . . . I have no objection to the people here opening a school, but I do not care to get up a school and then give it over to them, or take them into it with me.

To this letter I replied: —

That is a serious mistake. This is just what we want to do. The whole object of the Commission is to stimulate the Southern people to take up and carry on this work of education themselves. Our constitution provides for coöperation with them. All our plans and methods are formed with that end in view. The more Southerners we can take into our schools with us, the better. The sooner we can turn our present schools over to them and go into new neighborhoods where no schools are, the better for our work. The sooner the people of the South awake to the importance of this educational work and take it off our hands altogether, the better for them, for the colored people, and for the whole country. The faintest indication of an inclination to coöperate in the work of educating the colored people should be cordially welcomed. We should go more than halfway to meet them. Miss ——— can render to the freedmen no so great a service as that which she will accomplish by encouraging and stimulating such indications of a willingness to coöperate in this work. No assiduity in personal labor can compensate for the evil which will result from any policy which repels such advances and tends to perpetuate the estrangement between the white and colored people.

That this was the spirit in which the work of the Commission was generally carried on is indicated by repeated letters from the field published in the national journal; an extract from one of our representatives must suffice here. To teachers who purposed to come South and enter upon the work he writes: —

> Two methods of procedure are open to you. On the one hand, you may enter a city, secure your location without consulting the authorities, make your acquaintances and friends solely among the negroes, ignore the whites, disregard local customs and lifelong prejudices and opinions. . . . Suppose, on the other hand, you are earnest at first to instill the people with a correct knowledge of your undertaking. For this purpose you confer with the mayor, aldermen, or clergymen; seek their advice; as much as possible conform to it; are courteous, frank, and kind to all; exhibit this spirit in word, act, and expression; and conform to local customs and practices whenever such conformity will not compromise principle. By this course you will show yourself and your society sincere in your expressed desire to coöperate as well as aid.

Carrying on our work in this spirit, we not only had the coöperation of Southern men and women in our work of educating the freedmen, but Southern men and women who were attempting, under great difficulty, to give the negro an education sought for our aid and coöperation, which it can hardly be necessary to say was always gladly given. In one case our freedmen's schools were taken over bodily by a prominent Southern city and made a part of the public school system; in another case material financial aid was given to our work.

II. We did not regard the South as a proper field for missionary effort. We went into the South as we had gone and are still going into the West, not to convert a non-Christian or imperfectly Christian people, but to aid a people impoverished by war in establishing the corner-

stone of democracy — a public school system. We had no quarrel with the missionary work of Northern churches, and entered into no rivalry with their denominational schools. But our aim was not theirs. We occasionally were criticised by representatives of missionary societies for our lack of religion, and this criticism we met from time to time by a declaration of our principles. "Important," said our national organ, "as is that distinctively religious work which only the ecclesiastical and missionary boards can perform, there is also another, the importance of which all men increasingly recognize — the promotion of popular education in the South by the establishment in the several States of common schools not under ecclesiastical control. This is the peculiar province of this Commission; and it is a work which can be well essayed only by a society owning allegiance to no particular church, but alone to the great cause of Christ as represented in that down-fallen humanity which constitutes, in popular estimate, the least among his brethren."

So resolute was at times the effort to create a prejudice against the Commission because Episcopalians and Quakers, Orthodox and Unitarians, worked cordially together in maintaining it, that in September, 1866, I prepared a paper on "Education and Religion," which dealt in a large way with the whole problem of the relation of organized religion to public education. It embodied that principle for which I have stood throughout my life — that Christianity is more than denominationalism. "We desire," I said, "the more that our schools may be truly Christian because they are unecclesiastical." Looking back, I can see that in this practical coöperation in a wholly Christian but also wholly unecclesiastical work, with men of very widely different religious opinions, I

was unconsciously preparing for what later was to be my life-work as the editor of a journal which was, in the thought of its founders, the more supremely Christian because it was wholly free from every form of ecclesiastical control.

III. The reader will recall that the constitution of the united society provided that "no schools or supply depots shall be maintained from the benefits of which any shall be excluded because of color." This provision early brought before the Commission a serious problem. Our general agent in North Carolina wrote us as early as March, 1866, that "it is very desirable to have schools in large cities for blacks and whites separately, and that these latter schools should be supported by the same benevolent body that sustains the former." I wrote in reply a letter which was read to and approved by the executive committee, in which I stated that there would be no attempt to prevent children going to schools of their own choice, "each choosing mainly companions of their own race"; but that no pupil could be excluded from one of our schools because of his color; and in my letter I affirmed that this principle could not be departed from, both because it was inherently right — "to exclude a child from a free school because he is either white or black is inherently wrong" — and because the principle had been agreed upon as a basis for the united organization, and, "thus adopted as a compact, honor requires that it should be carried out in the same spirit in which it was conceived."

About the same time I sent to our agents in the South a circular letter asking a number of questions for the purpose of getting accurate information for the executive committee. Among them was the question: "Is there any probability of the poor whites, adults or children,

consenting to come to school with colored pupils? Do you know of any case where the experiment of a free school, open to all, has been fairly tried, and, if so, what has been the result?" The reply from General Clinton B. Fisk was typical of the replies received from all our correspondents. He said: "You cannot gather the whites and blacks into the same school. Both races rebel against it. Separate schools under the same organization can be successfully conducted. I know of no successful experiment of mixing them in the same school. I do know of signal failure." Practically all the other replies were to the same effect, and some of them indicated that the opposition to co-education came from the blacks as well as the whites. These letters were among the first influences to change my opinion respecting the desirability of the co-education of the races. These are reminiscences, not political philosophy; but it is legitimate to take this occasion to say that I no longer think it is inherently right that no one should be excluded from a school because of his color. Co-education of the races, like co-education of the sexes, is simply a question of expediency; and experience early demonstrated that it was not expedient to attempt co-education of the races in the Southern States. Justice demands that equal — not necessarily identical — educational advantages be offered to both races and to both sexes. It does not demand that they should be afforded under the same roof.

From the very outset of our work we had succeeded in putting ourselves in connection with the educational authorities, and had found warmly welcomed by them our proposed coöperation in the endeavor to organize efficient public schools under non-sectarian, non-partisan, and non-sectional educational leaders. In accordance

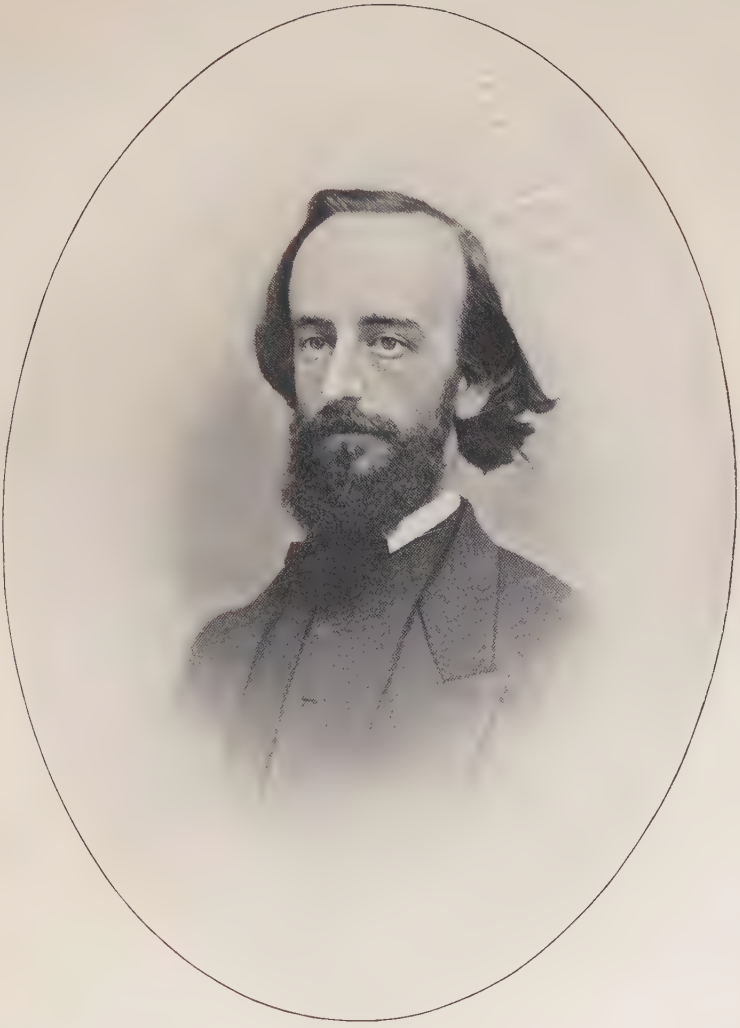
with this policy, and at the request of Southern educational authorities, two graduates of Yale University were sent to Nashville, Tennessee, another to Marysville, Tennessee, a fourth to Knoxville, and one instructor at Yale to North Carolina, to aid in establishing public schools in those localities. Other schools, attended exclusively by white children, were opened and maintained at various points and were eventually incorporated in the public school system of the State, and had, I think, some influence both in promoting and in shaping such a system.

The work thus initiated by the Freedmen's Union Commission was gradually taken up and carried on by other agencies. The churches were not slow to see in the condition of the freedmen an opportunity and a call to duty. With a breadth of view before too little known in our missionary operations, the churches recognized that education is as essential as evangelization, and began the establishment of schools for the freedmen. Freedmen's branches were organized in connection with the various church missionary boards. The American Missionary Association, which had been organized as a protest against the apathy on the slavery question of the older missionary societies, began to devote its missionary work largely to the evangelization and education of the freedmen. Simultaneously the Southern States began the organization of public school systems, and in these public schools provided for the education of both races, though always in different schools. Men of large wealth and large views — and the two do not always go together — recognized the Nation's need, and in successive gifts made provision for it. In 1867–68 George Peabody established a fund of three and a half million dollars to be devoted to education in the South; in 1882 John F. Slater gave a million, and in 1888 Daniel Hand a million,

for the education of the negroes in the South; and in 1902 John D. Rockefeller created a fund of one million, later increased to something over fifty millions, for educational uses throughout the United States, including, of course, the Southern States. A number of smaller funds have been at various times created for the same or similar purposes.

In April, 1869, the executive committee of the American Freedmen's Union Commission reached the conclusion that other agencies were carrying on so effectively the work for which the Commission had been called into being, that it was no longer either necessary or expedient to continue its work, and on the 1st of July it ceased to exist, "not," as declared in its official announcement, "because the work of aiding in the education of the freedmen will then be finished, but because the existence of a national organization for this purpose will have ceased to be either necessary or expedient. . . ."

My share in the educational and moral reconstruction of the South was inconspicuous and relatively insignificant. But I could not tell the story of my life and omit from it some account of this share in one of the great world movements of history. I do not know where its parallel is to be found. A conquered country not only accepts without sullenness the results of war, but to rebuilding its civilization in substantial harmony with that of its victor devotes the same persistent courage with which it fought the representatives of that civilization on the field of battle. And the victor not only takes no life as a penalty for four years of resistance to its authority, but devotes uncalculated millions of dollars to repairing the wastes which war had caused and to helping its conquered foe to rival its conqueror in all that makes the State truly great and its people truly prosperous.



LYMAN ABBOTT
From a photograph taken in the later sixties

At the close of the war the laws against negro schools had been abolished by emancipation and some negro schools had been established, but a feeling against the education of the negro dominated the South. When the protection of the army was withdrawn, school-houses were in several instances burned and school-teachers mobbed and driven away. When open violence was not practiced, the "nigger teachers" were ostracized. They generally found it difficult, often impossible, to secure board in reputable white families. Nor was this prejudice confined to the South. One of the early freedmen societies of the North was rent asunder by the unwillingness of a part of its members to coöperate in any movement looking to the education of the negro, though they were willing to provide him with food and clothing. The introduction of a public school system for the whites met also at first with serious opposition from four sources: political opposition, upon the ground that it is not the function of a State to carry on the work of education; ecclesiastical opposition, on the ground that the State can furnish only secular education and education should be religious; social opposition, not the less powerful because not clearly expressed, against any attempt to educate the lower classes lest it should unfit them for their position; and, finally, economic opposition, based on the poverty of the South and its real or fancied inability to tax itself for school purposes. To these difficulties in the way of a new educational system were added the facts that the old educational system had been overthrown by the war, the school buildings destroyed, the school endowments lost, and in many instances the best teachers and educational leaders had fallen on the field or died in hospitals.

Forty years have passed since then. To-day there is

not a single Southern State which has not a public school system, nor a single State which does not provide for the education of both races. This has been done voluntarily and without aid from the Federal Government. My experience leads me to the conviction that a person visiting any Southern community and asking to see the schools will be taken by his Southern host to schools for the negroes as well as to the schools for the whites, and will be shown the one with as much pride and pleasure as the other. I recall several such instances in my own experience. Notable among them is one in which I was taken by a Southern gentleman in Nashville to see its two great universities — Vanderbilt University for the whites, Fisk University for the negroes — both regarded with pride as the two great educational institutions of the city.

This work has been carried on in spite of Southern prejudice, and also in spite of Northern narrowness. In March, 1866, I wrote: "Though the Southern States accept liberty, they repudiate equality, and still provide in their laws, not only a different political status, but different laws and penalties for colored men, *because of their color*. If we wish to secure the abolition of this distinction from our laws, we cannot maintain it in our charities. Our exclusive recognition of the freedmen as a separate class confirms this injurious distinction in spite of ourselves." History has, I think, confirmed the justice of this statement. Our missionary societies, by going into the South almost exclusively as the friends of the freedmen, have unconsciously and unintentionally done not a little to develop hostility to the freedmen. But in spite of prejudices, both North and South, which for partisan purposes political journals have sometimes exaggerated and political demagogues have sometimes stimu-

lated, there is a new South, and, thanks to a band of patriots in both North and South, a new Union. I have had some advantages for gauging the sentiment of the country, East and West, North and South, both by travel and by correspondence. And it is beyond all question that not only the spirit of nationality, but the spirit of a brotherhood overleaping all chasms of section and of race, unites this heterogeneous people in one Nation as it was never united before. I lay down my pen and some of the great leaders in this movement for the kingdom of God pass before me; would that I could paint their miniatures for readers who have never known them!

General O. O. Howard, the most maligned and most misinterpreted of men; his work as head of the Freedmen's Bureau twice investigated, once by a committee of the House of Representatives, once by a court martial on which sat such men as Generals Sherman and McDowell — each time triumphantly vindicated; a soldier who could no more think of deserting his post at the head of the Freedmen's Bureau so long as there was duty to be done and humanity to be served than he could think of deserting his post in time of battle so long as there were enemies to his country to be fought, and who bore the wounds inflicted on his good name in the one field as bravely as those inflicted on his body in the other.

General Armstrong, missionary, soldier, philanthropist, educator, who, out of a camp of shiftless, helpless negroes, created what his successor — Dr. H. B. Frissell — has developed into the greatest industrial school in America. It would be well if every State in the Union could possess an institution of like spirit, purpose, and equipment for the education of its youth of all races.

Booker T. Washington, who has done more to inter-

pret the South to the North and the North to the South, the white man to the black man and the black man to the white man, than any other American, and whom the future will place as a leader of his race in the same rank with the other great racial leaders of human history.

Dr. Charles D. McIver, whose whirlwind campaign for popular education in North Carolina, everywhere converting apathy into enthusiasm, had all the fervor of a Methodist evangelism, and left behind it a permanence in result which Methodist evangelism does not always secure.

General Clinton B. Fisk, whose tenacity of purpose, understanding of all sorts and conditions of men, and inexhaustible humor made him equally irresistible as a combatant and as a peacemaker.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry, who combined the eloquence of a pulpit orator, the courage of a Southern soldier, and the practical knowledge of an experienced politician, and devoted them all to burning into the hearts of his countrymen the truth that "ignorance is never a cure for anything."

Edgar Gardner Murphy, who withdrew from the ministry because he could better minister to the people out of the pulpit than in it, and whose published interpretation of the Old South and the New is the work of one who was at once a prophet, a reformer, and a historian.

Robert C. Ogden, more than a merchant prince — a merchant commoner — who employed in using his wealth the same diligence which he employed in acquiring it; and by his combined tact and beneficence brought North and South together in a joint educational campaign equally beneficial to both sections and to both races.

President Edwin Anderson Alderman, of Virginia, Chancellor Walter Barnard Hill, of Georgia, and Chan-

cellor James Hampton Kirkland, of Tennessee, who in their presidential offices have set an example of the higher and broader education for the entire South to emulate, and who have coöperated with the presidents of Northern universities to make exile from America no longer necessary for the highest and best education.

To know these men and such as these has been an education, to be associated with them has been an inspiration, and to be counted by them as their friend is to be enrolled in America's legion of honor.

CHAPTER XIII

DISAPPOINTMENT

IN the winter of 1866 an independent Methodist church occupied a substantial though unpretentious edifice in Forty-first Street, New York City, just west of Sixth Avenue. In the rear of the church was what might have served for a convenient parish house, though it was before the days of the parish house. The minister had resigned, and the church was without a pastor. One Sunday, in the latter part of December, 1865, I was invited to preach in this church, and the following week a committee called on me to ask if I would consider a call to become the pastor. At almost the same time there came to me a call to one of the leading Congregational churches of Portland, Maine.

I had no difficulty in determining that I would accept one or the other of these calls. I was weary of the administrative details of the office; weary of the itineraries which continually took me away from home; weary of the stress of business which left me no time for study, still less for reading and reflection; weary, too, of leaving my wife with the whole care of the children, a narrow income, and often the added duty which she had assumed of looking after my correspondence in my absences.

Perhaps I may interject here the statement that, having been a lawyer, an author, an editor, a secretary, and a pastor, there is no profession which has for me so

many attractions as the pastorate. The minister has more intimate personal friends than the lawyer, the doctor, or the business man; he deals with men and women usually when in their best moods; he preaches to an audience which is friendly and sympathetic and which desires a message if he has one to give; he has, or can have if he will, time and opportunity for study of the most fundamental themes, those which concern the building of character, both of the individual and of society; and if he has any personal consciousness of divine companionship, he has in that consciousness the greatest gift to bestow upon his friends which it is possible for one soul to bestow upon another. I wanted to get back into the ministry.

Which of these two calls to accept was a much more difficult question. The Portland church presented strong attractions. Portland is one of the most beautiful cities in the country — I am inclined to think quite the most beautiful, for situation, in New England. It is the commercial capital of Maine, and Maine was dear to us both: it was the State in which my wife was born and in which my boyhood was spent, and in it we had many friends and not a few relatives. The church was financially strong, with a cultured congregation, and it assured me an adequate income, opportunity for quiet study, and the possibilities of an influence throughout the State limited only by my abilities.

But my readers will already have discovered that I am naturally ambitious; that I have some pioneer blood in me; that new experiments attract me, and difficulties to be overcome have for me a peculiar fascination. These were the attractions of the New York church. It had neither financial nor social strength. Its ecclesiastical independence was fatal to its existence; it must affili-

ate itself with some Protestant denomination. Its location was inadvisable for a Congregational church; for it was but seven blocks away from the only really strong Congregational church in the city — the Broadway Tabernacle. Its new pastor must gather a congregation strong enough to move to a more favorable spot and build anew. In short, the Portland church was a full-grown man inviting me to unite with it in carrying on a work already organized; the New York church was an infant in its cradle, asking me to come and help it grow into manhood and organize and develop a man's work. In such crises my wife always left to me the decision of the question. An expression of her wish would have been conclusive; therefore she did not express a wish. With much hesitation, and not without some misgiving, I chose the more difficult undertaking. I was rather amused to read the next week in a Portland paper that I had declined the call to Portland in order to accept a call "somewhere else, where they are building a large new church in a great metropolis." Whether the editor was ever undeceived I do not know; I made no effort to undeceive him. For very early I had made it a rule of my life when accused not to undertake any self-defense, and when misreported not to make corrections; to give myself unreservedly to my work and leave my reputation to take care of itself. The study of the Gospels made it clear to me that this was habitually the course of my Master, and I followed the example which he set.

I accepted the call of the New York church on two conditions: it was to become a Congregational church; and it was, first, to call a Council of Congregational churches to determine whether it was wise to attempt the organization of a new Congregational church with this nucleus. Meanwhile I continued my work as secre-

tary of the Freedmen's Union Commission. The Council was called. Nearly all the important churches of New York and Brooklyn were represented. The facts were laid before this body. It appeared that there was here a church membership of eighty, all of whom were favorable to the new enterprise, and a church property valued at forty thousand dollars, with a debt of twelve thousand dollars. Of this debt nine thousand dollars was secured by a mortgage on the property, three thousand dollars was a floating indebtedness. To get a church property worth forty thousand dollars for twelve thousand dollars seemed to the Council a good business proposition for the denomination.

There were only two Congregational churches in New York City (which then did not include Brooklyn) — the Broadway Tabernacle, on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, and the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Harlem, some four or five miles away. It seemed to the Council that in the great and growing city of New York there were room and work for another church of the Puritan faith and order, and the Council recommended that the church be reorganized as a Congregational church. At the same time it voted that "it is expedient that the whole of the debt upon this society (twelve thousand dollars) be immediately raised, and that a committee be appointed to solicit subscriptions for the same." I was ignorant of the meaning of ecclesiastical resolves and thought that the money was as good as secured. I found that all the resolution really meant was that I might go about among the churches with this resolution as an indorsement and get what money I could. I got three thousand dollars and paid off the floating debt and then stopped my canvassing. If I had been a wise man, I should have called the

committee together and said to them: "Gentlemen, it is for you, on behalf of the denomination, to raise this money. If it is not raised, I shall go no further in this enterprise." But I was not wise.

In this collecting tour I met with one curious and somewhat instructive incident. Among the names given me was that of a wholesale and retail liquor dealer on South Street. For readers not familiar with New York City it should be said that South Street borders the East River, and that the saloons on this street are the drinking-places of sailors and longshoremen. I went in, inquired at the bar for the proprietor, was directed upstairs, found him in his office, stated my case, and got a subscription for fifty or a hundred dollars — I forget which. He would have been glad, he said, to give me more, but he was supporting two or three young men who were studying for the ministry. Curious are the contradictions in human nature. I took his contribution without hesitation and was sorry it was not more. I had not then, as I have not since, learned that it is wrong to take from the Master's enemies money for the Master's work.

In due time the floating debt of the church was paid, the church was reorganized, taking the name of the "New England Church," and I was installed as its pastor. It was not until April, 1867, a year and three months after the first calling of the Congregational Council, that the installation took place. At this time the pew rents had more than doubled, though they were still inadequate to meet current expenses; the church membership had grown from eighty to one hundred and twenty; my uncle Gorham, who had given up his school in New York City, had put his library of fifteen hundred volumes at my disposal, and a circulating library had

been opened, into which one thousand volumes had been put; the Sunday-School had been reorganized and increased in numbers, and a Young People's Social Union of upward of eighty members had been formed.

This would have been an encouraging record for a church in a growing town or a growing section of the city. In Brooklyn four prosperous Congregational churches had been developed out of a less promising beginning. But they had been situated in rapidly growing sections, and Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's) and the Church of the Pilgrims (Dr. Storrs') had both encouraged such of their own members as were residing in the neighborhood of the new churches to transfer thither their membership. These churches were indeed, in their beginning, almost colonies of the older churches. The New England Church was not in a growing section; and it was the avowed policy of Dr. Thompson, the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, our nearest Congregational neighbor, to keep one large Congregational church in the metropolis rather than to colonize at the hazard of weakening that church. At the end of two more years a hundred and twenty members had been added to the church. But they had not brought into it either social prestige or large financial resources, and they had not as their pastor a preacher who had the eloquence to attract a non-church-going congregation.

The experiences of a struggling parish are not especially interesting reading. A few incidents only are worth narrating here.

My church salary was small, but it enabled me to make some reduction in my salary as secretary of the Freedmen's Union Commission, an office which I continued to fill during the whole period treated of in this chapter, and I threw upon assistants in the office details

of administration which they could attend to at least as well as, and probably much better than, I could. After my summer vacation in August, 1866, I wrote to my wife, who remained in the country with the children: "When I first came back, Mr. Shaw and Mr. McKim [associated with me in the Commission] came to me and suggested the propriety of dispensing with either Mr. R——— or Mr. K———. There was nothing for them to do. Since my return to the office, though I am at the office very little, I keep them both busy. I do not think either has had much leisure. And now I have called in the service of a third." There are two characteristically opposite rules of action: one, If you want anything done, do it yourself; the other, Never do yourself what you can get any one else to do. The latter has throughout my life, whether as secretary, editor, or pastor, been my rule; and it has always left me enough to do.

My journeys for the Commission were continued, but were timed so as not to interfere, except on rare occasions, with my Sunday duties at the church. I revived the habit, formed first at Farmington and continued at Terre Haute, of spending the week in courses of study, and basing my sermons on such general preparations. My sermons were partly written and partly extemporized; but the writing was generally done at a single sitting. The studies in the life of Christ which I had pursued in Terre Haute I resumed. I have always regarded books as the necessary tools of my profession; had invested in them with some liberality in Terre Haute, and now began again to purchase, concentrating my purchases almost exclusively upon books relating to Christ's life or to the interpretation of the New Testament.

In November, 1868, I was able to make a contract

with Harper & Brothers to prepare every month five or six pages of book reviews for the Literary Department of their "Monthly Magazine," an arrangement which insured me a good supply of modern American publications of importance. My wife read the novels, and on her reports I based my reviews of the current fiction. At the same time I contracted with the same house to prepare for publication a "Life of Christ," and set myself at once to the task of preparation. It was about this time, I judge, that I formed the habit, which I kept up, with some intermissions, for nearly twenty years, of rising about daybreak, in winter much earlier, making myself a cup of coffee, and, with this and a roll, working for a couple of hours before the family breakfast. At the same time I cut off all reading and writing at night, keeping my evenings free for social and public engagements, with an occasional evening at home with my wife and children. My experience is that using the eyes in the early morning after a night's rest is better than using them in the evening after a day's work. This also enabled me to get a considerable amount of literary work done in the course of a year, and have the daylight hours free for parish and office duties.

I did not confine myself, however, in my studies to the New Testament nor to the miscellaneous reading involved in my work as a reviewer. I find from my correspondence that in 1866 I was studying Herbert Spencer, but I do not find any indication that I was studying either Darwin or Huxley; probably not, for my interest was primarily in philosophy, only incidentally and indirectly in science. As my boyhood's study of Jonathan Edwards had established my faith in the freedom of the will, so my study of Herbert Spencer confirmed my rejection of the rationalistic philosophy and my ac-

ceptance of the philosophy to which in recent years Rudolf Eucken has given such splendid interpretation. It has interested me to find, in a letter written to my wife in 1866, a statement of that philosophy in almost the very words in which Eucken has stated it. In this letter to her I defined the subject of one of my sermons in the following words: "We are not to know God by studying about him, but by experiencing him." And I added: "God is to be known through the spiritual faculties, not through the intellectual faculties. The latter do not give a knowledge of God, but only a knowledge of truths about him."

I did not confine myself to a study of books. The same desire for first-hand knowledge which had sent me to Tennessee and Virginia to study the conditions in the South before beginning my work in the Union Commission sent me into some of the worst wards in New York City to acquaint myself with social conditions in the metropolis. In a letter to "The Congregationalist," of Boston, of which I was the New York correspondent, I described the saloon conditions in New York City prior to the enactment of the Excise Law of 1866. As described in that communication they now seem to me almost incredible. But that description was based on a careful study, partly of official documents, partly of actual conditions ascertained by a personal investigation. Upon it the following paragraph is based.

The License Law of the State legally applied to the city, but it was practically inapplicable and actually inoperative. Out of nearly ten thousand retail dealers only four hundred went through the form of obtaining a license. The rest were absolutely free. There was no power under the law to limit the number of saloons. One ward contained a liquor shop to every forty-seven

persons, and one of the best wards in the city contained one saloon to every one hundred and thirty-one persons. There was no power to determine by whom the traffic should be carried on, nor to close disorderly places, nor to regulate the times of opening and closing. Not a few saloons were open for business every day in the year and every hour in the day. The poorer classes of groceries were, generally, also liquor saloons, where a great pretense of boxes and barrels was made to hide an unpretentious but busy bar. There wives of the poorer classes used to gossip and learned, insensibly, to drink, astounding their husbands by the quantity of groceries consumed by the family as indicated by the weekly bill. In over two hundred concert saloons women and music added to the attractiveness of the bar, and about twelve hundred barmaids and waitresses were busy every night, and busiest of all Sunday evenings. The Excise Law of May, 1866, was enacted to remedy some of these conditions. It gave to the metropolitan Board of Police the powers of an Excise Board; placed the whole retail liquor traffic of New York and Brooklyn under their oversight, and absolutely prohibited all sale of liquor except by such persons as the Excise Board, thus constituted, should license. Among other regulations it compelled the concert saloons to choose between wine and women. Some of them dismissed the women and retained the wine, others retained the women and substituted tea and coffee for the wine, while many of them were compelled to discontinue altogether.

In 1868 a vigorous attempt was made to repeal this law and reinstate the old conditions of free liquor. The ministers were requested to preach upon the subject. To prepare myself, I resolved to make a visit, under the guidance of a policeman, to some of the quarters most

affected. The description which follows I condense from an account which I wrote at the time for the New York "Independent."

My guide first takes me to a concert hall, where "two melancholy fiddlers, perched up in one corner, their heads against the ceiling, are torturing two song victims that protest with great agony against their tormentors' treatment," and "half a dozen miserable-looking hags and half a dozen more coarse-looking Irish girls, dressed in second-hand tawdry garments of a third-rate theatrical ballet dancer, in which a very little undeceptive gilt shines through a great deal of very substantial dirt," furnish the partners for the dance. The proprietor does not conceal his wrath at the Excise Law. "'All that Jack wants,' he says, 'is a glass of whisky. As it used to be, he would come in here, have a dance, take his rum, and then we were all right. He was sure to spend his money before morning and ship the next day. Now he comes in, dances, calls for a drink, can get nothing but soda water, and disappears. I paid one thousand dollars for a place — one thousand dollars! and I 'd sell out to-night for three hundred dollars.'" We mentally thank him for his testimony to the value of the Excise Law and depart.

A visit to an establishment which was formerly a combination of prize-ring and cock-pit gives me a glimpse of the once flaunting schools of vice in New York City, and also an idea of what reformers are doing to control this business. "An ill-lighted room, with rows of seats, roughly constructed out of unplaned boards, rising one above another to the roof and completely encircling the room; a vat or pit on the floor, perhaps sixteen feet in length by ten in width; half a dozen dogs, confined beneath the seats, that struggle with their chains for freedom as we enter; a sleepy-looking black bear,

sole occupant of the pit, are the characteristic features of the coliseum of the American metropolis. Here two ragged roosters are set to peck each other's life out, or two dogs are stimulated to worry and wound each other, or are set to fray poor bruin, while a hundred or so of New York's lowest classes look on the sport! And this is all that Christianity has left of the horrible gladiatorial combats which, in the palmy days of Rome, her noblest men and most refined and cultured women witnessed with delight and stimulated with applause. And even this is no longer. 'Poor old bruin,' says Kit Byrnes, in a melancholy tone, 'he can earn his bread no more. Mr. Bergh, with his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has stopped all our sports. No more cock-fighting; no more bear-baiting.' And we fancy we discern a tear in the veteran's eye, as he calls to remembrance the palmy days of Mayor Wood's mayoralty."

Perhaps the most interesting visit is to the residence of a man who rejoices in the newspaper reputation of being the wickedest man in New York and is apparently rather proud of his reputation. Whether it was deserved or not I do not know. He is interesting to me as a psychological study. He has two boys who are his pride and their education is his really laudable ambition — the one grain of salt left in him that has not lost its savor. One of these boys he counted smart. "I am going," he says, "to make a United States Senator of him." The other "is n't so smart. I am going to make a minister of him." He stood the smart one on the table and put him through an extemporized examination to show his smartness. As we turned to go away the father said to me, in very quiet tones, not to give himself away to the bystanders: "I am going to get the boys out of

this; I have got three brothers who are ministers, and I am going to send the boys to one of them to be educated." Strange contradiction of human nature, that preserves the father's better instincts in such an atmosphere and life as that to which he has given himself.

One other incident in this period of my life is a letter written by my father to my wife, which I have found among her special treasures: —

My dear Daughter: —

260 Greene Street, *February* 18, 1868.

I have long been desirous of making a moderate contribution in token of my good wishes toward the New England Church enterprise, but it has not been convenient for me until now. And as I do not know of any way by which aid can be rendered to such an enterprise more advantageously than by doing something to strengthen the hands and encourage the heart of the minister's wife, I send my contribution directly to you. If you infer from my doing so that I appreciate the great value of the aid which you have rendered and are constantly rendering to Lyman in his work, the absolute fidelity, the untiring perseverance and the exhaustless patience and good humor which you evince in the performance of your innumerable duties, and the important influence exerted by what you do in securing the results, you will not be very far wrong.

I wish the money enclosed to be expended in personal indulgences and enjoyments for yourself — such as may tend to afford you rest, recreation, and encouragement, and so strengthen you for future labors.

It is to be understood that any gratifications which this money may procure are for yourself alone. Lyman is to have no share in them except so far as he makes himself so agreeable that the enjoyment for *you* is heightened by his being allowed in some measure to partake of it!! — a condition which I am sorry to say you can't trust all husbands to fulfill.

Father.

This letter was intended for no eyes but hers, and possibly mine; but I venture to print it here because I want the reader to know both my father and my wife, the two persons to whom I owe more than to any others both the successes and the joys of my life.

I shall not delay long in relating the tragic incident with which my too ambitious ministerial venture in New York City came to its inevitable end. I do not find it agreeable to live over that sad time; and I have neither the desire nor the ability to excite, by a dramatic story, the pleasantly painful emotions of a sympathetic reader.

The wealthiest member of the New England Church was a man of warm heart and generous impulses, and was devoted to his wife and six children, who repaid his devotion with loyal affection. So devoted was he to his children that he resolved to give to them a cultural education which he himself had never enjoyed, and he therefore sent them abroad for a year of education and travel in Europe, under the care of a governess who, in the experiences I am about to narrate, proved herself possessed of good judgment, singular poise, and a cheerful womanly courage which personal danger could not daunt and a great burden of responsibility could not perturb.

Shortly after their departure the father was attacked by a mysterious illness—mysterious to me and, I believe, also to his physicians. There appeared in it to be combined some of the elements of malaria and neurasthenia. In this illness he became possessed of the idea that one of his children was about to die and he would never see her again. It was not possible for him to go abroad. Both business exigencies and health forbade. He dared not call for them to come home lest they should be lost

at sea. In this state of singular dread, which physicians and friends in vain endeavored to combat, he grasped at the idea that if his pastor would consent to go for them, all would be well. This semi-religious faith which his already diseased mind reposed in my special guardianship touched me deeply. I was reluctant to leave my church in its critical condition when a six weeks' absence by its pastor might seriously affect its future, and still more reluctant to leave my wife to bear alone the responsibility of the children and of the pastorate, which latter she had always shared with me. But when the trustees voted a six weeks' vacation, and one of them gave me assurance that my wife's financial needs should be cared for in my absence, I gave my consent, and in December, 1868, sailed for Europe. An ocean trip was much more enjoyable and much less luxurious then than now. Our staterooms were lighted by a candle, which occupied a little triangular cubby-hole between two rooms and was extinguished by the steward at eleven o'clock. Electric bells were unknown; when a passenger wanted a steward, he called down the passageway for him. On the other hand, the upper deck had no roof or cover of any kind, and I recall even now with delight one day when for several hours I stood beside the smoke-stack, and dodged behind it when the spray from the waves swept over the deck, while we pounded our way through what the captain called "the tail of a cyclone." If that was the thrashing of his tail, I did not care to meet his body.

My parishioner's children were at school at Brussels. I was in haste to meet them, and landed at Queenstown, going thence with the mail to London, which I reached on Sunday morning in time to attend a service at Westminster Abbey. Monday night or Tuesday morning

found me in Brussels. The governess had taken the children to Paris to give them a glimpse of that city before sailing for home, and I followed them.

Upon my arrival the governess informed me that one of the children was ill — if I remember aright, the eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen or eighteen — and a doctor had been sent for. He came, and the next day pronounced the disease, as I understood at the time, typhus fever; but whether it was typhus or typhoid I had afterward some reason to doubt. Three other of the children sickened, one after the other, and the one first attacked died. The father's fear had been realized; the guardian whom he trusted had not been able to guard his child.

What is the present habit of France I know not, but under Napoleon III all funerals were conducted by the State. They were numbered from one to twenty, and, according to one's means, one could have anything from a pauper's burial, with a pine box for a coffin and for a grave an indistinguishable place in a long trench with other paupers, to an imposing pageant, with a plumed hearse, a long procession of carriages, and hired mourners to ride in them. I went to the proper official, selected the funeral we wished — a hearse and two carriages. As we passed through the streets to the vault where the body was to be kept till I could embark with it for America, the bystanders on the sidewalk stopped and stood at attention, the men bare-headed, as a token of respect for the sorrow of those who were to them utter strangers. It was a little thing; but ever since my heart has been warm to the French people. I had some difficulty in arranging for the embarkation of the body. Sailors have a superstitious dread of sailing on the same ship with the dead. The Cunard Line refused to take the body at all; the French Line finally consented to accept

it packed in a box labeled "a specimen of natural history" — of course in French. I resolved then that never when I had control would I allow the body of one whom I loved to be transported as common freight and handled by careless and indifferent strangers.

I left Miss B——— with the three sick children — convalescing, but not yet strong enough for the voyage — and took my journey home across a winter-swept Atlantic, with the two well children and the dead body of a third. It was a sad home-coming. I brought the dead to the dying, for the father had failed in my absence and the physicians gave no hope of his recovery. And I came home to a sick wife and a divided church. The New York "Times" had published a cable report of an epidemic of fever in Brussels — the schools dispersed, many stores closed, the streets deadened by tan-bark, or in some cases closed to traffic. The censor had not allowed these facts to be published in France. My wife knew more than I did. And she read this account before she got my letter announcing the illness of the children. She knew me as one from childhood careless of myself and cared for by others. My cablegram that we had embarked brought her no relief, for the ten days' voyage gave ample time for the development of the dread disease, and even for it to run its course and reach a fatal result. This anxiety, added to the parish anxieties of the previous months culminating in my absence, had broken, not her courageous spirit, but her never over-strong body. She had that spring three hemorrhages from the lungs, one slight, two somewhat serious. She awaited in bed the news from the arriving ship, uncertain whether it would bring her husband to her living or dead. Her pale face from the pillow greeted me with a smile that lingers in my memory yet, and

gave me assurance that my coming was better medicine for her exhausted nerves than any that the doctor could give to her.

I was also confronted by a division in opinion and policy which had appeared in the church during my absence. A minority, though an important and influential minority, had grown weary of raising every year a deficiency in revenue, which, though decreasing, gave no immediate promise of disappearing. We all agreed that a change of location was necessary. The minority was not willing to wait until our very gradual growth had made us strong enough to move, but wished to move at once, in order to gather strength. They had, therefore, in my absence brought forward a proposal to sell the church property and to lease a church in Madison Avenue. They rightly judged that I was not the man to lead in such an enterprise, and proposed to substitute a popular preacher who would be expected to gather by his eloquence a crowd, as Dr. Talmage had done in Brooklyn, and Dr. W. H. H. Murray had done in Boston. To carry on the existing enterprise with either a divided or a weakened church was out of the question. I promptly resigned; the majority handed over the control of the church to the minority; the church on Forty-first Street was sold; a church on Madison Avenue was leased; the popular preacher was secured; the church lived in its new quarters on its capital for a little over two years, and then, its money gone, dissolved.

Meanwhile I had ascertained that Cornwall was the nearest point to New York City where my wife could escape the fogs and damps of the Atlantic coast and live in a comparatively dry mountain air. The previous summer we had made trial of the place, for we had boarded there while I wrote, during the week, my Life

of Christ and went back and forth for the Sunday services. We moved to Cornwall and took a furnished house. The rent was the same whether we took the house for the summer or for a year; naturally we took it for the year.

It was a little over nine years since I had left the law for the ministry with a passionate ambition to become a great preacher and have some share in the ethical and the spiritual development of the Nation. Looking back, I think now that my first years in Terre Haute had not been wholly unsuccessful. But I had accomplished so much less than I had hoped that my pastorate seemed to me a failure. Then I had entered on a national work which I hoped to make my life-work. It had lasted four years. When in Terre Haute, I had written to my wife that I longed for a church of earnest, active members, like-minded with myself, that we might grow together into some approximation to my ideal of what a church of Christ should be. The opportunity had been given to me, and the result of my three years' ministry was an invalid wife, a discouraged church, a disheartened minister. I could have found then, looking back I can find now, in untoward circumstances, some explanation of my failure. But I have always thought it better to look for causes of one's failure in one's self, rather than in one's circumstances. When I looked to myself, what I found was that my ambitions were too great for my abilities. I had not the capacity to do what I had hoped to do, nor to be what I had hoped to be. My ambitious hopes were ended.

But my wife's courage forbade my fears; her faith in me inspired faith in myself. I could not be a great preacher nor a great statesman, but I could still be a useful citizen. To that humble rôle in life I resolved to de-

vote myself. Our entire assured and regular income was fifty dollars a month from "Harper's Magazine" for editing the Book Table. The rent of our Cornwall house was six hundred dollars a year. Thus our whole assured income was pledged for our rent. The rest of our expenses I must earn by my pen. To this task I set myself, with what results will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

BEGINNING AGAIN

THERE is a legend that Hendrick Hudson, sailing up the river which now bears his name, came about forty miles from its mouth to what he supposed to be the end of this arm of the sea. Standing on the bow of a modern steamboat, the unaccustomed traveler will readily reach a like conclusion. His way appears to be stopped by a range of hills through which he can discern no gateway until he comes to within perhaps a third of a mile of them. Then he sees that the river up which he had been sailing in a northerly direction turns at a right angle, and, following it, his steamer moves westward for a couple of miles or so, and then, turning again at a right angle, resumes its northerly course. He is now in the Highlands of the Hudson. The hills rise from the water's edge, sometimes with a narrow plateau between their base and the tidewater, sometimes absolutely precipitately, from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height. Through this range nature has made a pathway for the river to the ocean. It is twenty-five hundred feet from the bottom of the river valley to the top of the environing hills.

These Highlands of the Hudson, beautiful for scenery, are also rich in historic and literary associations. In entering and traveling through them, you pass through Haverstraw Bay, where the Vulture lay anchored, on which Benedict Arnold took his flight when his treachery

was discovered; St. Anthony's Nose, where the chain was stretched across the Hudson River to prevent the passage of the British fleet, and close by it the iron mine, still worked, which furnished part of the metal for the chain; the house where Arnold was when he learned that his treachery had been discovered and he slipped quietly away from his unsuspecting company; the beautiful plateau at West Point which George Washington selected with rare foresight for the Military Academy of the Nation; Cro' Nest, the scene of the frolics of the now almost forgotten Culprit Fay; Butter Hill, an English corruption of the Dutch Bötha Berg, but three quarters of a century ago rechristened by N. P. Willis Storm King, the name which it still bears. Here the steamer emerges again into the open country, the city of Newburgh five miles in the distance on the west bank. The Highlands, which end as abruptly as they began, constitute a penetrated wall of rock fifteen or twenty miles in breadth from the southern to the northern gateway, and one thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height. In passing through this wall the steamer has four times turned at a right angle. Thus this wall of rock furnishes a substantial barrier to the sea fogs and sea air of the coast. Spring on the southern slope of this line of hills is fully a week in advance of spring on the northern slope.

At the northern gateway of these Highlands, midway between West Point and New York City, is situated the village of Cornwall, on the west bank of the river. When in 1869 we made it our home, it was a quiet rural village, reached from New York in the summer by steamer, a three hours' sail, in winter by a branch of the Erie Railway, three miles and half to the west of us. Its docks furnished conveniences for shipping milk and small fruits in the summer; there were so many summer visi-

tors in the homes and so many small boarding-houses in and near the village, that some one said, "Everybody in Cornwall takes boarders, some with pay and some without"; and it contained a factory which was the headquarters of a successful builder whose contracts took him into New Jersey on the one side and Massachusetts on the other. The opening of the West Shore Railroad in 1883 made it almost as easy to reach the higher altitudes and cooler atmosphere of the Catskills as it had been to reach Cornwall, and the boarding-houses have now disappeared. But a prosperous carpet mill has been established by English capital which largely employs English working people, and the hills have been taken for summer residences by a considerable colony. So the village, or, to speak accurately, the two villages — for Cornwall is a Siamese twin — has more than double the population it had when I made it my home. What has added to its prosperity is the fact that we have succeeded under local option in keeping the saloon out of the town for over twenty years past.

My wife took full advantage of the country life and made full use of the fresh-air cure for tuberculosis. She lived out of doors, defied draughts, ran out bare-headed in all weathers; we got some hens and she raised chickens; we prepared a garden bed and she raised flowers; we had no sleeping-porches — they were unknown — but she always slept with the windows open. The fresh-air cure was unknown, at least to us; it was several years before Dr. Trudeau went to the Adirondacks and fifteen years before he founded the sanitarium there for consumptive patients. Ten years before this time the ordinary treatment for consumptives was to shut them up in a close room, keep them warm, avoid draughts, and especially shun night air. My wife was thus something

of a pioneer, at first against my anxious protest. I do not think that she had any clear idea that her course was especially hygienic. But she had a great horror of invalidism and no horror of death, and was resolved to live largely while she did live. She had no fear of a short life, but dread of a contracted life. She had been from the day of our marriage the physician of the family; I had a good deal of faith in her hygienic judgment and none in my own, and I soon accepted her point of view, made no futile endeavor to make her conform to the rules of invalidism, and supported her as well as I could in a course which seemed to others as well as to myself audacious. When an anxious friend persisted in cautioning her against her course, she finally replied that if he wished to bury her in a consumptive's grave he was going about it very directly; that she must live as wisely as she could, and, not disregarding certain principles which her doctor had laid down, must forget absolutely the possibilities which threatened her. This she did. The result could not have been better if she had been following the advice of a modern expert; she had no recurrence of the hemorrhages; her lung difficulty was entirely cured; and in her after life she was not even peculiarly subject to colds.

As I have said, my entire regular income was pledged for my rent, but I had some anchors to windward which made my course not quite so reckless financially as without them it would have been. Of these the one of most immediate importance was my connection with the house of Harper & Brothers. Its history affords a striking, though not unique, illustration of that growth of a great enterprise from a small beginning which was so characteristic of the nineteenth century, and especially of democratic America.

In 1817 Mr. James Harper and his brother John started in life as the proprietors of a small printing establishment in New York City. The two younger brothers, Wesley and Fletcher, followed, one after another. Neither brother worked for himself; all for the common welfare. How absolute was this community of interest is evidenced by the fact that for many years all the receipts were put into a common fund and each brother drew out what he needed for his personal use, and no accounts were kept between them. A gentleman once asked the senior member of the firm the not unnatural question, "Which one of you is the Harper and which are the brothers?" "Either one is the Harper and the rest are the brothers," was the reply. By a process of natural selection each brother took the place to which his temperament fitted him. John was a natural financier and acted as the treasurer; Wesley, a literary critic of excellent taste and judgment, had general charge of the book publications; Fletcher had an originating mind and created the three periodical publications of the house — the "Magazine," the "Weekly," and the "Bazaar." James Harper exercised a peculiar kind of supervision over the mechanical work of the establishment. Many years before welfare work, so-called, had been invented he invented a system of his own. Every day, often twice a day, he visited the different departments to see, not only how the work was going on, but also how the workers were getting on. He knew every workingman and workingwoman, and often their families, and of his personal kindness many were the stories treasured by employees. One typical instance selected from notes which I made over forty years ago must here suffice. A woman in the bindery had trouble with her eyes: it interfered with her work and gave her

no little anxiety concerning her future employment. She received an invitation to visit a sister and get without expense the rest she needed. But she was dependent on her daily wage for her livelihood. Mr. Harper learned the facts, not from her, for she made no complaint and preferred no request. He stopped one day, drew from her the fact of the invitation, offered her a vacation, and gave to her "a little book to read while you are gone." When she opened the book, she found the money for her journey between the leaves. It is not extraordinary that while I knew the house it never had experienced a strike.

The commingled caution and enterprise of these brothers is indicated by two contrasted incidents — the birth and what I may call the rebirth of the house. At first they did simply job printing. But work grew slack; the presses stood idle or were in danger of becoming idle. The brothers resolved to print a book on their own account, selected it with care, the eldest brother visited various book-sellers for orders, agreed to print each seller's imprint on the copies printed for him, and, when they had received orders enough to insure them against loss, and not before, they made their first venture in publishing. From this small beginning the house grew until in 1853, the year I graduated from college, it had grown to be the largest and most complete book manufacturing establishment in the world — occupying nine five-story buildings on Pearl Street and five on Cliff Street. Then in a day came death and resurrection. A plumber was at work in a room used for cleaning the rollers employed by the Adams presses. A pail of camphene (a purified oil of turpentine) stood near him. He thought it a pail of water, as extra precaution threw his lighted match into it, and in an instant the room was

in a blaze. He barely escaped with his life. This was at ten in the morning. At five in the afternoon the entire establishment was a mass of smoking ruins. "What thing shall we save first?" cried a frightened employee. "Never mind about the things," was the reply; "save the lives." And they were all saved. In a day a million of dollars' worth of property had gone up in smoke. The insurance was two hundred thousand dollars. While the firemen were still fighting the flames the four brothers held a consultation on the street and made their plans for resuming business, which they did the Monday morning following the fire. A composing-room was hired; matter for a new issue of the "Magazine" was collected, and a magazine was issued ten days after the date which it bore upon its title page, January 1. Their only brief reference to the fire contained a defense of the unfortunate plumber: "The fire," they said, "originated, strangely enough, in the excessive carefulness of a plumber who had occasion to make some repairs in the press-room."

William Borrow had just perfected his invention for the construction of iron beams, and the Harpers, after examination, adopted it in the construction of what was the first fire-proof building of any size in the city of New York. When I knew them, they were occupying this building, or rather these buildings, constructed on the old site. And here they edited, manufactured, published, and sold their three periodicals and their innumerable books. There was no private office — though one was provided afterward; the members of the firm occupied each his own desk in an open space looking out upon Pearl Street, separated from the warehouse only by a railing or fence. This indoor yard, if I may so call it, was a business and literary exchange open to all

sorts of visitors on all sorts of business and on none at all; but among them all the men who realized that "time is money" were very few. One of these idle visitors, after spending half an hour in purposeless conversation with Mr. James Harper, put to him the question, "Your brother John, I see, attends to the finance, and your brother Wesley, I am told, to the authors, and your brother Fletcher appears to be always busy about the 'Magazine' and the weeklies; what is your department?" "I," replied Mr. Harper, leaning over and speaking as if very confidentially, but in a stage whisper quite audible to those in the immediate vicinity, "I take care of the bores." Exceedingly well he did it; his good humor was unfailing, his fund of anecdote exhaustless, his knowledge of men an intuition. No man was ever turned gruffly away from the establishment. But many men were adroitly turned away without even suspecting the fact. There was but one species of boredom which even the philosophy of Mr. James Harper could not sustain. He drew the line at listening to an author's reading of a manuscript, and rarely submitted to more than one page. Either some new acquaintance coming in interrupted him, or one of the young men summoned him away for a moment and he forgot to return, or a pressing engagement obliged him to excuse himself, or, if every other resource failed, a sentence in the manuscript reminded him of a story, and thereupon story followed story in quick succession until at length the disgusted author rolled up his manuscript and departed. In such case he generally reported Mr. Harper as a very garrulous old man.

Fletcher Harper was the member of this firm with whom I had most to do. I do not think he ever wrote a line for either one of the periodicals, and I do not know that

he ever read a manuscript for them, but he not only had created them, he supervised and directed them. It was Fletcher Harper who foresaw that the developing education of women was creating a new reading constituency, and he organized "Harper's Bazaar," the first of the women's periodicals of which there are now so many, and he selected as its editor Miss Mary Louise Booth, who continued in charge until her death. It was Fletcher Harper who perceived the opportunity for a weekly journal which should employ both pen and pencil in illustrating the history of the times and made "Harper's Weekly" what it was called, a Journal of Civilization. He discovered or appropriated Thomas Nast, the greatest of American cartoonists — cartoonist but not caricaturist, for his humor did not need that quality of exaggeration which the modern cartoonist seems to find necessary in order to make his otherwise not too obvious jokes apparent. He called to his aid George William Curtis, who was not, as he was sometimes called, the editor of "Harper's Weekly," but who had given to him the editorial page to make what he would of it, and who made of it the most influential editorial page in America. The editing of the rest of the "Weekly" was in other hands. It was Fletcher Harper who saw that there are thousands who would like to read in a score of pages something of the science or travel or adventure contained in a volume of five hundred pages which only the select few will read. Largely for the purpose of giving in this way to American readers some acquaintance with the best material furnished by English current publications he called into existence "Harper's Magazine." When Henry Ward Beecher was accused of a heinous crime, and the malodorous scandal was spread all over the English-speaking world by the newspaper

reports of the protracted trial, it was Fletcher Harper who asked me to prepare a history of the case for "Harper's Weekly," and, while I hope that my history did something to correct false impressions, far more was done by the fact that so influential a periodical as "Harper's Weekly" showed its faith in Mr. Beecher. It was Fletcher Harper who engaged my Uncle John to write his "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," the first Anglo-Saxon publication which ventured to question the prevailing English estimate of the Emperor as only a successful freebooter. Mr. Harper's editorial judgment was justified by the extraordinary addition to the subscription list of the "Magazine" which this romantic story brought. It was Fletcher Harper who offered to my father the editorship of the "Magazine" when it was started, an offer which he wisely declined. My father was an author, not an editor, and the confinement to an office, the interviewing of authors, the endless correspondence, and the endless reading of manuscripts would have been very wearisome to him.

The connection which my father and uncle had thus made with Harper & Brothers made natural and easy my approach to the house. While still pastor of the New England Church I had prepared an edition of the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher by a careful examination of several hundreds of his sermons printed in different journals. My object was to present to the reader illustrative specimens of the great variety of types presented by Mr. Beecher's preaching. He was sometimes purely ethical, sometimes profoundly spiritual; sometimes his sermon was a prose poem, sometimes a compact theological treatise, sometimes almost exclusively exegetical. The work was finally published in 1868 in two volumes, and the money which was paid for it

probably went into the savings bank. I had habitually acted on my father's principle of spending less than I earned, supplemented by my own principle of spending it after I had earned it. I probably, therefore, had in bank a few hundred dollars of reserve to draw on when I moved my family to Cornwall. I had also written a "Life of Christ," and some copyright on this book I had a right to expect in the course of the current year, 1869.

I was able to secure occasional opportunities to furnish articles for the "Magazine" made from English illustrated books. This practice has now, I believe, been discontinued. I am inclined to think that the discontinuance has been rather a disadvantage to the public.

In this work as a magazine writer I learned a lesson from my father which has exerted a controlling influence upon me in my editorial life. Mr. Fletcher Harper asked me to write an article for the "Magazine" on ocean steamship travel, and when I declined, requested me to ask my father to write it. This I did.

"Why do you not write the article yourself?" asked my father.

"Because I know nothing of the subject," was my reply.

"Then," said he, "you are just the one to write it; for the chief object of a popular magazine article is to give knowledge of a subject to people who are wholly ignorant of it. To do that he must know both the subject and the condition of ignorance. If he is familiar with the condition of ignorance, he can make himself acquainted with the subject, but if he is thoroughly familiar with the subject it is almost impossible for him to acquaint himself with the condition of ignorance."

Whether I wrote this particular article or not I forget,

but this principle, laid down by my father, became my guide when later I took up editorial work. I have found it almost uniformly true that an expert cannot write on the subject with which he is familiar what readers who are not familiar with the subject can understand. The experienced but non-technical writer must provide the article, and it must then be submitted to the expert to make sure that he has fallen into no serious errors.

For the first year after going to Cornwall I attended the Presbyterian church directly opposite my home, and there I took my letter on leaving the New England Church. I was thus a Presbyterian layman while I was a Congregational clergyman. To which denomination I belonged I did not know. On one occasion, attending some ecclesiastical gathering, a roll was called and each delegate was asked his denominational connection. When my name was reached, I hesitated a moment, and some one called out, "Put him down Christian." That suited me; how I was enrolled I do not remember. I have never cared for denominational differences; am a Congregationalist chiefly because I was born and reared in that communion; but should have remained contentedly in any other branch of the Christian Church which would have granted me its fellowship and allowed me to preach the truth as I understand it. My experience as a layman gave me a layman's point of view of some church questions generally discussed only by clergymen. I embodied the results in a series of letters published in the "Christian Union" over the *nom de plume* "Laicus." They were subsequently so connected by a thread of narrative as to make them a story, and were published in book form by Dodd, Mead & Co. in 1871, under the title "Laicus," and later were republished under the title of "A Layman's Story."

When I went to Cornwall in the spring of 1869, it was with the expectation that after five or six months in the country I should find without difficulty some parish and should return again to pastoral work. But my experience as a candidate, described in a previous chapter, had created in me the resolve that I would not, if I could avoid it, seek for a parish, and no parish came seeking me. I received one letter from California inviting me to try an experiment there, but the distance was too great, the journey too arduous, and the hazard too considerable. I had read in "David Copperfield" the story of Mr. Micawber's experiences to good purpose, and had no inclination to wait for something to turn up. While I was doing what I could to meet immediate expenses by newspaper and periodical writing, I projected some plans for something more permanent. I wrote a volume retelling some of the Old Testament stories, treating them as foreshadowings or illustrations of New Testament teachings, entitling it "Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths." I edited a volume of devotional readings selected from the published and unpublished sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, which was entitled "Morning and Evening Exercises." And I prepared "A Religious Dictionary" in one volume, largely made by condensation from existing Biblical and theological dictionaries. In this work my wife actively coöperated, examining and comparing authors, revising and condensing articles from other English publications, and sometimes writing at my dictation. I also employed a young man, a graduate of Oberlin, who lived in my house, tutored some of our children, and aided me in this editorial work.

A larger work which I undertook was a "Commentary on the New Testament," for the publication of

which I arranged with the house of A. S. Barnes & Co. My object was to furnish for laymen or ministers unfamiliar with the original tongues a commentary on the New Testament which should be primarily interpretative, that is, which should endeavor to explain the meaning of the New Testament as an embodiment of fundamental, ethical, and spiritual principles, without going into minute grammatical interpretations of words and phrases. For my work on this commentary I depended on a couple of hours in the morning before the family were up. After I accepted the pastorate of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, in 1888, where I rarely could get to bed before eleven at night, I found it impossible to use these early morning hours, and consequently the commentary was never completed, though by special arrangement a volume on Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians was prepared and added to the preceding volumes by the Reverend Dr. John E. McFadyen.

If this life had involved my abandonment of preaching, I should not have been content; for I like to preach better than to listen. But presently an opportunity was offered for me to return to the pulpit without abandoning my literary engagements.

The twin villages Cornwall and Cornwall-on-Hudson (as they are distinguished by the Post-Office Department) are so closely connected as to appear to the visitor to be one, though there was, and still is, a good-natured rivalry between them. Each has its post-office, its school, its stores, its church or churches. Cornwall-on-Hudson has but one, a Presbyterian church, though at that time there was also an Episcopal chapel. Between the two villages is a Roman Catholic church, the largest and probably the most flourishing church in the town. In the village of Cornwall, popularly known as Canterbury,

with a population adequate to support one church efficiently, were five — Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Friends. The Presbyterian church in Cornwall had a congregation of about fifty, and paid with difficulty a salary of five or six hundred dollars. Such a church has no choice but to take as its pastor either a young man from the seminary, who comes that he may learn how to preach, or a man who by reason of age or ill health is unable to do the full work of the pastor. The former has no experience; the latter no ambition. In the spring or summer of 1870 a committee called and asked me to act as temporary supply. I replied that my engagements were such that I could assume no pastoral duties, I could not even promise to lead the weekly prayer-meeting; but I would preach for them on Sunday mornings, stepping aside at any time when they wished to hear a candidate. On this understanding I came. And they continued to look for a permanent pastor until 1887, seventeen years later, when I went to Plymouth Church.

My wife did the pastoral work which I had told the committee I could not undertake. She taught in the Sabbath-school, on occasion played the organ as a substitute, made the acquaintance of the new members of the congregation, and cultivated the acquaintance of the old members, made our afternoon recreative drives opportunities for occasional calls, and kept me acquainted with the life and the needs of the parish. I had a number of old sermons, now long since destroyed, but I made no use of them. My wife's suggestions, my contact with a great variety of men in my somewhat busy life, and my work on the "Commentary" supplied me with more themes than I could possibly make use of.

Soon some of the summer residents began to come,

first as visitors, then they took pews. The friendship formed between my family and one of these summer families resulted, as will hereafter appear, in determining for me my life vocation. There was a successful boys' boarding-school on the hill eight hundred feet above tide water, three miles from the church. This school began to attend the church. The growth of the congregation was gradual; but before long the little church was well filled, sometimes, on bright days in the summer, crowded. One enthusiastic friend, who, I fear, measured the value of the church services by the size of the congregation, a not altogether unusual standard of measurement, was naïvely delighted when, as occasionally occurred, he could feel himself obliged to go to a neighboring house and borrow some chairs to seat strangers in the aisle. The increased congregation brought with it increased financial resources. The church was freshly painted within; the old pulpit, a long counter behind which the minister stood like a salesman or a waiter in a restaurant, was taken away and a modern pulpit like an Episcopalian reading-desk, a gift of a summer resident, was put in its place; new hymn-books were purchased. The music, which was wholly congregational, was led by a volunteer choir, but there were no anthems except when some summer visitors volunteered a solo or a quartette, an addition always welcomed. The church began to contribute money to the missionary enterprises of the Presbyterian Church — not much; but it was something to have a church which it had been feared would have to ask for home missionary aid offering some aid to other churches. A ladies' missionary society was organized, of which my wife was an inspiring member, and a missionary box was sent out every year. The only begging the church ever did was the annual

notice from the pulpit inviting contributions for this box. I remember the gales of laughter in the secret councils of the Ladies' Aid when a discarded wig was sent for the home missionary box. What to do with it was a serious problem. To return it to the donor would make a tempest in a teapot — a very small tempest, but then it was a very small teapot. Destroy it and keep the secret? When was such a secret in a village church ever kept? So, finally, with much misgiving, it was put in the box and sent along, and presently came back a letter of special gratitude from the bald-headed missionary to whom it had come as a veritable godsend.

During these seventeen years I was not installed over the church and I never joined the Presbytery. I do not think that at any time in my life I should have been willing to subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith, which seems to me a hyper-Calvinistic document in its affirmation of divine sovereignty and its practical denial of free will. I agreed with the New School interpretation of the Bible and with the Old School interpretation of the Confession of Faith. But I was loyal to the Presbyterian Church, secured from my little congregation contributions to the Presbyterian boards, and saw to it that the church was represented at the meetings of the Presbytery. I do not doubt that some members of that Presbytery were more than doubtful of my orthodoxy. But, if so, they kept their doubts to themselves; no suspicions ever disturbed the peace of my parish.

The old pastor and his wife, long before this time retired from active service, but still living in the village and attending the old church, could not have treated me with more affection had I been their own son. Father Silliman, as he was affectionately called, was a quaint

figure, with his Sunday blacks on, his white beard, his infirm but spirited person, sitting in the haircloth arm-chair beside the pulpit, facing the congregation. Thus age and youth combined in giving the Sabbath message, and I sometimes wondered if his presence was not more effective than my address, if the service did not illustrate the saying that "Speech is silver and silence is golden." I was accustomed when coming up from New York to the evening meeting to take supper at their house. And, though I know that some of my teaching ran counter to their cherished convictions, they never attempted to interfere in the slightest degree with my liberty in the pulpit.

I wrote no sermons. I had no time to write. It is true that it takes more time to prepare an extemporaneous than a written address. But the time for the written address must be taken at the desk; the time for the extemporaneous address may be taken anywhere — on the cars, in the street, in bed, before going to sleep or when first awaking. Besides, to read an essay to fifty or a hundred of my personal friends and neighbors seemed a very formal and unfit proceeding. Several themes would come to me during my week's work. One of these I would select, generally by Saturday. On Sunday morning I would arrange the thoughts which had been collected during my fragments of meditation, put them in order on a sheet of note-paper or on the pages of a sermon notebook, and then go into the pulpit to talk upon this theme to my congregation of a hundred in the church as I might talk upon it to two or three in my parlor.

I soon learned what I regard as the first essential of an effective sermon. It must be an address *to* a congregation, not an essay *about* a theme. It must be addressed primarily not to the intellect but to the will, and in this

respect differs from a lecture, which is addressed primarily not to the will but to the intellect. It is like a lawyer's speech to a jury, not like a professor's lecture to a class. The minister should never ask himself, What theme interests me? but, What theme will profit my congregation? He should be able to answer to himself the question, What do I want to say to this people, at this time, and why do I want to say it? The first requisite of a good sermon, therefore, is a clearly defined *object;* and this object, in the preacher's mind, should determine his choice of a subject. When this simple but fundamental truth first dawned upon me, I was humiliated to find how many sermons I was preaching without a well-defined object. And to cure this defect I began to write down in my sermon notebook before the theme or the text the object which led me to select them both. This I can best illustrate by a verbatim quotation from my notebook. I take almost at haphazard three sermons: —

June 23d. *Object.* (1) To deepen and spiritualize the conviction of moralists, e.g. . . . (2) comfort and inspire overconscientious and burdened Christians, e.g. . . .
Matt. vi. 19.

Where I have here inserted points there were in my notebook the names or initials of certain individuals in my congregation as types of the kind of person I wished to influence.

July 7th. *Object* to intensify sense of divine presence and glory, awe of, love for, faith in Him.
Reading Acts, Ch. xvii, Psalm cxxxix.
Text, Jer. xxiii. 24.

Object. To denote clearly the characteristics of Christian, i.e., Christ-like, sorrow; both as a comfort for those that *are* in trouble, and as a preparation for those to whom trouble may yet come.

Often the text was not chosen until the sermon was prepared. Occasionally there was no text. The habit thus formed has remained with me throughout my life. My method of preparation for any sermon or address is to consider what I want to accomplish; next what thoughts and what organization of those thoughts will be best fitted to accomplish that object; and, third, in arranging those thoughts I endeavor to make my argument cumulative not merely logical, so that the last thoughts will be not merely the conclusion but the climax of the thoughts that have gone before. Only once since 1870 have I written a sermon which I intended to read. On the Sunday following the death of Henry Ward Beecher I was invited to preach in his pulpit, and I did not think I could safely trust to extemporaneous address. I therefore wrote the sermon with care. On Friday or Saturday I read it to my wife and waited for her verdict. "Lyman," she said, "I think that would make an excellent article for the 'North American Review.'" I was not so stupid as not to discern the criticism concealed in the compliment; made an analysis of the article, and gave the sermon without a note before me. It was really extemporaneous, for I have no verbal memory, and I made no attempt in the pulpit to recall what I had written in the study. The sermon was taken down in shorthand, and when its publication was called for it was printed from the stenographer's notes. As a sermon the extemporaneous address was far better than the written essay. That was twenty-seven years ago. Very rarely since then have I spoken from manuscript, and then only when I believed that a carefully written paper deliberately read would carry more weight than an extemporaneous address; as when I was asked to discuss before the New York Chamber of Commerce a new

charter proposed for New York City, which I believed would be almost wholly an instrument for evil; when I was asked to give to a committee of the United States Senate my view on the best way for dealing with the problem of monopoly; and when, on my installation, I was called on to give to the Congregational Council some account of my theological belief and religious experience. In these cases I believed a paper read would carry more weight than an address delivered. Occasionally, though very rarely, I have written an address and given it to the press, but always with the warning that it was only the outline, not a correct transcription of what I should say. The public speaker of to-day is given a choice: he may write a paper for the newspapers and read or deliver it to the audience, or he may make an address to the audience and leave the newspapers to get what they can through their reporters. I have invariably made the latter choice. The result has been some misreports and a good many non-reports; but neither result has given me any concern.

To return to my narrative.

At the end of a year and a half I had convinced myself that I could earn a support for myself and my family with my pen. My wife's health was restored. My children—I now had four—were thriving in the country air. Neither my wife, my children, nor myself were fitted for a city life. The family temperament was a nervous temperament, and life in the city was too tense for us. I resolved to make Cornwall our permanent home, to buy or build a house, and trust to my ability to make an income with my pen. My father was not a rich man. But his expenses were few, and he was still actively engaged in authorship. He pursued a plan with his four boys which in its prudent generosity and its

forethought was characteristic. He lent his sons on their interest-bearing notes money which they might need from time to time. He trusted us to pay the interest, so that in one sense the loan was an investment. When he died, these notes would be a charge against the estate, and the loan in no case amounted to more than the son's share in the estate. He lent me money enough, with what I could borrow on mortgage, to enable me to build. In March, 1870, I bought about two acres in the village of Cornwall-on-Hudson, and there built the house which has ever since been my home. It is about two hundred and fifty feet above the river; Newburgh Bay lies spread out before us like a lake to the north; the Highlands of the Hudson, rising twelve to fifteen hundred feet from the river's edge, are to the east, and the west gives us a view of a fertile and prosperous valley. There were only two or three trees upon the place, one of which, for sentimental reasons, I, or rather my father, preserved by building a mound of earth about it when the grading would have exposed the roots.

My father, as I have said in the opening chapter, was a natural landscape gardener. But he took no interest in raising flowers, fruits, or vegetables. "There is no objection to a fruit tree," he said, "if you can be sure that it will bear no fruit. But if you plant a fruit tree for the fruit, the winter will kill it, or the frosts will kill the buds, or blight will attack the leaves, or worms will burrow in the trunk, or summer drought will shrivel the fruit, or, if it survives all these dangers, the boys will pick the fruit for you some night and you will find an empty tree in the morning." We nevertheless tried a peach orchard, and the first winter verified his predictions — it killed the trees. But there are cherry trees

which give us an abundant crop, and an old apple orchard, which I later added to the homestead, gives us apples in the fall and a wealth of apple blossoms in the spring. My father forgot that fruit trees give blossoms as well as fruit. He spent hours with me in his visits in the spring and fall in planning the roadway and the paths and counseling about shade trees. My wife was an apt pupil. I do not know of any place so small which has an equal variety and quantity of shade trees, and, with possibly one or two exceptions, my wife selected, placed, and supervised the planting of them all. In this home two of my six children and three of my grandchildren were born. Here all of my children spent their childhood until they went away to school or college. To Cornwall three of my four sons have returned and built their country homes. And here four of my children and all my grandchildren live in the summer, and some of them throughout the year. Building when I did was something of a venture. But I hold it to be a sound economic principle that when a man has good reason to believe that his home is likely to be permanent, it is prudent economy for him to estimate what rent he can pay and then build or buy a home, provided the interest and taxes do not amount to more than the rent he can afford. The experience in my case serves to justify this principle.

The house finished, my life in it was characterized by a degree of regularity which I had not before attempted. I rose at half-past four or five, made myself a cup of coffee, and with that and a roll for an early breakfast worked upon the "Commentary" until the family breakfast at eight. From nine until a two-o'clock dinner I worked in the library upon the "Religious Dictionary" or upon my book reviews for "Harper's Magazine,"

or any chance newspaper or magazine article which I might have on hand. The afternoon, after dinner and an hour's sleep to make up for the early rising, I gave to the children, or to work upon the grounds, or to a drive with my wife. I bought a canoe with air chambers in bow and stern, making it a life boat, and went out in it with my children on the river or up the creek. The boys made a skiff themselves on a pattern suggested, I believe, by the "St. Nicholas." We carted it over the hills to a pond in the Highlands where for two or three successive summers we camped out for a few days. The wooded hills about Cornwall with their abandoned wood roads afford fine opportunities for pedestrian excursions, and these constituted a common summer recreation. In the summer three days in the week the afternoon was devoted to a swim in the Hudson or in the mouth of the creek emptying into it. I taught the four boys to swim, and they all swim better than I can. It is a part of my philosophy that the sons and daughters should surpass their parents, else this world would make no progress. I was generally in bed and asleep before ten, in preparation for early rising the next day. If there were guests, I left my wife to entertain them. She had no inclination for either early retiring or early rising, and I was, and still am, inclined to both. From the very beginning of our Cornwall experiment I earned enough for our comfortable support, but I was always a little anxious over the question what would happen to us when the "Dictionary" was finished and the demand for my casual articles for the magazines and newspapers came to an end. My wife laughed at my fears, but I often told her that I could trust the Lord for everything but money. I have never been able to see what right any man has to live on other people and trust the Lord to pay his debts.

These fears were removed in the spring of 1871 by an invitation from a wholly unexpected quarter.

The American Tract Society was organized in 1825 for the purpose of creating a religious publishing house national in scope and catholic but evangelical in spirit. In 1870 it had become one of the important publishing houses of America. It printed tracts and sold them at cost for gratuitous distribution. It printed books especially for use in the church and Sunday-School, and published several periodicals, including two or three in foreign languages. The publications were under the control of a committee representing different Protestant evangelical denominations and its constitution provided that no publication should be issued by the house to which any member of that committee objected. Its publication work was carried on under the direction of a business manager and three secretaries, the latter dividing among themselves the supervision and selection of the publications. This society in 1870 proposed to add to their other periodicals an "Illustrated Weekly" which should differ from other religious weeklies by being illustrated, and from other illustrated weeklies by being distinctly religious. The committee proposed to me to organize and become the editor of this new publication.

The invitation appealed to me very strongly. The position would give me a stated and regular income; it would relieve me from the necessity of finding a market for my literary wares in different periodicals and among different publishers, a task which was peculiarly obnoxious to me; and, if the enterprise succeeded, it would give me a position of influence and usefulness. There were two obstacles in the way of acceptance. Cornwall was too far from New York and too inaccessible to make

daily trips possible. In the summer I must come and go by a boat which did not reach New York until nearly eleven o'clock, or by train on the Erie Railroad from a station three miles and a half from my house. This difficulty was overcome by securing in connection with the editorial office a bedroom where I could spend the night whenever so inclined, getting my meals, as I had done when a college boy, in restaurants. The other difficulty was more serious. I believed then, as I believe now, that the editor-in-chief of either a daily or a weekly publication must be something of an autocrat. He must be able habitually to pass upon manuscripts offered for publication without taking time for consultation with others, and not infrequently he must decide, not only upon specific editorial utterances, but upon questions involving general policy, without waiting for the approval of associates. The Tract Society had never been used to any such method of publication. Every question had been submitted to and discussed by the secretaries, and unanimity of opinion had practically been made a prerequisite to publication. The secretaries were naturally desirous to maintain this principle, partly perhaps because they were unwilling to relinquish their customary authority, but chiefly, I am sure, because they were prudently afraid to repose in a single and comparatively unknown associate a degree of power which no one of them had ever exercised. Upon this question we had repeated conferences. I explained to the committee the grounds for my convictions, and to all compromises which clouded or obscured this fundamental principle of final authority in the editor-in-chief I interposed a persistent negative. At length my principle was accepted. I was made editor-in-chief, the whole responsibility of the journal was placed upon me,

and I entered upon my duties with the good will of my associates, though not without some fears on their part. Having obtained this authority, I was cautious in its exercise, and customarily conferred with the secretaries respecting important articles and editorials whenever I could do so without injurious delay. Of course the constitutional provision of the Society that nothing could be published to which any member of the publication committee objected remained unaltered, and every week the advance sheets of the "Illustrated Christian Weekly" were sent to each member of the publication committee for their consideration. Never during my administration was any article returned with an objection; and I suspect after the first few weeks of publication the advance sheets were rarely looked at. The members of the committee were busy men.

The avoidance of friction during the five years of my editorship of the "Illustrated Christian Weekly" was partly due to the mediating temperament which I had inherited from my father. I have always been willing to yield upon questions of detail if I can have my way upon questions of prime importance. But this freedom from friction was certainly not less due to my associate in the editorship, Mr. S. E. Warner. He was a man of infinite patience, unwearied in detail. I was so eager to reach my result as to be often careless of detail. He would often spend as much time in the weighing of a word or a phrase as I would spend in writing a paragraph. This was work he liked to do, and I liked to have him do it. He was familiar with the traditions of the Society and knew instinctively what word or phrase might offend the sensibilities of the secretaries, the committee, or our constituents. I soon learned to write my editorials with joyous rapidity and leave corrections

to him, almost invariably accepting them without a question, and often leaving to him the final reading of the editorial while I took my train for home. After the work was once fairly organized and my personal relations were adjusted, I continued to do most of my editorial writing and practically all the preparatory study in my library at Cornwall. It was my editorial theory, which Mr. Warner's association helped me to carry out, that the editorship of an influential journal needs two minds, one careless of detail, the other devoted to detail. If the editor-in-chief lives and carries on his writing in his office, the details come to him whether he will or no, and he finds in the constant interruptions of the office little opportunity for the study of great questions and less opportunity for meditating on them. After I left the Tract Society in 1876 to accept the editorship of the "Christian Union" the "Illustrated Christian Weekly" was continued under other editorial direction for ten years; it was then sold and conducted as a private enterprise for a few years more, and was finally discontinued. One cause which led to its demise was the increasing tendency of the community to abolish the old-time distinction between the religious and the secular, a tendency which has brought about the diminishing circulation and influence of most of the church papers and has led the public more and more to look in undenominational and secular periodicals for information concerning religious movements and for discussion of religious problems. In its bearing on my life the editorship of the "Illustrated Christian Weekly" was chiefly valuable as an apprenticeship for the larger work which, wholly unsuspected by me, lay before me. What that work was and how I came to enter upon it appears in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV

THE NEW JOURNALISM

THE New York "Independent" was established in 1848 as a representative of radical Congregationalism, and placed under the joint editorship of three Congregational ministers — Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, Leonard Bacon, and Joseph P. Thompson. Independence in Church carries with it independence in State, and the new journal gave voice to the reforming spirit of the time. It was especially vigorous in its interpretation and advocacy of the anti-slavery movement. In 1861 Henry Ward Beecher succeeded the triumvirate and became editor-in-chief, and the editorials which he wrote on the slavery question were quoted and copied North and South and exerted a powerful influence in shaping public opinion. But he soon wearied of the regularity and routine inevitable in editorial work, and in the fall of 1863 retired, giving place to Theodore Tilton, his protégé, a brilliant writer but an erratic thinker. Mr. Beecher continued, however, to write for the paper at intervals, and was under contract to give to it a sermon every week for publication. When the Republican party, after the death of Abraham Lincoln, enforced upon the South a policy of universal suffrage which devolved the political power in the Southern States upon the ignorant and incompetent, too often led by the self-seeking and the corrupt, Mr. Beecher parted company with his old anti-slavery allies, and when a soldiers' convention was held in

Cleveland, Ohio, to pledge from men of unquestionable loyalty their support to President Johnson in his resistance to the Republican radical policy, Mr. Beecher wrote a letter of sympathy which aroused against him almost as much indignation as Daniel Webster's 4th of March speech in favor of the compromise measure had aroused against that statesman sixteen years before. The "Independent," which adhered to the radical wing of the Republican party, sharply criticised its former editor, and at the same time, without notice to Mr. Beecher, ceased the publication of his sermons. The criticism Mr. Beecher bore, as he bore all such criticisms, with equanimity. If the withdrawal of the sermons had been accompanied with any explanation to the public, I think he would have borne that also. But no explanation was offered; the public, which is accustomed to jump to its conclusions without waiting for a knowledge of the facts, assumed that Mr. Beecher had out of pique ceased to furnish his sermons to the paper which had criticised him, and he was deluged with letters from all over the country rebuking him for acting in such disregard of the principles and the spirit which in his preaching he inculcated. In sheer self-defense he gave to the "Independent" the three months' notice required to end the contract, and at the same time let the facts be known. It may be presumed that the protesting letters now began to pour in upon the "Independent." At all events, it promptly proposed to recommence the publication of the sermons. But, while Mr. Beecher was not easily aroused by any injustice to himself, when his resolution was once taken he did not easily reverse it. His connection with the "Independent" was never renewed.

This break took place in the fall of 1866. Mr. Beecher's

friends at once proposed to start another weekly which should be the exponent of his views, political and religious; but for a time he resisted all persuasions which would lead him into a position of apparent rivalry with the journal whose editor, Theodore Tilton, and publisher, H. C. Bowen, were members of his church and had been his warm personal friends. Three years passed — time enough for the public to forget the incident and to give the "Independent" a standing quite apart from Mr. Beecher. A little paper called the "Church Union," with a circulation of two or three thousand, was in existence, devoted to the promotion of an organic union of all Protestant churches in one body, an ideal which Mr. Beecher thought neither practical nor desirable. The publishing house of J. B. Ford & Co. purchased this paper and converted it into the "Christian Union," devoted to the promotion of a unity of feeling and a cooperation of effort of all Christian churches, and in June, 1870, it began its new life with the salutatory of Henry Ward Beecher as its editor-in-chief. In this salutatory he defined both the purpose and the spirit of the new journal. The "Christian Union," he said, "will devote no time to inveighing against sects. But it will spare no pains to persuade Christians of every sort to treat one another with Christian charity, love, and sympathy. . . . Above all, and hardest of all, it will be our endeavor to breathe through the columns of the 'Christian Union' such Christian love, courage, equity, and gentleness as shall exemplify the doctrine which it unfolds, and shall bring it into sympathy with the mind and will of the Lord Jesus Christ, in which great labor we ask the charity of all who differ, the sympathy of all who agree, and the prayers of all devout men, whether they agree with or differ from us."

Nearly twenty years before, F. D. Maurice, whose provocation was great and who was never lacking in courage, had made, in a letter to Lord Ashley, a bitter attack on the religious press of England, in which he said: "The principle of doing evil that good may come, that it is lawful to lie to [1] God, that no faith is to be kept with those whom they account heretics, are principles upon which these Protestant writers habitually and systematically act. The evil which they do to those whom they slander and attack is trifling; the evil which they do to their readers and admirers is awful." I do not think the American religious press ever deserved so severe an indictment; whether the English press deserved it or not I do not know. But, with the possible exception of the "Independent," all the religious papers of any note were denominational organs. They have been not inaptly called "trade journals." Their first duty was to report the doings and defend the practices and tenets of their respective sects. And the amenities which characterized their denominational controversies is not unfairly illustrated by the following paragraph from the New York "Independent," published about the time of which I am writing, and referring to a contemporary religious weekly: —

> Take a man who can neither write, nor preach, nor keep his temper, nor mind his own business; thrill his bosom day by day with a twenty years' dyspepsia; flush his brain with the hallucination that his bookkeeping mind is competent to religious journalism; put a pen in his hand wherewith to write himself down a Pecksniff; set him, like a dog in his kennel, to make a pastime of snapping at the respectable people of the neighborhood, and then, gentle reader, you have a specimen copy of the "Evangelist."

[1] So quoted in his biography, but I suspect is a misprint; probably should be "lie *for* God."

That a paper could be a Christian paper and not a church organ appeared to this sectarian press quite impossible. The novel proposal was greeted with a chorus of protest, criticism, and derision which was not always free from personalities. The following paragraph from one of Mr. Beecher's earliest editorials must here suffice to interpret to the reader the kind of reception which was accorded to the "Christian Union" by its religious contemporaries and the spirit in which Mr. Beecher replied to their welcome: —

The "Watchman and Reflector" has introduced a needless personal element into its remarks: "With the highest respect, however, for Mr. Beecher's pulpit ability and his great freedom from a blind regard for sect, we doubt his competency to guide Protestant Catholicism. He is too impulsive. He is too sentimental. He is too loose. He is too ready to surrender truth." In editing the "Christian Union" Mr. Beecher no more proposes "to guide Protestant Catholicism" than, in editing the "Watchman and Reflector" Mr. Olmstead proposes to guide the Baptist churches of New England. May we not be allowed to contribute what little we can to so good an end as the more cordial coöperation of all Christians? As to the rest of the paragraph ("He is too impulsive. He is too sentimental. He is too loose. He is too ready to surrender truth"), we shall take it to heart and strive henceforth to be slower, dryer, tighter, and more obstinate.

The public appreciated the purpose of the "Christian Union" better than did the denominational organs, and it sprang at once into a circulation of thirty thousand, probably larger than that of any church organ, with possibly one or two exceptions. It was the chromo age, and also the age of giving premiums to subscribers. The enterprising publisher got two charming chromos of a little child with the descriptive titles "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," had one hundred and thirty thousand copies printed in France, gave a copy of each print

to every new subscriber to the "Christian Union," and in a single year pushed the circulation up to one hundred and thirty thousand or thereabouts.

Meantime I was both writing a weekly letter for the "Christian Union" and doing some incidental editorial work for the "Independent," chiefly book reviewing. This casual and intermittent employment gave me a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the feeling of both the editor and the publisher of the "Independent," and I took occasion to warn Mr. Beecher that the phenomenal success of his paper had intensified their hostility to him, aroused by his withdrawal three years before. He laughed at my fears; and I must confess that when the conspiracy against him was consummated and the charges were brought against him with the avowed purpose of driving him into retirement, I was no less amazed than he. My conviction, which at the end of the long trial I expressed editorially in the columns of the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," that "the inherently improbable accusation is the product of a jealous malice," is the judgment of history. Accusers and accusation are now alike forgotten. But, coupled with other causes, they proved at the time disastrous to the "Christian Union." The subscriptions purchased by chromos did not stay purchased. It was said that in one Canadian town French-Canadian subscribers were obtained who could not read the English language, and who had subscribed to the paper solely for the pictures. Another chromo for the next year's campaign proved ineffective. The firm of J. B. Ford & Co. failed, whether owing to this collapse in the subscription list or to other causes I do not know. A small corporation of friends of Mr. Beecher was organized to publish the "Christian Union." But at that time Mr. Beecher's name was not

a name to conjure by. Although his church was still crowded and whenever he lectured throngs flocked to hear him, the paper which bore his name had to make its way against an ebbing tide and an adverse wind.

I believe, however, that it would have more than held its own, in spite of these adverse circumstances, if it had not been for one other circumstance not less adverse. Mr. Beecher, during the first year of the "Christian Union," had written constantly for it; and what he wrote had the impress of his genius. Then came the time of accumulating difficulties. To write became an arduous task. When he wrote, there was no audience visibly present to inspire his pen, as there was when he spoke to inspire his tongue. Though his name stood on the first page of the "Christian Union" as its sole editor, he rarely wrote for it. Yet he would not allow its columns to defend his good name from attack. I doubt whether there was any journal in America which had as little to say about him as the "Christian Union." His enemies would not take it because it carried his name. His friends did not take it because it carried nothing of his but his name. His associate, Mr. George S. Merriam, under other circumstances, would have made a great editor. He wrote a beautiful English because his was a beautiful spirit. His character enabled him to draw about him a notable corps of contributors. The "Christian Union" under his editorship was, in my judgment, the best, though not the most popular, literary weekly in America. But, though it offered to its readers Mr. Beecher, it gave neither Mr. Beecher nor anything about Mr. Beecher; and Mr. Merriam resigned.

It was at this juncture, in the spring of 1876, that the proposition was made to me to become associated with Mr. Beecher in the editorship of the "Christian Union."

The objections will at once occur to the reader of the foregoing pages. It was another experiment, and it seemed to me that my life thus far had been nothing but a series of experiments. I had been an experimental lawyer, an experimental pastor, an experimental secretary, an experimental author, and now it was proposed that I should exchange one experiment in editorship for another experiment in editorship. The paper to which I was invited had gone through a boom and a collapse, and it is difficult to say which is the greater blow to permanent prosperity. But this very fact appealed to me. Because some of Mr. Beecher's old friends had turned against him and others had deserted him and were maintaining a neutral attitude, I wished publicly to identify myself with him. I wanted to stand where some of the shots aimed at him would strike me. I had obtained something of a reputation, and believed that joining him in his newspaper enterprise would be a distinct, and possibly an important, advantage to him. The atmosphere of the Tract Society was charged with suspicion if not with hostility to him and to much for which he stood; so much so that when I penned the editorial in the "Illustrated Christian Weekly" characterizing the accusations of Mr. Beecher as a product of "jealous malice" I was by no means certain that it would not be objected to by some members of the publication committee, and I had decided that if such objection was made I would resign my position. Most important of all the considerations in favor of the change was the additional freedom which it promised me. I believed heartily in the purpose and spirit of the "Christian Union" as they had been defined by Mr. Beecher in his salutatory. The opportunity to have some share in promoting the unity of Christendom, not by an or-

ganic union of all churches in one church, but by the coöperation of all churches in the teaching of Christian truth and the inspiration of Christian life, constituted a strong appeal to me.

After much deliberation and many conferences between the managers of the "Christian Union" and myself, I accepted the invitation. These conferences extended from the last of April into August. There were some important changes that had to be made, which, though they seemed wise both to them and to me, could not be settled upon without considerable deliberation. The Christian Union Publication Company owned a printing-press, bought when its circulation was one hundred and thirty thousand. For such a press it had no need, nor could it find employment for it unless it was to open a job printing office. It was disposed of. The by-laws of the company gave to Mr. Beecher absolute authority to determine what should go into the "Christian Union," whether in its literary or its advertising pages. The trustees conferred on the associate editor, in the absence of the editor-in-chief, this authority. As the editor-in-chief was always absent, my authority was practically absolute. My name was put with Mr. Beecher's at the head of the columns. Whether Mr. Beecher wrote much or little, no subscriber could justly complain that he was promised Beecher and given only Abbott. Finally, it was agreed that I should have one full year to make trial of my abilities; after that time the contract between myself and the company could be terminated by either party on reasonable notice to the other. I have never wanted to work for any employer after he ceased to want my work.

From the very first Mr. Beecher put the whole control of the paper unreservedly into my hands. Thereto-

fore the proof of the "Christian Union" had been sent to him every Monday morning and his revisions called for Monday night. Sometimes those revisions had been considerable, on one or two occasions revolutionary. The first Saturday after I had assumed charge the foreman of the printing-office came to me to know whether the proofs should be sent as usual. This was my first knowledge of the custom. I considered a moment, then replied in the negative. If I sent them, Mr. Beecher would consider himself obliged to revise them; if I did not send them and he wished to revise them, he could send for them. He never asked for them, and they were never sent. I think he was glad to be rid of a disagreeable task.

In entering on my new field, I remembered my father's principle that it is a law of morals, as of physics, that to move from one point to another it is necessary to pass through all the intermediate points, and I was careful not to signalize my assumption of editorial reform by any sudden changes in the paper. The most important change was the gradual transformation of the "Christian Union" from a weekly periodical of "generally entertaining and instructive literature" to a weekly history and interpretation of current events. This change was only gradually brought about. The immediate effect of it was the change of what had been a series of incidental editorial paragraphs into a systematic paragraph history of the week. I had introduced such a feature into the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," to which I gave the title of "The Outlook."

There was, of course, nothing original in such a paragraph account of the week. The London "Spectator" had given its readers such a history, perhaps the New York "Nation" also. The similar department in the

"Christian Union" differed from those of its predecessors in being prophetic rather than historical. I do not mean that it undertook to foretell the future. But it undertook, not merely to narrate the events of the week, but to interpret them; to turn the mind of the reader toward the future and help him to see in what direction current history was moving. This endeavor was founded on the faith that all human progress is a divinely ordered progress, and that all events are to be measured, not by their relation to a political or a church organization, but by their relation to human welfare and human development. In this endeavor I have always been guided by my faith that the solution of all problems, whether individual or social, is to be found in the principles inculcated and in the spirit possessed by Jesus Christ. In the early days of the "Christian Union" I myself wrote nearly the whole of this weekly history. In doing so the model I followed was found in the Hebrew prophets and in the four Gospels.

From the first it was my aim to make the paper Christian without making it either theological or ecclesiastical. My purpose was defined for me and in considerable measure inspired in me by my father. An extract from one of his letters, written to me five years before, when I was laying out the plans for the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," defines this indefinable spirit. The best way, he said, for a mother to influence her children is to make her children love her, and then to be herself what she wishes them to be.

> So my idea of what the conductors of such a religious paper should aim at is not to *prove* religious truth by such "discussions" as you refer to in your letter, but simply to *make people like the paper* and then *express* in it the truths and sentiments we wish them to imbibe.

If this view is correct, the true policy would be, not to make the paper exclusively religious, but to make it a general storehouse (of course not to too great an extent) of everything that would be useful, entertaining, and instructive for the family and the fireside. Making books or publications *too exclusively* religious tends in some degree to *dissociate* religious sentiments and thoughts from the ordinary affairs and avocations of life, whereas it has always seemed to me desirable that the two sets of ideas and feelings should be indissolubly blended.

When, in 1876, I became, jointly with Mr. Beecher, editor of the "Christian Union," it was published at 27 Park Place. It employed no shorthand writers and no typewriting machines. Its circulation was not quite fifteen thousand. It had one floor devoted to the editorial and business offices, and a loft used as a composing-room. The editorial offices were separated from the business offices only by a partition which did not reach the ceiling, so that anything that went on in the public room was liable to be an interruption to the editors. Colonel Charles L. Norton, who had conducted the paper for the year following Mr. Merriam's retirement, remained as managing editor. John Habberton was also connected with it as a special contributor and occasional editorial writer. One other young man assistant was employed to prepare the department known as "Religious Intelligence," which consisted of gossipy items concerning churches and ministers of all denominations and all sections of the country, a department which, after undergoing several changes, was finally abandoned.

For the last five years the circulation of "The Outlook" has averaged from eight to ten times the circulation the "Christian Union" had thirty-eight years ago. It has a staff of seven editors, each having his own room, four stated editorial contributors on special topics, and correspondents in different parts of the country on whom

it depends for special information. The subjects treated cover a much broader range, comprising every department of life. The journal is more sociological, less theological, but, I hope, not less religious. Every week the editors meet for conference, spend two or three hours in discussing the important events to be treated and in comparing views as to the meaning of these events and their proper interpretation; and the paragraph history of the week, which thirty years ago I wrote almost entirely myself, is now the product of a number of minds acting in coöperation after joint deliberation and often considerable correspondence. Each issue of "The Outlook" is essentially the product of team work. My experience of the inspirational effect of writing "with the handcuffs off" has been of great value to me in my editorial career. No editor ever writes for "The Outlook" anything other than his sincerest convictions.

From the first my wife, whose versatility during almost fifty years of married life was ever a new surprise to me, was an unofficial co-editor. She read manuscripts, wrote letters, gave me her critical judgment on books, counseled with me as to policies, was the best, because the severest, critic of my editorials, and did much to develop a department of the paper for which I had neither time, inclination, nor ability — its domestic side. Out of this grew what was for several years a characteristic feature of the paper, its "Aunt Patience Department." As "Aunt Patience" she opened a correspondence with the children of the homes into which the paper went. She received many hundreds of letters from children of all ages, published some of them with comments, answered others personally. Every year she sent to her correspondents a specially prepared Christmas card containing some appropriate motto of her selection, as,

"The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize," or of her origination, as, "May this blessed Christmas help us to be more strong to resist, patient to endure, constant to persevere." After the department had been continued for two or three years the letters of the new group of children repeated in substance the letters previously published, the department became to the general reader monotonous, and was discontinued. In vain I urged her to continue it in a new form, substituting for the children's letters her own editorials of counsel to them. She was too self-distrustful to write for the public, nor could I persuade her that the public was made up of individuals, and what would interest one child would interest ten thousand children. But as long as she lived we met from time to time fathers and mothers who greeted her warmly as the "Aunt Patience" of their childhood.

In 1879 Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie joined the editorial staff, and soon so proved his rare ability as an interpretative critic that the literary department of the paper was put under his charge. In 1884 he was surprised one morning by finding that I had placed his name with mine at the head of the paper as Associate Editor. The subsequent years of literary partnership have been years of deepening spiritual friendship which nothing ever has, and I believe nothing ever can, sever. Other editors have from time to time been added to what we are accustomed to call "The Outlook family," which includes all who cooperate in the publication, from the errand boy to the editor-in-chief. To narrate here the successive changes which out of the "Christian Union" have developed "The Outlook" would take me too far from this purely personal narrative. There are, however, two important events, one making, the other reflecting, a direct and

important change in its character, which must here be mentioned in order to complete this chapter in its history.

In 1878 or '79 — I am not sure as to the date — Mr. Lawson Valentine bought a farm in Orange County about six or seven miles from my home in Cornwall, and began attending the little church where I was preaching. Of course my wife and I called upon the family. So commenced a friendship which is one of the most sacred of the many friendships which have enriched my life. It has continued to the second and third generations. Mr. Valentine's son-in-law is the vice-president of The Outlook Company, and a grandson is one of my associates on the editorial staff.

I shall not undertake an analysis of Mr. Lawson Valentine's character. Genius is difficult, perhaps impossible, of definition. It has been called an infinite capacity for taking pains. That is exactly what it is not. I know of no better sign of it than Owen Meredith's saying, "Genius does what it must, talent does what it can"; no better definition of it than Coleridge's, "Genius is the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood." To genius life is always fresh, novel, a new call to adventure. It includes fertility, originality, spontaneity, a certain unlikeness to other men. Within its domain it is audacious. It both dreams and dares. If this be a true estimate, then Mr. Lawson Valentine was as truly a genius as any man I have ever intimately known. I compare him in my own mind to an electric dynamo. He was charged with a perfectly exhaustless current of energy, but he needed a transmitter to convert that energy into practical action.

From the first I think he liked me; from the first I

LAWSON VALENTINE

know I liked him. The liking grew into admiration, then into deep affection. He was often an enigma to me, but always a fascinating enigma. His suggestions were often puzzles, and I could not always find the answer; but studying them was always worth while. On the hill above his country house he made a camping ground, built a road to it, and opened it to the public. They came and carved their names upon the trees. Instead of a prohibition he put up a great board, and on it a sign, "Carve your names here," and the public complied. He once suggested to me that the New York churches all close their doors for one Sunday, send their congregations out to hunt up suffering to be relieved and need to be supplied, and put on the church doors the notice: "Closed for the day to enable the congregation to practice Christianity instead of listening to it." Quite impracticable? Very true. And yet one can imagine how, if the churches could have been induced to take such action, the country would have been shaken by the message from center to circumference, as no preaching could possibly have shaken it. Some letters written between 1884 and 1891, during which time Mr. Valentine was active as an inspiring and directing spirit in the "Christian Union," lie before me. From them I make some characteristic extracts: —

ATLANTA, GA.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: — I hope that things may work so favorably that I may some day hear you lecture in this city under this text: —

"THE WAR IS OVER"

I think the whole South is fifty-one to eighty-one per cent ready for an hour's talk with your *spirit* of Union as the warp and encouraging words as the filling. What say you? Our paper is wanted here if known.

1884. My chief desire is, as in the past, to strengthen your

hands so you can do *your work* in the best way to the largest number. We are on the edge of labor matters that will be greater than any of this century. The "C. U." is now in shape to lead in that evolution at least as *one power.*

I take the cry of "Stop my paper" as the best evidence that the editors are trying at least to do their duty, and I would n't have an editor that could n't draw this cry now and then.

Isle of Wight. I vote England and the Continent for 4, 8, 12 months for our editor-in-chief *as soon* as it can be brought about. Now I must wait the vote of the office and your action in *Faith.*

I have *always* been a reader of Carlyle and Emerson. Now what do they mean for this generation? Is it nothing? . . . Editors, what say you to the *wisdom* of Carlyle and Emerson to help those of the years 85, 86, 87, 88, and then a new style of President and Presidential *election?* Editors, what say you to the power of your press to bring to life again these two minds for the good of the people?

I have printed these extracts in advance of their chronological place in the narrative because I want my readers to know my friend as he is interpreted by his own words.

And by his deeds. I think I have never seen a man so possessed by a passion for helping his fellow-men. It was not exactly philanthropy. It seemed to me that his boundless energy called on him to help every endeavor for human welfare if it seemed to him wholehearted, much as a soldier in battle might be eager to be sent to the front with every detachment, whether it was cavalry, infantry, or artillery. He found a man struggling with the problem of establishing in Cornwall a village paper, and gave him money, advice, and courage. The immediate result was failure; the ultimate result an excellent and successful local weekly paper, though conducted by wholly different hands. The question of the incorporation of the village came up for dis-

cussion. It seemed to us who lived within the village limits essential to our prosperity, and no one, I think, contributed more to the successful campaign than he, who lived five or six miles away. He wanted me to secure the appointment of a committee, of which I should be one, to plan and construct some mountain paths up Storm King for pedestrians. Nothing came of that suggestion either. The work I had in hand took all my time and strength. I have always held that, as it is a wise financial rule to spend less money than one earns, so it is a wise hygienic rule to spend less strength than one can accumulate. Perhaps it is for that reason that I am in better health at seventy-nine than I was at seventeen. Mr. Valentine's farm of five or six hundred acres, named for his wife Houghton Farm, he made into an experimental station for the study of agricultural problems and the promotion of agricultural interests. This farm was organized and carried on as an object-lesson for the benefit of the community, and students of agriculture came from far to study its processes and methods. One incident out of many illustrating the wide uses which the farm served is furnished by the coming, about 1884, of a Japanese student to this farm, where he spent two years learning the art of agriculture by practical experience, and then went back to Japan to become a professor and Dean of the College of Agriculture in the Tohoku Imperial University at Sappora, Japan, and a leader in the agricultural development of his native land.

Since Mr. Valentine was what he was, it is not strange that he speedily became interested in the work which I was trying to do in the "Christian Union." And since he had a genius for originating suggestions and I had some talent for accepting them, working them over and

utilizing them, it is not strange that we soon became fast friends. His interest, I think, at first was simply a wish to help me in what I was trying to do. But partly because I was eager to get the benefit of his genius — and all, even his friends, were not equally eager — his interest soon grew first into a desire to have a share in what I was doing and then into a desire to widen the scope as well as to promote the progress of my enterprise. He and Mr. Beecher were congenial spirits. I find among my letters a brief correspondence, so brief and so characteristic of them both that I reproduce it here. I think it grew out of a suggestion of mine that we meet at luncheon from time to time and discuss around the lunch table plans for developing the "Christian Union." This elicited from him the following telegram: —

> I like your Delmonico; keep at work on this line all summer.
>
> L. VALENTINE.

I sent the telegram to Mr. Beecher, and received it back with this note indorsed on the back: —

> You are not the only fellows that like Delmonico. We are willing to patronize him all summer if you will pay the bill.
>
> H. W. BEECHER.

This was two months after Mr. Valentine had bought some of the stock of the "Christian Union" and was taking an active interest in its affairs. His interest, however, was still in me rather than in the paper, and he bought this stock, if I am not mistaken, primarily for the purpose of enabling me to buy it of him on the installment plan, the only method which was for me practicable. Six years later he purchased a controlling interest in the "Christian Union," and became, in fact,

almost its sole owner. This came about in the following way.

I had flattered myself that I could get some "copy" for the "Christian Union" out of Mr. Beecher. My plan was to get him to come into the editorial rooms on Monday mornings and chat, and with a shorthand writer get enough out of his chat to make a Beecher editorial every week. But the plan did not succeed. Once, in conversation with me, Mr. Beecher compared himself to a town pump: "Any one," he said, "can get a drink if he will work the handle." But on Monday morning the well was dry — no water came. He would chat entertainingly, but not on current affairs, and rarely with any such continuity of purpose as made his talk matter for an article. For a time he indulged himself in the pleasing delusion that next month or next season or next year he was going to take hold of editorial work with vigor. But he never did. One could not blame him. The "Christian Union" had never paid him a dollar in dividends, and he had paid it a good many dollars in capital. It never paid him any salary. There were other journals always ready with their check for anything he would send them. The lecture platform was always open to him, and its remunerations were large. He could talk easily, but writing grew more and more irksome, so in 1881 he resigned as editor, and in the spring or summer of 1884 he and his friends proposed to sell their financial interests. The suggestion came from him, neither directly nor indirectly from me. Negotiations continued intermittently throughout the summer — was the most anxious summer of my life. There was another bidder in the field, but Mr. Valentine was too good a business man to compete in an auction against a competitor who, for aught he knew, might be bidding

in order to raise the price. In December, 1884, the negotiations ended satisfactorily to him, and on the 1st of January, 1885, he became the principal owner and the President of the Christian Union Company. Mr. James Stillman was, next to Mr. Valentine, the largest purchaser. Like Mr. Valentine, he bought, not as a promising investment, but to aid me, a personal friend, in my work.

What Mr. Valentine desired to do for the "Christian Union" he described in a characteristic paragraph in a letter to my wife. "I am trying," he wrote her, "to organize each department from the editor-in-chief down to the newest boy coming in to-morrow, to do each their different work independently, and like a good watch let us bring in the wheels all perfectly made, put them together, wind up the machine, put a good motto into it, and let it run and keep as good time as an English Fodsham." What he did in carrying out this purpose, what experiments he made, what obstacles he met, what disappointments he encountered, what were his failures and what his successes — and his every failure only nerved him to a new endeavor, every success only aroused in him a new enthusiasm — is not to be here narrated; for this is not a history of "The Outlook," but a history of myself. Except for a brief period, when I unsuccessfully attempted to combine the work of business manager under Mr. Valentine's direction with that of editor-in-chief, I had nothing to do with the business administration of the paper. And at no time in its existence did either Mr. Valentine or Mr. Stillman make the slightest endeavor to direct its editorial policy. I have always written with an absolutely untrammeled pen. At times the editorial policy has cost us hundreds of subscribers; at times it has cost us hundreds of dollars in advertis-

ing. But under no business management has any effort ever been made to modify its editorial principles. The tradition established by Mr. Beecher in the creation of the "Christian Union" and confirmed by Mr. Valentine in its subsequent history has continued unmodified to this day.

Looking back, I can now see what neither Mr. Valentine nor I realized at the time, that his influence on the paper led logically to a change in its name because it led to a change in its character.

Mr. Beecher had started the "Christian Union" for the purpose of expressing a Christianity broader than any sect. But, though not the paper of any church, it was still a church paper. It interpreted the thought and life of all the churches, though with a breadth of vision which saw the Christian spirit alike in the Episcopalian and the Friend, in the Protestant and the Roman Catholic. But I gradually began to realize that Christianity is not only larger than any church, but larger than all the churches; that a man can possess the Christian spirit, not only if he is a Friend or a Unitarian, but if he is a Jew or an agnostic. My acquaintance with the works of Matthew Arnold and Darwin and Huxley and Tyndall not only gave me a respect for their opinions, but a respect for their spirit. I found an understanding of the Bible in Arnold, a fairness of statement in Darwin, an eagerness for truth in Huxley, and a prophetic vision in Tyndall, which seemed to me sometimes conspicuously absent from the writings of the churchmen, and especially from the columns of the church press. This growing conviction was intensified by my personal acquaintance with some agnostics and some Jews. The most profound influence upon our character is often exercised when neither he who exercises it nor he who ex-

periences it is conscious of it. Such an influence was exerted upon me by one of my neighbors and friends in Cornwall — Mr. E. A. Matthiessen.

He was a well-known business man, by birth a Dane, in his religious opinions an agnostic. He never went to church. Many of the beliefs which I had entertained from childhood he absolutely disbelieved, and some which I had regarded as essential he neither believed nor disbelieved. If I were to define his theology, I should say that he regarded the Bible as a book of primitive religion, containing much that is elevating but much that is barbaric; Jesus Christ as a noble man and the teacher of noble sentiments, but by no means infallible; the invisible as always the unknowable, and therefore God and immortality unknown. And yet when two church members in Cornwall became alienated and the quarrel between them was a matter of town gossip it was he who sought to reunite them, and for that purpose quoted to them the words of their Master. His integrity, public spirit, and personal philanthropy made him the honored friend of all classes in the village. The difference in our philosophies did not prevent us from becoming fast friends. His wife and my wife also became warmly attached to each other. She was a devout Roman Catholic and he an agnostic, yet a happier home I have never known. An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory. My previous theory that certain theological convictions are essential to a Christlike character disappeared before the convincing argument of my friend's life. He died many years ago; yet I hope that he may know of this testimony to the influence which his life and character have exercised on my life, and I am sure on many others wholly unsuspected by him.

Thus when it was proposed to change the name of the

paper, I was not wholly unprepared for the suggestion. There were business reasons for the change. There was a "Christian Advocate," and a "Christian Intelligencer," and a "Christian Herald," and a "Christian Messenger," and a "Christian Register," and a simple "Christian" — in all, I believe, some twenty papers which carried the name Christian as part of their title. Subscriptions intended for one of them sometimes came to us; subscriptions intended for us sometimes went to one of them. Our title naturally caused the public to classify us with these denominational organs. Non-churchmen looked upon the "Christian Union" with suspicion as an ecclesiastical journal; churchmen looked upon it with suspicion as not ecclesiastical enough. I began to feel a disinclination to the title, as I have always felt a disinclination to white neckties and ministerial clothes; uniforms are not to my taste. When I was starting the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," I had consulted with my father as to a title; "Glad Tidings" had been suggested. He wrote me in reply: —

> As to name, we do not think of anything we like better than "Glad Tidings," though I do not myself *quite* like that. I shrink from anything which is sensational or emotional, or is connected with *feeling* in any way, in a *name*, which is necessarily to be handled so freely and knocked about, even, so rudely by clerks, printers, salesmen, and newsboys. To hear a boy run into a news-room and call out roughly for "thirteen 'Glad Tidings'" does not sound just right.

But more important than any of these considerations was, hardly a conviction, but an ill-defined feeling, that during the thirteen years since the "Christian Union" was founded it had gradually and unconsciously broadened its scope and purpose. It had become something more than a representative of the truths and principles

held by all Christian churches. It had become an interpreter of the world's current history. It was an outlook upon the time in which we were living. It was still a Christian paper in its spirit and purpose; but it wished to be so Christian that it might express the Christian spirit as expressed in the lives and character of agnostic, Jew, and pagan. In accordance with this conviction, and after months of deliberation as to whether it was wise to make any change, and, if so, what the change should be, it adopted the title which it had given to the review of the week which was a feature of each issue. On the 1st of July, 1893, it became "The Outlook."

Mr. Valentine did not live to see realized all his ideals for "The Outlook." He died suddenly at his home in Cornwall, May 5, 1891. But he lived to see the journal which he had done so much to re-create established on a firm financial foundation, with subscribers in every State in the Union and in every civilized country abroad, its influence on the life of the community far exceeding any I had ever expected, and its business conducted by associates who have become his successors, inspired by his purpose and imbued with his spirit.

What, chiefly through "The Outlook," but also through the pulpit, the platform, and occasionally through other periodicals, I have been endeavoring to accomplish in the theological, industrial, and political life of the community since 1876, when I became associated with Mr. Beecher in the editorship of the "Christian Union," will be narrated in following chapters of this autobiography.

But first I must give an account of my church work during the eleven years in which I added the duties of pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to those of editor-in-chief of "The Outlook."

CHAPTER XVI

PLYMOUTH CHURCH

HENRY WARD BEECHER is, in my judgment, the greatest orator I ever heard, and easily takes a place among the greatest orators of the world. Less persuasive than Gladstone, less keen and rapier-like than Wendell Phillips, less dramatic than John B. Gough, less polished than George William Curtis, less weighty than Daniel Webster, he combined in one ever-variable oratory the qualities of all, and was alternately persuasive, keen, dramatic, polished, weighty. His kaleidoscopic mind kept the habitual hearer always wondering what surprise would greet him next Sunday, and the occasional hearer equally wondering what surprise would greet him in the next sentence. It was not, however, chiefly these oratorical qualities that gave him his permanent influence; it was his rare combination of practical common sense and spiritual vision. He disregarded the phrases and forms of religion and cared only for its essential spirit. Under his leadership there was developed a church whose bond of union was spiritual, not intellectual. In its membership were both Calvinists and Arminians, Unitarians and Trinitarians, believers in universal restoration, in conditional immortality and in eternal punishment, in adult baptism and in infant baptism, in the Bible as an infallible rule of faith and practice and in the Bible as the history of the development of a nation's religious experience, some men

and women temperamentally Episcopalians and others temperamentally Friends. There was a baptistery under the pulpit, and unbaptized candidates for admission to the church decided for themselves whether they would be baptized by sprinkling or by immersion. A more harmonious church I have never known; a more independent membership I have never known. The church solved the problem of uniting individual independence and organic unity.

Some understanding of the spirit of this church and of the character and temperament of its first pastor seems necessary to enable the reader to understand the nature of the problem which confronted me during my eleven years of pastoral labor.[1]

When I came down to my breakfast on Sunday morning, March 6, 1887, my wife handed me the morning paper containing the statement that Henry Ward Beecher was dying at his home in Brooklyn — cause, the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain — of recovery no possibility. As a pastor I had been familiar with death. I had been accustomed from early youth to look forward to dying myself with interested curiosity — not with dread, hardly with awe. Death has always seemed to me simply a journey to another land. But I had never associated death with Mr. Beecher. He was so full of life. That it would ever ebb had never occurred to me. Like others, I had always thought of Plymouth Church as Beecher's church, and could not picture it to myself as going on without him. The paper announced that on Sunday evening the members of Plymouth Church would meet for prayer in the lecture-room. After my

[1] In my *Life of Henry Ward Beecher* I have given an account of the organization and history of this church, of which Mr. Beecher was the first pastor, and which partook of his broad and progressive spirit.

morning church service in Cornwall I took the train to New York to attend this meeting. Not for many years had I been an enrolled member of Plymouth Church, but it was the church of my first love and my church still.

A more solemnly sacred meeting I have never attended. There was neither priest nor preacher to conduct it. It was a meeting of laymen. Its utterances were not addressed by a teacher to the church, but were the spontaneous expression of the church's feeling. Its spirit was one of strange exaltation; its thoughts not so much of the life which was closing as of the life which was beginning. In the account in the Book of Acts of the martyrdom of Stephen it is said, "He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Something of the spirit of such a celestial vision seemed to dwell in this meeting. "If," said Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond, "human weakness could be controlled by the higher aspirations of the soul, or the exertion of the will, I would fain have this hour a scene of solemn, sacred thanksgiving and praise. You know that is what he would have if he could speak to us — our Greatheart, our Paul. His message would be that which came from the Roman prison: 'Mourn not for me, I am ready to go, but be instant in the work of the Lord.'"

Similar prayer-meetings were held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings. A memorial volume contains a partial report of these meetings, and from my remarks on Monday evening the following paragraph was selected for printing. I repeat it here because it gives the key to the messages which, wholly unexpectedly to myself, I was called on as temporary supply of the vacant pulpit to give to the church the following winter: —

Carlyle has said somewhere that one of the grandest words in the language is duty. With you that has been a pleasure which in other churches was a duty. All that is changed now. Hereafter you must take that great word "duty" and make it your watchword. For forty years duty has been a pleasant thing in this church. The great heart and brain and genius that are now stilled have made your duty easy for you. During all these years you have been getting. Hereafter you must learn the pleasure of giving. You can no longer come here and have one man fill you from his fullness and richness, but you must learn to fill each other. Strength will be given you if you ask for it; and the Master who strengthened him will strengthen you.

At the close of the Sabbath morning communion service preceding these evening prayer-meetings a committee was appointed to act on behalf of the church in the existing emergency, and this committee, subsequently enlarged, became an advisory committee to act on behalf of the church in seeking for a pastor. This committee wisely concluded that it would be a disadvantage to the church to hear candidates. It therefore proposed, on October 7, to the church that "an arrangement be made with the Reverend Lyman Abbott, editor of the 'Christian Union,' to act as temporary pastor of this church, supplying the pulpit on Sunday morning and evening (with the understanding that he may occasionally exchange with other ministers), and attending the Friday evening prayer-meeting." The committee added: "In justice to Mr. Abbott, it should be plainly said that he is not, and will not become, a candidate for the permanent pastorate of the church; that he would not undertake any other pastoral labors than those indicated; and that, if he should accept such an arrangement, it would be for the purpose of assisting us in this emergency until a wise and deliberate choice for the future could be made."

The church approved of this plan, my associates in the "Christian Union" approved of it, and I accepted the invitation. I rented a small flat on Brooklyn Heights and moved there for the winter. It had been suggested to me by a member of the committee that I could continue to live in Cornwall and come down for the Friday and Sunday services. But I had no old sermons to give a congregation. In seventeen years I had not written a single sermon, and the sermons written before that time had long since served their only useful purpose in kindling fires. I knew only one way to preach. I must study the life of the church and congregation, and adapt my message to their needs, and if I were to do this I must live where I should be in continual contact with the church. I secured temporarily the services of an assistant, to whom I gave a list of all absentee members of the church that he might call on them. I do not think his calling had any appreciable effect on the congregation; it had some on the Sunday-School. He met in his calls, however, with one incident which has always been a psychological mystery to me. A Wesleyan Methodist lady who lived near Plymouth Church, but had left the congregation after Mr. Beecher's death, told my assistant that I excited her so that she had to hold on to the pew to prevent calling out a response; so she had left Plymouth Church and gone to Dr. Talmage's for rest. To me the lack of emotional appeal seemed a serious defect in my preaching, and this estimate was confirmed by the reported saying of a stranger that he went to Plymouth Church one Sunday, but that morning Lyman Abbott did not preach; he only gave a little talk on religion. I will leave the reader to reconcile these two incidents as best he can.

I had been supplying the pulpit for seven or eight

months when I was asked by a member of the advisory committee whether I would consider a call to become the permanent pastor of the church, with the proviso that I might continue my connection with and my editorial direction of the "Christian Union." Of course I took time to consider. My editorial associates approved, and Mr. Valentine was particularly desirous that I should accept. The double work had been carried on by me throughout the winter without impairment of my health. Provision had been made which gave reasonable assurance that the work of the church need not be impaired and might be increased. Some members of the congregation who had dropped off after Mr. Beecher's death had returned; some new members had come in to take the place of absentees. A disinterested and trustworthy observer reported, as the result of his observation on a Sunday in June, when congregations were already beginning to scatter, that "there was not a crowding in the aisles and about the doors, as there was in the old days when strangers from abroad were attracted by the fame of Mr. Beecher. But, for all that, *the church was full*, floor and galleries." [1] About fifty members had been added to the church at the spring communion, and, though there had been some dismissions and some deaths, the net loss consequent on Mr. Beecher's death was but three. I had many old friends in the church and had made some new ones. I understood the church and the church understood me,

[1] Dr. Henry M. Field in the New York *Evangelist*. The italics are his. The Field family was a famous one, including Stephen Johnson Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States; David Dudley Field, a distinguished lawyer of New York and the creator of its Code of Civil Procedure; Cyrus W. Field, the projector and promoter of the first submarine telegraph cable between the United States and Europe; and Henry M. Field, the editor and proprietor of what was in his lifetime probably the foremost Presbyterian journal in America.

and the church was the best judge of whether I was the leader they needed. I gave my consent.

On Friday evening, May 26, my name was presented by the committee to a meeting of the church, and the call was extended; but not without opposition. The vote was four hundred to sixty. It was ratified by the society without dissent, and on the following Saturday evening it was presented to me by a committee of the church and society appointed for that purpose. It had been made unanimous by the church, but I knew that the minority represented a real opposition, including some active members. To decline the call would be to send the church back to renew its quest; to delay would be to keep the church in a ferment until my decision was rendered. I decided on a very unconventional course, and announced from the pulpit my acceptance of the call on the Sunday morning after it was received. In this informal acceptance I said frankly to the congregation:—

> I am not at all surprised that some of the members of this church thought it not wise to extend such a call. I am, on the contrary, quite surprised that any one differed from them. In their judgment that I have no power to fill this church or do its work they are quite right. I am no wind from heaven that can fill the sails that flap idly at the mast of a church whose crew are all passengers; but that is not Plymouth Church. I have found you through this last winter workers, every one of you cordial and hearty in his work. I am sure you will still be so.

My confidence was not misplaced. At the close of the service one gentleman who had spoken strongly in the Friday night meeting against the call came up to pledge me his hearty coöperation, and loyally did he fulfill his pledge. No minister could ask for a more loyal and united support than was given to me during my entire

pastorate. Mrs. Beecher was at first opposed to the call. She could neither endure to see her husband's work stop nor to see any one else standing in her husband's place and receiving the support which had been so loyally given to her husband. My wife's devotion to me enabled her to understand this illogical but wholly natural feeling; by her sympathetic understanding she conquered it, and before the year was out Mrs. Beecher was numbered among our warmest friends. For a few weeks some opposition found expression in anonymous articles in the daily press. A few weeks after my acceptance it was reported in some detail that the opposition in the church was such that I was about to resign. How far these reports were fed by gossip in the congregation, how far provided by inventive scandalmongers without, I never knew and never cared to inquire. The originality and fidelity of Mr. Beecher's preaching had always excited hostility to the church in certain elements in the community; that they would be quick to take advantage of this critical period in its history was to be expected. My wife and I pursued the same policy which we had pursued under similar circumstances in Terre Haute. We said nothing, made no replies to false reports, and read and heard as little as possible. Only once did I make any public reference to them. It was reported in several newspapers that the church was in financial difficulties, and that nevertheless I demanded a salary of ten thousand dollars, which the trustees were unable to pay; and so responsible a journal as the "Watchman," of Boston, doubled this demand and made it twenty thousand dollars. When these reports found a place in reputable journals, I thought the congregation was entitled to know the facts, and that the Sunday morning service afforded a

good opportunity to give them the information. As this statement embodies the principle upon which I have acted in all my relations with churches throughout my life, I repeat it here: —

> The statement has been made in the "Evening Post" that I demanded a salary of ten thousand dollars. I wish to say that neither have I, nor has any one else for me, made any call on the trustees or on any member of the church for any adjustment of my salary or its amount. When I try to render service for any organization making money, I try to make a bargain; but a church is not a money-making concern, and I have never made a bargain with any church for any service or sermon, and have not done so here. I have not said to any one what salary I ought to have, and I leave it wholly to Plymouth Church.

The next day the "Evening Post" responded to this statement by a very frank apology for the misrepresentation to which it had unwittingly given circulation, and I think this apology had even more influence than my statement in putting an end to the circulation of the false report.

I accepted the call on the 28th day of May. The salary was not fixed until October. It was then made eight thousand dollars a year, a sum sufficient for personal and pastoral expenses, but not sufficient to leave any annual margin for investment. Ministers' salaries rarely are adequate to furnish any such margin.

When the call to Plymouth Church came to me, I was in my fifty-third year. The following pen-and-ink portrait from a kindly but not indiscriminating article in the Boston "Advertiser" will give the reader a notion of the impression which in public speaking I produced on a not unsympathetic auditor: —

> In all external ways the contrast [with Mr. Beecher] will be as striking as could be imagined. Lyman Abbott is physically

the antithesis of Henry Ward Beecher. Rather under the middle height, spare in flesh, gentle in voice, with but little gesticulation, somewhat pale in features, calm, introspective and almost mystical, he seems while speaking to look through the windows of the soul of things not seen with mortal vision rather than into the human eyes that look up into his. Though totally lacking in that gift of well-nigh magical eloquence which for forty years astonished and thrilled and held spell-bound the packed thousands in that Brooklyn meeting-house, though having none of that personal magnetism, that intuitive knowledge of human nature, that all-creative imagination, which made their former pastor the pulpit phenomenon of his time, it may be found that he upon whom that prophet's mantle has fallen is destined to do a work as great and exert an influence no less widespread and abiding.

When a church has been for forty years under one pastor, universally beloved by his people, and a successor comes to take his place, if he is efficient, he will bring with him some new ideals and some new methods; if he is wise, he will introduce these ideals and these methods very cautiously. Churches, like individuals, are creatures of habit, and a habit which has lasted through a generation is not easily changed.

The organization of Plymouth Church was very simple. The society, consisting of all who contributed to the support of the church, elected a board of trustees, who owned and administered all the property. The church elected a board of deacons, who were the pastor's official advisers, administered the church charities, and took charge of the religious services in the pastor's absence. A membership committee examined all applicants for admission to the church, whether by profession or by letter from other churches. All the business of the church was conducted in public business meetings, which might, however, refer the matter under discussion to a special committee.

I never attempted to interfere with the work of the board of trustees, but one interesting incident occurred to mark clearly the division between the functions of that board and those of the pastor of the church. The Sunday after the first election of President McKinley, in 1896, when I went to church I found the American flag flying from its front window. I was sorry to see anything which seemed to identify the church with a political party, though I personally was strongly opposed to the free silver policy of Mr. Bryan and very glad of its defeat. One of the young men of the church, who probably sympathized with me, asked me before the service if I wished the flag to remain. I could not learn from him, nor from any one, by whose order it had been put up, and therefore directed it taken down. The next day I received a letter from one of the trustees calling me somewhat sharply to account for this action. The board of trustees, he said, had the entire control of the church property, and the minister had no authority to interfere. I wrote him in reply that I recognized that principle, and never intended to disregard it. But it did not entitle the board to put up symbols in or on the church to indicate doctrines for which they wished the church to stand; to put up, for example, a crucifix or a statue of the Virgin Mary. If he thought differently, I would join with him in calling a meeting of the church and congregation to submit the question to them for decision. To this letter I received no reply, and concluded that either he agreed with me or else did not think the question sufficiently important for public debate. The incident is insignificant in itself, and is recorded here simply from the importance of the principle involved.

Neither did I attempt to interfere with the charitable

work of the board of deacons, but it has never seemed to me that a church fulfills its whole charitable duty because it takes care of its own poor. Plymouth Church was on the edge of one of the poorest districts in Brooklyn. To fulfill our Christian duty toward the population which resided in this our neighborhood a committee of ladies was formed and placed under the special charge of a notably efficient woman of the church. The Brooklyn Bureau of Charities was notified that Plymouth Church would care for all cases of destitution within that district and would report its work statedly to the Bureau. From market-men in the vicinity food was obtained at cost prices and some donations of food were secured. A little money was raised by private subscription. The special committee constituted itself a board of visitors, and not only took charge of all cases referred to it, but also of all cases discovered by its own investigations. Each family so discovered was assigned to a special friendly visitor, who ascertained its needs, the cause of its distress, and possible remedies; sought employment for the unemployed; attempted to persuade — and often did persuade — the discouraged man to give up his drink; clothed the children and enabled them to go to school; aided the mother to spend her income economically and to use efficiently what she bought; and, what was most important of all, carried the cheer of hope and good companionship into homes darkened by discouragement and despair. This work was kept up throughout my pastorate so efficiently that I do not think that any family in need in a district of considerable size was neglected, and yet only in one year was over one hundred dollars spent by the committee in cash.

"Blessed," says the Psalmist, "is he that considereth

the poor." The American poor are not beggars. Real, spontaneous, friendly consideration is far more valuable and far more welcome than are unconsidered gifts of food, clothing, or money, whether given by individual impulse or by cold-blooded, official charity. I believe that if the plan pursued by Plymouth Church could be carried into effect by all the churches in our great cities coöperating in selected or assigned districts, under the general supervision of a central organization, the benefits both to the poor and to the coöperating churches would be inestimable.

Some modification was quietly made in the methods pursued by the membership committee in ascertaining the qualifications of candidates for admission to the church. It was assumed that Plymouth Church was a church of workers; a list of the varied activities of the church was given to every candidate for admission, and he was asked whether he could take any active part in the work of the church, and, if so, to what part he desired to be assigned. The effect of this change in the methods of examination, quietly introduced, was wholly beneficial, and did something, I think, to develop in all the members a sense of personal responsibility for the life and work of the church. While I was still acting temporarily as pulpit supply a committee was created to supervise the work of the church and an envelope plan was put in operation to raise the necessary funds. By this method an average of from ten to twelve thousand dollars a year was secured during my pastorate and the work was materially enlarged. Besides the ordinary activities of churches at that time we maintained in connection with our branches reading-rooms, penny provident banks, boys' clubs, two gymnasiums, one of them fairly well equipped, lodging-house visitations,

organized aid to unemployed, and work among the sailors on the docks and on ships in port. The second annual report of this church work committee embodied reports from ten working organizations in addition to the three Sunday-Schools and some auxiliary organizations. None of these were mere paper organizations; all were active in practical work. The statement of the Brooklyn "Eagle" that Plymouth Church was a "beehive of systematic Christian effort" was not an exaggeration. At the time of my resignation in 1898 Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond, whose activity in the work of the church gave him special opportunity for knowledge, wrote in a paper published in the New York "Tribune": —

> Of the present large membership of Plymouth Church I think it may be said that practically every able-bodied person is busy in Christian work somehow — mostly in some one of the multiplied activities of the church, but sometimes in general religious and charitable enterprises outside, many of the officers and directors of which are from Plymouth Church.

Following my acceptance of the call to Plymouth Church, the Reverend S. B. Halliday, who had been Mr. Beecher's assistant, resigned to accept a call to a newly organized church in the outskirts of Brooklyn which took the name of "The Henry Ward Beecher Memorial Church," and here he carried on a successful pastorate for a number of years. In his place I desired, not an assistant, but an associate who should share with me in the responsibilities of the pastorate. My first choice — and I had no second — was Howard S. Bliss, who had been with one of my sons in Amherst College, had earned by his work in Union Theological Seminary a traveling scholarship, and was now abroad pursuing post-graduate studies. He was wisely unwilling to forego

this opportunity, but expressed himself glad to join with me in the work of Plymouth Church when his European studies were completed, and I waited for him until the fall of 1889, having secured meanwhile a temporary assistant. We were installed together, I as pastor, he as associate pastor, by a Congregational Council on January 16, 1890. There were two features in this Council which made it unique in Congregational annals, and attracted to it a considerable attention not only from the religious but also from the secular press. One peculiarity was its constitution. It included not only delegates from a score of Congregational churches, but representative men from five other Protestant denominations — the Episcopal, the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Reformed, and the Methodist. Thus the Council might properly be called a Christian Union Council. By its act it emphasized the truth that underlying the various Protestant denominations is a common spiritual faith more elemental and more fundamental than the peculiar tenets of any denomination, and thus a quarter of a century ago indicated that spiritual unity of the Protestant churches for which they are now seeking some definite and official expression, either by organic union or by federation. It was a peculiar delight to me to have as a representative in this Council one whom I loved as a personal friend and revered as the most prophetic living preacher in America — Phillips Brooks. And I think it was of more concern to me than it was to him that afterwards when he was nominated to be the Bishop of Massachusetts some High Churchmen of the narrow type bitterly opposed his election because he had taken this part in the installation of two non-episcopally ordained clergymen. The other peculiarity of the Council was that it installed two pastors at the

same time. "In your churches, as I understand it," said Dr. E. Winchester Donald, rector of the Church of the Ascension, of New York City, "there is no such office as assistant minister, and Mr. Bliss has come to create and not to succeed to the functions; and we, who wish you well, shall watch with very greatest interest whether it is possible for you to graft upon your system an assistant ministership, by which the pastor of this church shall have some one who is working with him along the same lines and is regarded, not as second pastor, but as his peer as a Christian minister." This interpretation I indorsed in the closing speech of the installation exercises, in which I said: "I welcome Mr. Howard S. Bliss to a cordial and united work in which there shall be neither superiority nor inferiority, but a common fellowship in the pastorate of this church and in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A little later I carried out a suggestion of my brother Austin. When a medical student graduates from his medical school, he is eager to get a position in a hospital, where he is glad to serve without pay for the practical experience which such service will give him. I published in the Congregational journals, and also in the "Christian Union," a card inviting any young man to correspond with me who in similar fashion wished some practical experience in order to equip him for his life-work in the ministry and who would neither be paid for his service nor pay for his instruction. As the result of this card two helpers offered their services. One of them, Horace Porter, subsequently became the assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, and is now pastor of one of the most prosperous Congregational churches in southern California.

The statement in the press that Mr. Bliss was coming

to be my associate brought from the Brooklyn "Citizen" the naïve inquiry, "Of what possible use is an associate pastor?" In fact, except for the first year, when I was getting myself familiar with conditions, I always had two assistants, generally three, and part of the time four, who gave their whole time to the work of the church. I could not possibly have carried on that work without their coöperation. One year there were in the church and its branches over one hundred funerals, and each funeral meant not only a service to be attended but a family to be visited both during the fatal illness and after the end had come. Ideally, any church as large as Plymouth and organized for work should have at least three pastors: one to furnish instruction and inspiration for the workers — and he should have time to study current problems so that he may keep in advance of the congregation in the thought of his time; one to carry on in office hours and in house-to-house visitation the kind of personal work which the wise Roman Catholic Church carries on through the confessional; and one to supervise and direct the activities of the church in its various departments. In Plymouth Church I devoted myself to the work of preacher and teacher. But I had with considerable regularity weekly conferences with my assistants and generally daily conferences with my associate, Mr. Bliss, and his successors. And they were always welcome to bring to me for my advice details of their work, which was also mine.

Again, for the Sabbath evening services I had a suggestion from my wise brother Austin, who said to me that few laymen cared to listen to two exhortations to virtue in one day, but that a good many of them would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity on Sunday evening to listen to a series of lectures which would give them

inspiration and instruction on social and moral questions. Acting upon this suggestion, I followed a course of Sabbath evening lectures on the life of Christ with other courses on the teaching of Jesus Christ upon social questions, on the changes in theology made necessary by the doctrine of evolution, on the modern view of the Old Testament, and on the life and teachings of Paul. These lectures were taken down in shorthand, and from them, from other material gathered in their preparation, and from sporadic articles on these subjects in "The Outlook" and elsewhere I prepared the series of volumes published by Houghton Mifflin Company on "Christianity and Social Problems," "The Evolution of Christianity," "The Theology of an Evolutionist," "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews," and "The Life and Letters of Paul." Two of these series I also gave by request before the Lowell Institute of Boston.

An incident growing out of the series of lectures on the Bible furnishes an amusing illustration of the kind of misreports to which a public speaker is sometimes subjected by the American press. In my lecture on the book of Jonah I told the congregation that some scholars regarded it as history, some as a myth, some as an ancient legend, and some as a satire on the narrowness of the Hebrew people, and that one ingenious critic had compared it to the "Biglow Papers." A newspaper reporter, who probably had never heard of the "Biglow Papers," reported me as saying that the book of Jonah was the "Pickwick Papers" of the Bible, and that report was taken up and repeated by the press all over the country. I do not know how many letters I received rebuking me for my irreverence. To the letters I replied; but, pursuing my habitual policy of silence, I sent no public correction to the newspapers. This in-

cident, followed by a resolution passed by a meeting of some Congregational ministers in Brooklyn, disavowing all responsibility for my views on the Bible, gave to these lectures a prominence out of all proportion to their real importance. Each evening at the close of the address as many hearers adjourned to the lecture-room as could be admitted, and there for half an hour I answered any questions on the subject of the lecture which members of the congregation might desire to put to me, an exercise for which good previous practice in Chautauqua assemblies had prepared me. The church was crowded every evening by attendants from all over Brooklyn, and some were turned away from the doors; the lectures were published in full by the Brooklyn "Eagle" and republished in pamphlet form by an interested listener, accompanied with suggested Bible readings for every day in the week; and fragmentary reports were published in the newspapers in other parts of the country. I have three scrap-books filled with newspaper accounts of these lectures on the Bible and comments on them. And yet what I said at the time in connection with them was literally true: "I am not to be credited with saying anything original in these Sunday evening lectures. What I am saying to you may be found in the literature on this subject on the shelves of all well-equipped clergymen." If I have ever obtained any reputation for originality, it is largely because I have always assumed that the laity are as intelligent as the clergy; that whatever it is safe for a theological scholar to know it is safe for his congregation to know; that all knowledge is safe and all error is dangerous, and therefore, while I have not proclaimed my doubts and difficulties, I have unhesitatingly and frankly avowed my conclusions, never asking, Is this safe? but only, Is this

true? though always, of course, endeavoring to express my faith in a form that would not be obnoxious to those who dissented from it. During these courses of Sunday evening lectures I received many hundreds of letters — I think it would be safe to say two or three thousand. Some score of them rebuked me for disturbing the faith of others; some asked questions to aid the writers in further study of the subjects discussed; but the great majority thanked me for aid furnished in strengthening a weakened faith or in recovering a faith that had been lost; and only one intimated that I had weakened the faith of the writer. To the complaints of my critics I found sufficient answer in the fact that at the spring communion, of the sixty-five who united with the church, forty-one on confession of their faith, a large proportion attributed their decision in part to the influence of these Sunday evening lectures.

In my morning sermons I rarely discussed political or sociological topics. The first winter I was for a while called up every Sunday morning on the telephone by a New York paper with the question: "Did Dr. Abbott preach on anything particular this morning?" My children always answered the telephone; and, as they always cheerfully replied, "Nothing particular," after a few months the telephone calls ceased.

I believe that if a pastor desires his church to be a working church his first aim must be to inspire it with a spiritual ambition. My sermons were therefore spiritual rather than theological or merely ethical. If the reader asks what I mean by saying that they were spiritual, I reply: Their object was to inspire directly the conscience, the reverence, the faith, the hope, the love, of the hearers. The morning congregations steadily increased in numbers until by the second year the church

was always full, and many of the aisle seats were occupied. There were rarely any vacant pews, though usually some vacant seats.

Occasionally I took up public questions in the pulpit, but when I did so it was generally either that I might interpret the convictions of the church to the community or that I might induce the church to take action that would express its conviction.

One brief and successful campaign may serve to illustrate the method. When a new and enlarged entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge was completed, an application was made to the Commissioners of Brooklyn for a license for a liquor shop at the entrance of the Bridge by an applicant described by the Brooklyn "Eagle" as "one of the most estimable men in Brooklyn," identified with many of the largest corporations in the city, the president of a railway company, and the owner of the entire front of the block in which the saloon was to be placed. He offered to forfeit five thousand dollars if in his saloon liquor was sold to a minor, a woman, or an intoxicated man. But there were already thirty-six saloons within two blocks of the Bridge entrance, and I thought that enough to provide for all reasonable thirst. My assistant, Mr. Porter, ascertained the facts in detail and brought them to me, and in a Sunday morning sermon I brought them to the knowledge of the church. At the close of the service a protest against granting the license was laid on the table in front of the pulpit and over five hundred signatures from the men of the congregation were attached to it. A committee of the church was appointed to act on its behalf. I obtained from my brother Austin a brief, showing clearly that, under the law and the decisions of the courts, no man had a *right* to a license; that the Excise Commis-

sioners were to grant the license only in case they deemed the interests and desires of the community required it. The committee invited Mr. Edward M. Shepard, a well-known lawyer and later politically prominent as a Reform Democrat, to act as counsel for the protestants. He accepted the invitation, examined the witnesses whom Mr. Porter had gathered, presented the case of the protestants, which Mr. Porter had prepared for him, and won. The license was refused, and the saloon was not opened until the Legislature at Albany abolished the license system altogether and enacted the Raines Law, under which any man might open a saloon anywhere on paying his State tax. I may add that in my judgment this opposition was the more effective because it was unaccompanied with any abuse of saloon-keepers in general or the applicant for this license in particular. In these and similar cases my ideal was not merely by individual protest to reach my congregation from the pulpit, and incidentally the public through the press; it was even more to induce the church to take action against public wrong and in support of public righteousness. This I thought to be a legitimate part of the work of a church, and very effectively did Plymouth Church respond to my appeals. I may add that, by Mr. Porter's persistent and continuous work for two years, fourteen licenses were canceled and several saloons were closed.

Although in following Mr. Beecher I had entered upon a very difficult undertaking, it was one in which I had some special advantages. A pupil of Mr. Beecher, I shared with the church its deep affection for him. The church was perhaps too self-conscious of its past great history; but it did not live in the past. It was ready to meet the unknown future with courage and hope and

to follow its new leader with unabated loyalty; it believed in a free pulpit; and, though I knew that on some important questions leading members of the church did not agree with me, not once in my eleven years' pastorate was any attempt made to limit the liberty of my utterances. I met on the Sabbath day an expectant congregation. The people had been accustomed to come to Plymouth Church not from a sense of duty to support the service but inspired by a desire to find in the service a support for their lives. What inspiration such expectancy furnishes will be readily understood by every public speaker. Above all, the church was inspired by Christlike ideals and met difficult issues with a Christlike spirit. What I mean by this is best illustrated by the action of the church in one case which attracted no little public attention at the time.

One of the members, at one time quite active in Christian work, was discovered to have been for several years committing a series of forgeries. Upon his arrest he pleaded guilty, gave to the District Attorney every facility for the prosecution, which was for some legal reason necessary notwithstanding his plea of guilty, turned over all his property to the authorities for the benefit of his victims, made no effort and desired none made for him by his influential friends for a minimum sentence, and wrote a letter to the church of frank confession and repentance, leaving the church to take such action as it deemed right respecting its recreant member. He was convicted and sent to State's prison. The action of the church was embodied in the following resolution, adopted unanimously after a full statement of the facts: —

Resolved: That this church, fully recognizing the sin of ——— in the acts for which he is now suffering the legal penalty, re-

tain his name upon the rolls, in the faith that no man more needs the watch and care of a Christian church than one who has fallen into sin, but has sincerely repented of his sin and desires to return to the way of righteousness and life. Our message to our brother is, that God pardoneth and absolveth all those that truly repent and unfeignedly believe his Holy Gospel, and we commend him to the prayers of the members of our church and to such special offices of spiritual aid as it may be possible for the pastors or other officers of this church to render to him.

During the remainder of my pastorate Plymouth Church had a member in good and regular standing in Sing Sing Prison whom one of its pastors visited every year in token of the church's fellowship.[1] Of course this action subjected the church to some bitter and some not very intelligent criticism; but the prevailing comment of the press, both secular and religious, was in the spirit of the New York "Tribune," which said: "In adopting this resolution Plymouth Church has, in our opinion, done exactly what the Founder of Christianity would have done under the same circumstances. Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, and 'him that cometh to me,' he once declared, 'I will in no wise cast out.'" And it quoted with approval from the sermon which I preached the Sunday following this action of the church: —

If you violate the law of God and you violate the law of man, come to Plymouth Church's pastor. I will not extenuate or palliate your sin. If it is drunkenness, I will not call it jollity or freshness or wild oats or any such thing. I will call it drunkenness. If it is taking out of any man's pocket his property by any scheme or device whatsoever, I will not cover it up with phrases, but I will call it what it is — stealing. If

[1] Upon his discharge from prison, he was enabled by friends to resume business and, until his death many years later, was a useful and honored citizen.

you want some one to falsify and flatter and excuse, do not come to me or to Plymouth Church. But if, having in life's battle fallen wounded; if, in that struggle between good and evil which goes on in every soul, evil has become victorious over you; if there is a great remorse in your heart and a great shame for the irreparable past; if you look out on society and society seems to point to the disgrace of your life; if you say there is no life, no hope, come to me, come to Plymouth Church. And as God has helped me, and given me his grace, so, God helping me, I will give you my hand of fellowship and my heart of forgiveness and my prayers. And Plymouth Church will do the same.

I quote this paragraph here because in this sermon I was speaking rather for than to the church, and believe that it truly interpreted the spirit by which the church was actuated.

During these eleven years of Plymouth pastorate I was not merely an editorial contributor to "The Outlook." [1] I was its editorial chief, directing its policy and responsible for its conduct. The office correspondence and the reading and passing upon manuscripts largely devolved upon others. But two mornings every week I spent at the office. On Wednesday, in editorial conference with my associates, we discussed the questions to be treated in the following issue, determined the policy to be adopted, and assigned the editorials and paragraphs to the different editors. The following Tuesday morning the paper went to press. I spent Monday morning at the office writing last paragraphs, dictating letters, reading proof, consulting with my associates on special topics, and attending to the innumerable details which make up so large a portion of the editor's work. Monday

[1] The title was changed during my pastorate in Plymouth Church from *The Christian Union* to *The Outlook*, as explained in the immediately preceding chapter. To avoid confusion I shall generally refer to this journal in future chapters by its present title — *The Outlook*.

evening the editorial proofs were sent to me at my house and revised by me to secure unity and consistency in our editorial utterances. I never had a blue Monday. Tuesday morning I could hardly have told either the text or the subject of my previous Sunday's sermon. Thursday or Friday morning I usually wrote my leading editorial. My correspondence I have for years carried on by dictation, but my literary work I have habitually done with the pen. Lord Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." I would advise all young ministers who intend to preach extemporaneously to do habitually some careful work with the pen in order to form a habit of accuracy in expression. The more ready the speaker, the greater the necessity for this pen exercise.

In all this double work my wife was an unordained co-pastor. I initiated no new enterprise without first consulting with her. If she studied the great social and religious problems less than I did, she studied the individual characters in the congregation more. She was more reluctant to reject the traditional than I, and so enabled me to see the truth in tradition than otherwise in my impatience I might have wholly rejected. In all the work of the church she was more than my *alter ego;* she understood and loyally supported my views even when she did not fully share them, and we were of one mind, one spirit. In my absence from home and in my absorption in the study my assistants brought their questions to her, and many a problem in the church detail was solved without my knowing its existence until the solution was reported to me. After the first winter we rented a house large enough to be a parish house as well as a personal home, and it was in frequent use for various gatherings of the church. Here were held the monthly

meeting of the church work committee and occasional special meetings of the deacons or the trustees; here was given on several occasions a fair for the work of the young women's guild; here, on two occasions, in answer to an invitation from the pulpit to professional teachers in the congregation, some two hundred gathered for the purpose of mutual acquaintance. At night my wife read to me or I read to her some book selected to serve the purpose of what Thackeray has called a "nightcap," and slept the better for the respite from our problems. In our united service she had the same stimulus I had — the fellowship of loyal and devoted friends — and when the time came that I was reluctantly convinced that I could continue the double work of editor and pastor no longer and the resignation of my pastorate became a necessity, we were joined together as co-pastors by the church and congregation in their expression of appreciation and affection.

In preparing my sermons I continued the habit formed in the little church in Cornwall. The mornings were spent, not in the composition of sermons, but in general courses of study. This was necessitated both by my editorial duties and by my Sunday evening lectures. The Fourth Commandment is not a statute, but the interpretation of a natural law. Every man needs for his best development some stated time, free from care and toil, for rest, recuperation, and ministry to the higher life. The minister needs this at least as much as the layman. Saturday was my rest day. In it I planned to do no manner of work, and I think I observed my Sabbath as consistently as most Christians observe their Sunday. I also took a rest of one or two hours every afternoon after the midday meal — a rest which, I said to my wife, was not to be disturbed unless the

house caught fire and the fire had reached the second story. The servants imbibed her spirit of care-taking, and I was rarely disturbed. The last six years of my pastorate my library, a room well lined with books, overlooked the East River, and gave me in the winter evenings, when the office buildings were lighted, a wonderful fairy-like picture. There were times when, looking down from the repose of my study upon the bustling metropolis, so remote and yet so near, it seemed to me that I could imagine how its worries and its ambitions might appear to a citizen of the celestial sphere; it gave me of the world an unworldly vision. These hours of repose were, I think, the most valuable hours of the day, and the day of repose was the most valuable day of the week. I had but one rule for its observance — to do no manner of work. Sometimes I read a novel or a poem or a devotional book; sometimes I slept; sometimes I simply listened. In June, 1889, I preached in Plymouth Church a sermon, born of my own experience, on "Listening to God." From this sermon I quote a few sentences because they will interpret to the reader my meaning: —

> The art of listening is an art; but of all forms and phases of that art spiritual listening is the highest. To listen to the voice of men, getting from your next-door neighbor some knowledge that you do not possess; standing on the front platform of the horse-car, and getting out of the driver something you did not know before; talking over the gate with the farmer where you are spending your summer, and getting some new notion of life that you did not before possess; getting from every kind of teaching and out of every man you meet some new impulse and some new equipment — this is art. But to stand face to face with the Almighty, to listen to the voice that makes no trembling on the air, to receive the impression that produces no external symbol on the printed page, to hear God — that is the highest of all.

In this "Still Hour," as Professor Austin Phelps has termed it, my sermons came to me I know not how. Two experiences, not unique except in their dramatic circumstance, illustrate this coming.

One Saturday at Cornwall during my summer vacation I received a telegram from the secretary of the National Prison Reform Association, asking me to preach the sermon at the annual meeting to be held the Sunday of the week following at Saratoga Springs. I was sure that my friend would not have telegraphed me unless he had been in some special need, and, after some hesitation, I telegraphed back my consent. I had made a little journalistic study of prison reform and had spoken briefly at one local meeting, but my knowledge was slight and superficial. The week which followed was especially absorbed in editorial work. I tried in vain to get a theme for my Sunday sermon. To preach one having no bearing on prison reform seemed inadequate; to preach as though I were an expert to a congregation made up of experts appeared absurd. I asked for the annual report of the society, but it did not come until Saturday morning, and then afforded me no hint. When I took the train for Saratoga Springs Saturday afternoon, I had not the faintest conception of what my message the following day should be, and I was to preach to a crowded church, with ex-President Hayes presiding, and prison wardens and prison reformers from all over the country in the congregation. I was too tired, and, to tell the truth, too alarmed, to think, and on the train I laid my head back in the Pullman car and slept. I hoped that on arrival at Saratoga I might get a clue from the secretary, but he was busy arranging the details of the meeting and was not suggestive.

At length, burdened by a feeling of desperation in-

describable, I went to bed, after the briefest of prayers, in which I said that I thought my Father had called me to Saratoga Springs, I did not know why, and, if I needed the discipline of a humiliating failure, I prayed that I might be enabled to learn the lesson it was meant to teach me, and then — I tried to go to sleep. Did I? I do not know. I only know that in a very few moments I suddenly awoke to consciousness with my subject, my text, and my sermon in my mind. Criminals are the enemies of society. How does the New Testament tell us we should treat our enemies? "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. . . . If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. . . . Overcome evil with good." The whole truth flashed upon me — now the axiom of prison reformers, but then radical even to them. We have no right to visit retribution upon wrong-doers. This is not the era of judgment; it is the era of redemption. We have not the capacity to organize or administer a system of retributive justice. Our duty is to reform, not to punish, and to punish only that we may reform. We should abandon our system of justice and substitute a system of cure. My brain was on fire. I jotted the barest outline on a scrap of paper, and then tried to sleep that I might be able on the morrow to give to others the message which had been given to me. When it was given, the members crowded around me with congratulations. I was formally requested to furnish it for publication. Some friend, knowing my habit of extemporaneous speech, had arranged, unknown to me, for a shorthand report. It was published as reported, with very slight revision, and, I have been told, served as a new and spiritual definition of the essential principle of penology — fitting the penalty, not to the crime, but to the criminal.

The other incident occurred in 1896 at the time of my brother Austin's death. I had seen him on Friday or Saturday and knew that death was inevitable, though I did not think it was immediate. I had planned a sermon for Sunday morning on the phrase of St. Paul, "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." On Saturday nights I always slept in my library. My breakfast was served to me there, and I did not see the family until I saw them in the pew at church. This Sunday morning, when I awoke, my wife was sitting at my bedside. Her presence was itself a preparation. Her message, "Lyman, your brother Austin died last night," did not therefore surprise me. He was very dear to me. How wise a caretaker he had been in my boyhood, how wise an adviser in my manhood! Could I preach with such a dear brother gone? Could I be true to my faith that there is no death, only transition, and refuse to preach? These questions were soon answered, but I could not preach on the awfulness of sin. I thrust that message from me, and to my listening mind came the message for the day — Paul's biography of a child of God: "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first born among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." My brother was known and loved in Plymouth Church, for he had been one of Mr. Beecher's counsel in the great trial. At the close of the sermon, but not until the close, I announced my brother's death as the reason for the sermon and paid a brief tribute to his memory. The sermon was published in "The Outlook" from the shorthand writer's report. A reader of "The Outlook" in another State, with my permis-

sion, reprinted it as a tract, with the allusion to my brother left out as matter too personal for general publication.

How are these experiences to be interpreted? The mystic will say the message was given to me by my unseen Father. The rationalist will say the message was the product of unconscious thinking suddenly made conscious by the intellectual crisis. Perhaps both are correct. Perhaps the Father gives us his message in and through our unconscious thinking. These chapters are not philosophy but narrative, and I narrate these experiences here, leaving the reader to give them his own interpretation. I can only add that, while customarily I had my theme and often my text in mind as a subject of meditation and reflection throughout the week, I rarely attempted to organize my material into coherent form, and still more rarely did I put pen to paper, until Sunday morning; and, though occasionally I had to make a sermon, generally my sermons seemed a message given, not an oration prepared; perhaps I should say a growth, not a manufacture. Had I written my sermons, or even prepared them with more attention to form, they perhaps would have been better as literary productions. But by my method I went into the pulpit with a surplus of nervous energy stored up by the guarded rest of the previous day and with my heart and mind full of a message which I was eager to give to an apparently eager congregation. This combined health of body and enthusiasm of spirit covered a multitude of defects in form and expression.

For the conduct of the devotional services of the church I had made some unconscious preparation by editing the volume entitled "For Family Worship." In this volume the prayers were selected after a careful

study of a broad range of devotional literature. My special preparation I can best report by quoting a paragraph from my Yale lectures on preaching entitled "The Christian Ministry": —

> No minister ever leads a congregation in public devotion who is not accustomed to go to God in private prayer with that congregation in his heart. When he knows what his people are, when he knows what secret life they hide in their masquerade that we call life, when he has been accustomed daily on his knees in his closet to carry their sorrows and burdens to his Father — then when he comes into the church he will find the way easy, and they will find the way easy.

One hesitates to give to others a glimpse of such inner spiritual experiences as I have endeavored to portray, since it is always impossible accurately to interpret them. But I am trying in this chapter to tell the reader how I was able, without any pretense to oratorical ability, to follow the greatest pulpit orator of his time; and to omit these experiences would be to misinterpret the life and mistell the narrative.

During the eleven years of my pastorate in Plymouth Church I was not once absent from my pulpit on a Sunday morning because of illness until the illness which led to my resignation. This was partly due to a nervous organization possessing unusual resilience; partly to a conscientious observance of stated periods of rest; partly to a religious conviction that a child of God has no right to overtax the powers which God has given to him; partly to a habit of taking my rest before work as a preparation for it, not after work as a recovery from it, as a consequence of which I was rarely exhausted; partly to a physician who was also a very dear friend, to whose wise counsel I probably owe my life, and who made it his business not merely to cure me when I was sick but

to keep me well; but, above all, I owe this health to a wife who watched me without appearing to do so, guarded my hours of rest, and put the health of her husband and her children first in all her duties. I remember awaking one Saturday morning unable to speak above a whisper because of a sudden cold. The doctor came, asked her what she had to do that morning, received for reply, "Nothing to interfere with getting my husband ready for to-morrow." "Dry heat outside and wet heat inside every fifteen minutes," was his prescription. It was faithfully carried out, and I preached on Sunday morning. The two summer months were kept as a vacation, generally spent at Cornwall, sometimes in a trip abroad. During these vacation months very rarely did I either preach or lecture, for I held it the duty of a minister to use the vacation which the church has given him as a preparation for the work which he has to do for the church.

The occasional attacks of acute indigestion to which I have all my life been subject grew toward the end of this eleven years somewhat more frequent and more severe. At length, in October, 1898, one of a more threatening character sent me to bed, where the doctor kept me for ten days or two weeks. When I got up, he told me I must resign the pastorate. He said, substantially: "You must either go out of Plymouth pulpit or be carried out; you are using your strength faster than you are accumulating it, and that can lead to but one result." I, who had preached all my life long that the laws of health are the laws of God, and that to violate these laws is disobedience to him, could not disregard my own preaching. Happily for me, the Sunday after my decision was reached the city was visited by a furious snowstorm and only half a congregation was pres-

ent when I read my resignation. It was almost to a day eleven years since I had come from my Cornwall home as a temporary supply; but it was three months later before my successor, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, was called and I actually ceased my work, and it was six or eight months before I was ready to take up my life-work again with renewed strength. "My meat," said Jesus, "is to do the will of him that sent me." Congenial work, inspired by love, has in itself a strange life-giving power, and often it is not till the work stops that the worker knows how great has been the drain upon his strength.

I can find no words adequate to express my sense of gratitude for the spirit in which my resignation was received by the church. That spirit I can best intimate to the reader by a quotation from one of the many letters which it brought to me: —

> I fully appreciate, and, with inexpressible regret, must conscientiously approve, the grounds of your decision to resign your position and lay down your work as pastor of Plymouth Church. I do not dare to plead with you for the reconsideration and reversal of a purpose so fraught with pain and trouble to the church as well as to you. Nor, knowing what you must suffer in the prospect of this separation, will I add to your burden at this time, by attempting to describe the universal grief and consternation which will be occasioned in the church by the announcement of your purpose. I shall doubtless find opportunity hereafter to express, for my brethren as well as myself, our sense of the inestimable service which you have rendered to Plymouth Church, and our gratitude to God for the ten years of your faithful and inspiring ministrations. Under the divine guidance, we owe it to you that Plymouth Church, surviving the shock of its sudden and great bereavement through the death of Mr. Beecher, has stood for more than ten years, and still stands, compact, full-armed, and alert for the work of the Master.

The resignation was not accepted until some gentlemen of the church had called on my physician and satisfied themselves that no vacation and no attempted lessening of my labor would justify my continuing in the pastorate. The announcement of the resignation was followed by letters not only from members of the church and congregation but from all over the country; some from conservative, some from progressive clergymen; some from distant friends, some from friends whom I had never seen and never shall see. They were not letters of praise or congratulation, though praise and congratulation were not wanting; they were letters of thanks for service rendered by my ministry to the life of faith and hope and love. They were not written for publication and may not be given to the public; but they have brought back to me, as I have been rereading them in preparation for this chapter, those sad days and glad days, for they were both sad and glad, and have given a new inspiration to my faith that the real power of the modern preacher, as of the ancient prophet, lies, not in an appeal to either the church or the Bible, but to the life of God which is in the soul of every man, and that without the arts of the orator and the learning of the scholar he does not speak in vain who can sincerely say to himself in the words of his Master, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The prevailing note of the newspaper press throughout the country was one of friendliness, even in those cases in which this friendliness was accompanied with criticism. From an editorial in the New York "Tribune" I venture to quote one paragraph because, in stating what I had done during those eleven years, it stated with equal clearness and brevity what I had desired to do;

and because, from a writer wholly unknown to me, it furnishes an answer to those who had charged me with shaking the faith of the unwary by my preaching: —

> The determination of Dr. Lyman Abbott to retire from the pulpit will be regretted by thousands outside of Plymouth Church. The range of his influence has been great, but it is as a preacher that he has occupied a unique place and given a new vitality to the Christianity of many people who found difficulty in reconciling the religion of their traditions with the secular thought of their time. The great body of Christians, perhaps, need no such reconciling. Others find satisfaction in the most radical departure from orthodoxy. But there is a middle class who wish to hold the old faith, but who are bound to face its problems rationally and frankly. To them a man like Lyman Abbott is a tower of strength, a conservative force, and at the same time an intellectual stimulus. Not to have his regular teaching will be a serious deprivation to those who gathered from week to week to hear him, and it will also be a loss to others who believed in him and were more serious and reverently thoughtful because of him, even though they did not often come under his personal ministrations.

I look back upon those eleven years of pastoral and editorial labor with unconcealed thankfulness. There was plenty of hard work, sometimes criticism, sometimes friction; but on the whole they were years of peace and exhilaration. My wife was my partner in the undertaking, and I sincerely think that such success as attended our joint work was quite as much due to her wise counsels, unflagging energy, and unfailing tact as to my activities. My associates both in the church and in the newspaper were devoted friends, never urging duty upon me, always endeavoring to take work from me. That the church was actuated by the same spirit is indicated by the fact that one of the entertainments given by the Plymouth League was a mock trial in which their pastor was indicted for violating the eight-hour law by

his overwork. Looking back upon those eleven years, not without regrets for some faults and failures, not without a consciousness that a stronger man could and would have accomplished some results which I could not even attempt, still I could say reverently to my Father, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

In this and the preceding chapter I have said nothing of the substance of my teaching in either press or pulpit. In the immediately succeeding chapters I propose to trace briefly the industrial, political, and religious changes which have taken place in this country during the past sixty years as I have seen them and participated in them by both written contributions and spoken addresses.

CHAPTER XVII

AN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION[1]

THE industrial systems of the world may be classified in three groups: in the first the capitalist owns the laborer — slavery; in the second the capitalist owns the land, and as landowner owes protection to the laborer, the laborer owes service to the landowner — serfdom or feudalism; in the third the capitalist owns the tools and implements of organized industry, and the terms and conditions on which the laborers may use them for their mutual benefit are determined by free contract — the wages system or capitalism. All these systems existed in the civilized world in the first half of the nineteenth century — slavery in the British West Indies and the Southern States of America; serfdom or feudalism in Russia; the wages system or capitalism in western Europe and the Northern States of America. The abolition of slavery in the West Indies and in the United States, and the abolition of serfdom in Russia, left capitalism the prevailing system throughout the civilized world. In this system labor was regarded as a commodity which the laborer had to sell and the capitalist wished to buy. That there was any relation of mutual obligation between the laborer and the capitalist was habitually ignored and sometimes explicitly denied.

[1] The quotations in this and the succeeding chapter are generally from *The Outlook* unless otherwise indicated. The articles from which these quotations are taken are not always from my pen, but they represent views which, at the time the article was published, I was advocating.

"An employer," said a defender of this system, "is under no more financial obligation to his workmen after he has paid their current wages than they are to him, or to a passer-by on the street, whom they never saw." [1]

My retirement from the executive work of the Freedman's Union Commission and from the rush of a city life gave me the opportunity, and existing conditions gave me the incentive, to make a study of this system as it was presented by the conditions of labor in the factories and mines in the United States and Great Britain. My practical wife had not much faith in purely theoretical reform, and with characteristic tact early turned my attention from the labor problem of the books to the labor problem of life. I was engaged in writing my first essay on the subject when she came to me with some question respecting the cook which she jocosely suggested to me to solve. I caught her purpose and answered her in the same spirit.

"I am engaged," I replied, "in solving the labor problem of the universe. Do you expect me to lay aside this great problem to consider a question of the cook?"

"Well," she said, "if you will solve the problem of the cooks, I will solve the labor problem of the universe."

I declined to make the exchange. But this concrete illustration made clearer to me than before the truth that the labor problem is a human problem, and cannot be solved by a student in his library; that while I might contribute something to its solution by the dissemination of information and the discussion of theories, the real solution must be made by practical coöperation between the laborer and the capitalist in the workshop, the factory, and the mine. While after that incident my attention vibrated somewhat between the rights and

[1] W. A. Croffut, "What Rights Have Laborers?" *Forum*, May, 1886.

duties of the employer and those of the employed, I never entirely forgot the lesson that the labor problem depends for its final solution upon the spirit which men and women carry into their daily vocations.

Two motives conspired to make this labor problem a chief theme of my study for the next forty-five years — my interest as a reformer in the welfare of my fellowmen, and my interest as a journalist in the most important public question of the time.

It was an age of curious contrasts, of sordid selfishness and of impracticable idealism. Each, by reaction, intensified the other. The unconscious cruelty perpetrated by the current forms of industry made reformers too impatient to consider gradual remedies. The impracticability of their panaceas confirmed the practical business men in their conviction that the injustices of the prevailing industrial system were unavoidable, and the ministerial representatives of the capitalistic system were fond of quoting the text, "The poor ye have with you always," without remembering the addition, "and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."

The socialistic publications of the day devoted much of their space to portraying the economic, the educational, the moral, and the political evils produced by the existing industrial system. This was quite right. The orthodox theologian assures us that conviction of sin is the first stage in conversion. It is certain that conviction of social sin is the first stage in social reform. The greatest obstacle to any organic movement for public improvement is furnished by the optimist who thinks that everything is already as it should be. I did not, however, take these socialistic indictments of society altogether seriously. I was lawyer enough to recognize the radical difference between the speech of a

prosecuting attorney and the charge of an impartial judge. But they compelled me to study in more scientific treatises the conditions of the hand-workers throughout the world — the coolies in India, the peasants in Russia, Italy, and France, the peons in South America, and the wage-earners in Great Britain and the United States.

I made the acquaintance of Professor R. T. Ely, the first American, so far as I know, to treat economics as a human study; the first one to regard the industrial problem as one, not of labor and capital, but of laborers and capitalists; the first one to become personally acquainted with workingmen, to attend their meetings — I believe joining a labor union — to consider them not as machines supposedly governed solely by self-interest, but as men with wives and children, homes and aspirations, and, like other men, governed by a great variety of conflicting motives. I visited the mines and factory towns of America. I had visited the slums of New York City, as described in a previous chapter, and seen one room occupied by two families, which I was credibly informed had previously been occupied by four, one in each corner. I followed Mr. Valentine's suggestion, and one winter spent six weeks in England, studying its educational, political, and industrial problems. I found the slum conditions in London worse than those in New York in one important respect. In New York men and women were climbing up; in London they were sinking down. In New York they had hopes for their children, if not for themselves; in London they lived in a dull content worse than despair. I found an increasing number of earnest men and women of all faiths engaged in the study of the same problem and in endeavors to find a remedy for the existing conditions. I visited in London

the model Waterlow houses and Peabody houses, the first practical efforts to improve the housing of the poor. I visited Toynbee Hall, the first of the social settlements which now exist in every large city and are beginning to extend into our smaller towns and villages. In this country I visited Hull House in Chicago, and similar though less known settlements in New York. The Earl of Shaftesbury had begun his agitation for the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes in England, and less famous followers of his were agitating in America for better conditions here. But these sporadic philanthropies had done little more, when I began my studies, than to emphasize the need of a united endeavor to ascertain the cause and cure of industrial conditions.

My study of these conditions, partly through my own observations, partly through the reports of other more careful and thorough students, showed that the doctrine that the State owes no other duty to the laborer than to leave him free to make the best bargain he can, and the employer owes him no other duty than to pay him the current wages, had produced such results as these:—

In England agricultural laborers breakfasting on "tea-kettle broth" — hot water poured on bread and flavored with onion — dining on bread and hard cheese, supping on potatoes or cabbage greased with a bit of fat bacon, never eating meat more than once a week, and living in hovels described as "not fit to house pigs in"; in Manchester, Leeds, in London, factory employees dwelling in greater moral and physical degradation than that of the prisoners for whose reclamation the great prison reformer Howard had labored; women and little children in the coal mines dragging loaded trucks along low passages, inch-deep in water, going on all fours like

horses, with the chains fastened around their half-naked bodies; and all of them, women and children as well as men, working from ten to sixteen hours a day; over a quarter of the population of London, the greatest city of Christendom, living in poverty; and one thirty-fourth of the entire population of England and Wales dependent upon public or private charity. Poverty was accounted by political economists as a burden upon society to be classed with war, pestilence, and crime, and by some of them the burden of poverty was regarded as only second to that of war. In most of the communities where the wages system prevailed nothing was done for either the protection or the education of the children except by private charity, and the poverty which the wages system created was in turn a principal cause of two of the other great burdens of society—crime and pestilence.

The conditions in America were not comparable to these in Great Britain, but the same industrial system was certain to produce similar conditions in America in the fullness of time; and even in America they were often intolerable. Men often worked twelve, fourteen, and sometimes sixteen hours in the day. In certain of the iron industries, in which two shifts were employed, they worked habitually twelve hours a day, including holidays and Sundays. No movement to restrict child labor had been initiated in America, and no attempt had been made to regulate by law either the hours or the conditions of women's work.

In the coal mines of Pennsylvania over six thousand boys under fourteen years of age were working nine hours a day in an atmosphere thick with coal-dust, which in a few minutes' visit "will coat the lungs and throat with a black dust which twenty-four hours of pure air cannot clear from the mucous linings." Women

employed in factories and shops were working from ten to fifteen hours a day, often in continuous and monotonous labor with the result, established by indisputable scientific and medical evidence, that both body and mind were exhausted and depressed, and in many cases the possibility of motherhood was destroyed. The condition of women working in the tenements was no better. Their constant treading of the machine undermined their health; seamstresses developed anæmia, tuberculosis, pelvic diseases; cigar-makers developed consumption to the extent of ninety per cent. Such women, living in dirty dwellings without air or light, bore children starved before they were born, infected with hereditary disease, and destined either to die in childhood or to populate asylums, hospitals, or penitentiaries.[1]

An industrial system which produced poverty in a land of wealth and hunger in a land of plenty, which incited to crime and begot criminals, invited needless disease, bred pestilence and multiplied deaths, which robbed men and women of their homes and which robbed children of their fathers and mothers, their education, and their play hours, was an unjust and intolerable system. The joy of my own home, the fellowship with my busy but not driven wife, the companionship of my children, and my happiness in their intellectual, moral, and physical growth, intensified my anger — I hope it was a righteous anger — against the system which denied

[1] Authorities for these statements are Professor Francis A. Walker, *The Wages Question*, and authorities cited by him; Trevelyan, *The Life of John Bright*; the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (ninth edition); Charles Booth's monumental survey of London, *Life and Labor in London;* the brief presented to the United States Supreme Court in 1909, and the unanimous decision of that court based on the facts stated in the brief, sustaining the constitutionality of the law limiting the hours of labor for women; reports official and unofficial in *The Outlook;* and authorities cited in my *Christianity and Social Problems and The Spirit of Democracy.*

these joys to fellow-men who were as justly entitled to them as myself. These wrongs were what first aroused in me, fresh from the anti-slavery campaign, the resolve to do the little I could for the emancipation of my brothers from this bondage. My realization of other political and social evils growing out of the industrial system came with my further studies and my further endeavors to take part with others in the work of reformation.

For a time I could do nothing except describe conditions and emphasize the need for reform. The American people seemed to be asleep, and I longed to arouse them. "The Outlook," then the "Christian Union," had a limited circulation, not exceeding fifteen or twenty thousand. It went chiefly to the employing class, which was an advantage, but its voice was heard only in a limited circle. I longed for a larger field and a more eloquent pen. Invitations began to come to me to address clubs, conventions, dinners, and ecclesiastical assemblies, and wherever I could do so with propriety I made the industrial problem my theme. It became a leading topic of my editorials.

In February, 1885, I began the publication of a series of articles on the Home Heathen of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, each written by a clergyman living in the city whose conditions he described. My object was to make my half of the world see how the other half lived. These articles appealed to the humanity of my readers; at the same time, in an editorial entitled "Ominous Indications," I appealed to their fears. I pointed out the danger to America from the growing industrial unrest. I said: —

> During the last few weeks Chicago papers have contained reports of military drills in halls by socialistic organizations; Pennsylvania papers depict a spirit of deepening discontent

among the unemployed in and about Pittsburg; and the New York papers give the results of an informal census of the Anarchists of New York, which even the most optimistic estimate to number several hundred. These are the men that are ready for ruin to-day; and how many are there whom any untoward circumstances might rally to swell their ranks and follow their leadership to-morrow?

This discontent was not without cause; according to Bradstreet, three hundred and fifty thousand factory employees were without work; men in the Belleville coal-field of Illinois received but three dollars a week as their regular wage; in Hocking Valley little children and women were going from door to door asking for rags to clothe themselves. The revolutionary leaders declared that revolution was coming of itself and that the time was near when they could mount to ride the whirlwind and guide the storm. Two weeks later I repeated the same warning of "An Impending Revolution," and pointed out the causes which were leading to it. Political economists, I said, tell us that under our present industrial system the cost of subsistence determines the rate of wages, which means that workingmen cannot earn more by their labor than barely enough for their support. Workingmen are therefore compelled to live from hand to mouth, always near the grave and always liable to see their loved ones dropping into it for want of the simplest necessities of life — good food, good water, and good air. And I quoted from Elisée Reclus in the "Contemporary Review" the following paragraph and called for the answer to it: —

The mean mortality among the well-to-do is, at the utmost, one in sixty. Now, the population of Europe being a third of a thousand millions, the average deaths, according to the rate of mortality among the fortunate, should not exceed five millions. They are three times five millions! What have we

done with these ten million human beings killed before their time? If it be true that we have duties one towards the other, are we not responsible for the servitude, the cold, the hunger, the miseries of every sort, which doom the unfortunate to untimely deaths? [1]

Three weeks later, in an editorial entitled "The Socialistic Indictment," I gave a summary of the charges brought by socialists against the modern industrial system, and said: "We mean ourselves to study this indictment, neither in panic nor in prejudice, and to measure, as well as we can, its truth. It shall not be our fault if our readers do not study it also." And I narrated with gratification an incident reported to me by a reader of the "Christian Union" who had met a radical socialistic leader from the West who denounced the "Christian Union" with hot and profane invective and declared that it was "doing more to defeat the revolutionary designs of the socialists than all the rest of the religious papers put together, by calling the attention of the public to facts which had hitherto escaped public attention, and by endeavoring with Christianity to patch up reforms of evils on whose existence the socialists depend to destroy both Church and State."

Seven months later, November, 1885, I contributed to the "Century Magazine" an article in the same spirit, entitled "Danger Ahead," pointing out the perils to American society in the then existing conditions: an unregulated immigration; unhindered freedom of speech for the agitators; dynamite that could be carried in a carpetbag; half of our workers wage-workers and a vast majority of them either of foreign birth or children of

[1] "An Anarchist on Anarchy," by Elisée Reclus, *Contemporary Review*, May, 1884.

foreign-born parents, all of them restless and growing more so, many of them acknowledging no fealty to any religion which teaches them the duty or endows them with the power of self-restraint, and taught by their foreign experience to believe that government is despotism, that property is theft, and spoliation is redress, and having some ground for their philosophy in the facts of modern life. "A youth starts in life as a deck hand on a river steamer; in half a century he has amassed a fortune of seventy millions. Another begins life with a mouse-trap; in twenty-seven years he exhibits securities worth a hundred millions. Society is a joint stock concern. These are the profits which these two railroad kings have taken from it. Have they earned them? Do the seventy millions in the one case and the hundred millions in the other represent what they have added to the common stock?" I did not think so. There are, I said, only three ways by which man can acquire wealth: by industry, by gift, or by robbery. And "society is organized in the interest of robbery whenever it is so organized as to enable men by their sagacity to take out of the world wealth whose equivalent they have never put into the world. This is the complaint, and the just complaint, of the laboring classes." Bitterness was added to that complaint because they saw more or less clearly that this money had been made, not by industry, but by gambling; and that this gambling had been made possible by means of great corporations. "These corporations," I said, "are already a power in the State greater than the State itself. They control the United States Senate, if not the United States House of Representatives, and the legislatures of several of our States. They have autocratic powers bestowed upon them. They fix the rates of transportation of goods and pas-

sengers; they determine the conditions on which and the prices at which telegraphic communication may be carried on between different parts of the country; they are absolute masters both of the nerves and the arteries of the body politic." And these evils, I pointed out, were enhanced because "the stocks of these great corporations are turned into dice by which gigantic gambling operations are carried on, operations in which fortunes are lost and made in a day, operations by which men are tempted from honest industry to their ruin, and other more honest men who resist the temptations are involved in the ruin which a common wreck inflicts upon the community."

Six months later came the Haymarket tragedy in Chicago.

Twenty years before, an International Workingmen's Association had been organized to secure the complete emancipation of the working classes. Factional fights destroyed that organization in Europe. But the more radical faction organized a society in the United States whose avowed object was the destruction of all the existing class rule "by energetic, relentless, revolutionary and international action." Its platform affirmed Proudhon's aphorism "Property is robbery"; proposed "the forcible overthrow of all existing arrangements," and declared that "massacres of the people's enemies must be instituted; the war cannot terminate until the enemy (the beast of property) has been pursued to its last lurking-place and totally destroyed." A public meeting was called in Haymarket Square, Chicago, by the leaders of this organization, at the time of a strike. Fully fifteen hundred people responded to the call, but fortunately a brisk shower diminished the crowd to about half that number. The leaders converted a wagon into a platform

from which the speakers addressed the crowd. While one of them was calling on his auditors to put these revolutionary principles into practice, a body of twenty-four policemen appeared to disperse the meeting and to arrest the leaders. Into this group of policemen a bomb was thrown. With the exception of three of the police, who were at the head of their men and nearest to the speaker, every man in this company of officers was injured; one was killed outright, six died subsequently from their injuries, and others were crippled for life. But not a policeman wavered, and, being speedily reinforced, they broke up the mob and arrested four of the anarchists; others of the company were subsequently arrested, and seven were found guilty of murder and declared by the jury to be worthy of death.

Tragic as this occurrence was, it served a useful purpose. It put an end to the International in America and awakened the complacent and self-satisfied nation to the existing perils. And it demanded of the reformers that, instead of dwelling on these perils, they direct their thoughts to a study of the question how the evils could be cured and the perils averted. The principal remedies theretofore proposed by social reformers may be conveniently grouped in seven classes: Violence, Anarchism, Laissez-faire, Communism, Labor-Unionism, State Socialism, the Single Tax.

I. With the proposal of energetic, relentless war against capitalists as enemies of society I had no sympathy. But the violence of mobs was less a disease than a symptom, and while lawless violence must be resisted by lawful violence, success in such resistance would not alone solve the problem. Nine years before the Haymarket tragedy, "The Outlook" said, apropos of a railway strike accompanied by violence: —

> Of course the first thing is to put down the rioters by vigorous measures at whatever cost. But there will then still remain a work of good-will to be done, or this *émeute*, which is by far the most serious of its kind that has yet occurred in this country, will only be the precursor of others of the same sort still more serious. The military can only handcuff the hands of the striker; the moralist must find a road to his head and his heart, or, when the handcuffs are taken off, the next strike will be more vigorous than ever.

This twofold judgment was repeated in substance with every recurring strike when accompanied by violence. Greater emphasis was generally put upon the necessity of finding a remedy for industrial wrong than upon the necessity of repressing violence; for all the readers of "The Outlook" believed in repressing violence, but many of them had to be awakened to the necessity of looking for a remedy.

II. But all anarchists are not assassins. There was a philosophy of anarchism propounded by some thoughtful men which deserved consideration, and therefore sympathetic though critical interpretation. To that philosophy I gave some study, the results of which I embodied in an address delivered in 1902 before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York on "Anarchism." In this address I summed up the previous teachings of "The Outlook" scattered through a number of years; I accepted the definition of anarchism furnished by one of its advocates, E. V. Zenker, "The perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, and consequently the absence of any kind of external government." This doctrine the anarchists defended on philosophic grounds — the sanctity of the human will; on historic grounds — the evils wrought in history by despotism; on religious grounds — Christ's forbidding his disciples to resist evil. I pointed out the fact that in religion all Americans

believed in the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual; that the popular economic doctrine was that industry should be wholly left to the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, subject only to natural law and free competition; and, still further, that those who believe that "all just government rests upon the consent of the governed" could hardly object, logically, to the conclusion of the anarchists that there can be no just government where there is no such consent. This aphorism I absolutely repudiated, a repudiation which brought upon me a mild torrent of not mild criticism. But what I said then I here repeat: —

Law exists independently of man's will; the moral law no less than physical law. "We are under law, and we cannot help ourselves. Law comes neither from the divine right of kings nor from a divine right of democracies; it is eternal, immutable, divine; it proceeds, as Hooker has said, from the bosom of Almighty God. From anarchists who are assassins we should protect society by whatever penal laws are necessary, but to philosophical anarchism we should give a patient hearing and answer it with fair and honest reason. Journalists must affirm, instructors teach, ministers preach, the divine, inviolable, eternal sanctity of law. Legislators must understand that they cannot make laws, they can only discover them; legislation must conform to the eternal laws of morality, and the courts must administer law for the purpose of securing justice. Let legislators legislate for special classes, protect the rich and forget the poor, estimate the prosperity of the nation by the accumulation, not by the distribution, of wealth, and intrench by legislation an industrial system with long hours, little leisure, and small rewards for the many, and the accumulation of unimagined wealth for the few, and let the courts allow the rich to keep the poor waiting till their patience and their purses are alike exhausted, crimes go unpunished until they are forgotten, and the petty gambler be arrested but the rich and prosperous one go free — and anarchism will demand the abolition of all law because it will see in

law only an instrument of injustice. The way to counteract hostility to law is to make laws which deserve to be respected. [1]

III. In this essay I incidentally expressed my view of the current economic doctrine popularly known as "Laissez-faire" — the doctrine defined by Adam Smith in the following two sentences: "All systems either of preference or of restraint, therefore, being completely taken away, the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord. Every man, as long as he does not violate the law of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest in his own way, and to bring both his industry and capital into competition with those of any other man, or order of men." This philosophy, which would leave all industry to the operation of natural laws, I had repudiated as early as 1878. "The community," I said, "which attempts to set aside natural laws is one of lunatics; but the community which makes no attempt to employ and direct them is one of barbarians." And I warned of the danger which this policy invited. I said, "There is growing up a plutocracy in the United States just as full of possible danger as an aristocracy, and against it there will certainly be raised up contesting influences by which it will be limited. . . . Laissez-faire is no safe pilot for such a sea. It is one that demands the profoundest study of the profoundest thinkers of America." For the first ten years of my editorial work, in dealing with the industrial situation, my chief purpose was to persuade my readers that we cannot safely leave the industrial situation to work itself out, but that it must be worked out by intelligent coöperative action; that the prevailing discontent was deep, widespread, and justified; that men who were working from ten to twelve hours a day to earn

[1] Condensed from the address.

their livelihood could not be expected to find a remedy; that their more prosperous and intelligent brethren must find it for them; and I found in such writers as Professor Francis G. Walker, John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Arnold abundant authority for my contention that under the existing industrial system there is no real freedom of contract and there is a practical injustice which inevitably incites to envy, jealousy, and hatred.

IV. There were certain sporadic attempts to find relief from the free competitive system by the organization of communities in which the property was owned in common and the industries were carried on for the benefit of all the members. Such communities were organized in America at New Harmony, Pennsylvania, Brockton and Oneida in New York, and Brook Farm in Massachusetts. More important than any of these was the Shaker settlement in New Lebanon, New York. This latter settlement I visited, and I made some study of the others through two volumes published at the time, Mr. John H. Noyes's "History of American Socialism" and Mr. Charles Nordhoff's "The Communistic Societies of the United States." These societies seemed to me to contribute as little toward the solution of the labor problem as did the monasteries in the Middle Ages to the solution of the practical problems of a growing civilization. They offered an escape from the problem, not a solution of it; and most of them, I believe, no longer exist.

V. Labor organization offered a more valuable contribution to the solution of the industrial problem than did either anarchism, laissez-faire, or communism. The capitalists were organized in great corporations. The laborer as an individual had to take such wages and such conditions as the corporation prescribed. If a railway

engineer objected that his hours of labor were too long, he was told to quit; it was always easy to get some one to take his place. Laborers therefore organized in order that they might deal on equal terms with capitalists who were already organized. Only thus could they secure anything like that freedom of contract which the wages system promised but did not secure. I defended, and still defend, the right of the laborers thus to unite for the promotion of their common interests. But I recognize the fact that "the trades-union is not organized like a political club, for purposes of persuasion, nor like a literary club, for purposes of education, nor like a coöperative club, for purposes of industrial benefit; it is organized chiefly to protect its members against the oppression of employers, or to wrest from employers a larger share of the profits. It is founded on the assumption that the interests of the employer and the employed are antagonistic; and that combination is necessary to protect the employed from their employers." A condition of society in which the employers are leagued together to keep the price of wages down, and the employees are leagued together to force the price of wages up, could never produce industrial peace or promote human brotherhood. It might ameliorate the absolutism of capital, but it could do so only by maintaining a condition of perpetual though suppressed warfare. It tended to promote strikes and lockouts, and every such conflict, whichever side won, widened the chasm between the classes and increased the danger of a bitter and violent conflict.

VI. The spirit of socialism as expressed in the fine phrase of James Russell Lowell, "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and a community of interest, sympathy; the giving to the hand, not so large a

share as the brain, but a larger share than hitherto, in the wealth they must combine to produce," is as old as the human race. With this spirit I was in hearty sympathy from my college days. But with the methods of modern socialism, which dates from the early part of the nineteenth century, I was not in sympathy.[1] If socialism means that the present industrial system is radically wrong and needs to be revolutionized, then I am a socialist. If it means that the revolution desired involves the ownership of all the tools and implements of organized industries and their direction and control by the political organization — the Nation, the State, or the city — then I am not a socialist. I once asked an advocate of this school whether in a socialistic State I could own a piano and give concerts.

He answered, "Certainly; but the State would give so much better concerts for so small a price or for none at all that you could not make concert-giving profitable."

"Might I own a wheelbarrow and spade and cultivate a garden?"

"Certainly."

"Could I employ a gardener?"

"Y-e-s. But not to cultivate vegetables for the market."

That this is not an extreme but only a concrete statement of the practical effects of political socialism is made clear by my quotations from socialistic writers, in the chapter on "Political Socialism," in "The Spirit of Democracy." A single sentence from one of the best and most thoughtful of American socialists must here suffice — John Spargo: "The State has the right and the power to organize and control the economic system."

[1] The very term "socialist" first occurs in the English language in 1837 or 1838.

I am too much of an individualist to accept this form of socialism. "It is not industrial liberty. It is industrial servitude to a new master." A State church has never given religious liberty; a State industry would not give industrial liberty. "If," I said, in a lecture delivered to an audience which included not a few socialists, "I must have a boss, I would rather have Carnegie, the capitalist, than Croker, the Tammany politician."

Moreover, while I saw in Christianity and socialism a common spirit, I also saw in them a radical difference. Socialism and Christianity start from the same starting-point and propose the same goal. They agree in declaring that the present social structure is radically wrong and in proposing to give humanity an ideal society. But their methods are different. Socialism would reform society in order to reform the individual. Christianity would transform the individual in order to transform society. I believe in both. "Our business is to incorporate Christian principles in government and society; to make government a universal service and society a universal brotherhood." But in this work the individual comes first. "Rotten timber cannot make a sound ship."

VII. One other reform remains to be mentioned — the Single Tax. When Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" appeared, the clear vision, simply philosophy, unflinching courage, and lucid English of the author appealed to me. Through a mutual friend I secured the presence of Mr. George at a private dinner, where we three discussed the industrial problem. The man attracted me quite as much as the book which he had written. I do not undertake here an exposition of his philosophy. It is enough to say that with his fundamental postulate, that the air, the sunlight, the rivers, navigable or unnavigable, the soil and its contents,

naturally belong to the community; that all property rights in these natural products are purely artificial, created by the community, I heartily agree. But I do not and did not agree with him that when the community has created such artificial rights it has a right to abolish them without compensation. Nor do I agree with some of his followers who apparently think that the practical abolition of private ownership in land by levying a tax equivalent to a rental of all land properties would be a panacea for industrial evils. How I think the principles of Henry George should be and are being applied in working out a new social order will appear later. Here I may add that when he died, in the fall of 1897, I was glad to join with Dr. Gustav Gottheil, a Jewish rabbi, Dr. Edward McGlynn, a Roman Catholic priest, and John Sherman Crosby, a radical Socialist, in public tributes to Henry George's memory in what was one of the most notable memorial services ever held in America in honor of a purely private citizen.

How I found my way through these conflicting schemes of reform to my own conclusion — the one which I have been advocating for thirty years — I do not know. I suspect that the clue was suggested to me by the first of three visits which I made at different times to the coal mines of Pennsylvania. There was supposed to be a glut of coal in the market. The men were working only half time, of course on half wages; and whole wages were none too much for a comfortable livelihood. Of course there was discontent. I made the acquaintance of a Welsh preacher who was also a mine worker, and he invited me home to dinner. He was not angry, but puzzled. He and his comrades were thought intelligent enough to elect a Governor and legislators for the State, a President and Congress for the Nation,

but they had no share in determining what should be their own hours of labor, or the wages they should receive. We never know, he said, when we go to work in the morning but that the boss may tell us when we come out of the mine at noon that there is no more work for us and we need not come back to-morrow. And I thought of Stephen Blackpool, in Dickens's "Hard Times," and what the labor problem meant to him: "Let 'em be. Let everything be. Let all sorts alone. 'T is a muddle, and that's aw."

I think it was after this that I offered my first suggestion respecting this muddle. It was in November, 1884. "The Outlook" at that time announced an enlargement in the following year, and took occasion to reaffirm its belief in democracy — "democracy in religion, in government, in education, in industry, against hierarchy in the church, oligarchy in government, aristocracy in letters, and plutocracy in society." Prior to that time I had advocated specific reforms — the regulation of tenement-houses by law; the creation of State and Federal Railway Commissions, and the regulation of the telegraph and the railways by the joint action of the State and Federal Governments; the control of all the great corporations by the Government; the development of industrial education in our public school systems; the protection of the public domain from foreign and domestic trespassers; but I had not clearly seen, at least I had not clearly stated, to what ultimate issue these specific reforms pointed.

The following year I gave to industrial liberty a more definite meaning. I expressed the hope that "the conflict between labor and capital will come to an end in an epoch in which the capitalists will be laborers and the laborers will be capitalists; in which neither em-

ployers nor government but industry itself will control its implements of industry, and will at once control and compensate its own toil." I criticised the labor leaders as not sufficiently radical. "Instead of seeking for an industrial organization which will make labor its own master and capital a commodity to be hired in the cheapest market, they are content to leave the present industrial organization unchanged, and seek only to wring by battle a little larger wage out of the employers, or to transfer mastership from individual capitalists to a political machine." And I argued the practicability, at least the possibility, of this industrial democracy: "A great factory in modern times, I said, requires on an average a thousand dollars capital for every workingman employed; if there are a thousand workmen there are needed a million dollars. . . . If we can bring about a state of society in which every workingman can have a thousand dollars invested in his work, workingmen will be their own capitalists and their own masters, and the present industrial difficulty growing out of chronic and suppressed conflict between laborers and capitalists will be at an end." In such an organization the workers would own their tools and implements, would control the mill or factory, and would divide among themselves the profits and the losses of the enterprise."

While urging this as the ultimate goal of all industrial reform, I opposed as vigorously as I knew how some of the more dangerous of the panaceas described above — labor war, anarchism, state socialism — and advocated with equal earnestness specific industrial reforms: shorter hours, better wages, sanitary legislation, prohibition of child labor, restriction of woman's labor, and the like. On three reforms I laid special emphasis,

partly because I believe they led surely but gradually and indirectly in the direction of industrial democracy. These reforms were postal savings, industrial education, and legal recognition of labor unions.

In one of my tours of investigation through the mining region of Pennsylvania I found between Philadelphia and Wilkes-Barre but one savings bank. One beneficent mine operator, lamenting this fact, told me that for a time his company took the savings of the men and allowed them interest. But when hard times came on and the company had difficulty in securing the money necessary to continue their business, the workingmen came clamoring for their savings, and the company decided that it would never repeat the experiment. It was right. It is not well for the workingman to depend both for his wages and his savings on the one corporation. I began then an agitation in "The Outlook," continued for over twenty years, for a postal savings bank, urging that the workingman should find it as easy to put his money at interest as to post a letter. My dream of twenty years ago has now come true. The deposits made in the postal savings bank indicate that the will to save is not lacking; and this indication is confirmed by the reports from the private savings banks: —

> It is reported by the Comptroller of the Currency that there were in 1909 nearly nine million depositors in the savings banks of the United States, who owned therein $3,713,405,709. A considerable proportion of these depositors are wage-earners, yet they belong to the creditor class. They are capitalists loaning their capital through the savings banks to the managers of great enterprises. When the great enterprises are so honestly managed that stock in the enterprise is as safe as a deposit in the savings bank, many of these savings-bank depositors will become shareholders in the enterprise which, by their work, they are carrying on.

To be a capitalist the workingman must not only have money and the facilities for keeping it, he must have an educated intelligence. Under the wages system the capitalists or employing class had no interest and not much inclination to furnish the means to their employees to acquire this intelligence. Children were set to work at nine or ten years of age. Their fathers and often their mothers worked ten to fourteen hours a day. The schools were purely academic and almost purely literary. They made bookkeepers and clerks and typewriters, but not mechanics. They were not schools for the miners and the factory hands; if the children of the miners and the factory hands sometimes attended them, it was only that they might escape as speedily as possible from the serfdom of their fathers. If the low-priced, unintelligent labor of America ran short, it was always possible to import low-priced, unintelligent labor from abroad. The immigration laws have done something to shut off that foreign supply; the child labor laws, the first one of which was enacted by Rhode Island in 1853, have done something to shut off the domestic supply; and industrial and vocational education is doing something to prepare the working classes to be their own masters and the managers of their own industry. Said Abraham Lincoln in 1859: —

> As the Author of man makes every individual with one head and one pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should coöperate as friends, and that that particular head should direct and control that pair of hands.

It took over fifty years for the country to grasp the full significance of this pithy saying. In fact, we have not yet fully grasped it.

In 1885 I wrote in "The Outlook": —

> The lack of industrial or manual training in our schools is a capital defect. . . . Knowledge of the more common tools and of the ways of using them; of the elementary mechanical operations; of the common ways of manipulating wood, and perhaps iron — this can be imparted to boys in our schools from fourteen to sixteen years of age, at no great expense, and with the greatest advantage to the boys themselves and to society at large.

Private philanthropy had at that time begun to grapple with this problem. There was an Industrial Education Society in Boston and there were similar societies in New York and other cities. But while these charitable enterprises "ought," I said, " to be fully equipped and heartily supported," their chief value I believed would be "to furnish a demonstration of the values of such training and to point out the defects to be mended in our systems of public education." That was thirty years ago. The latest report of the Commissioner of Education in Washington shows industrial and vocational schools maintained by the State in all but one of the States of the Union. These schools cover every variety of trade and industry — agriculture, commerce, mining, and manufactures. They are in addition to endowed schools, and to schools established by private industries, such as the Standard Oil Company, which not only furnishes education for certain of its employees in evening schools at the expense of the company, but which also provides training for work in the Far East and pays the students a moderate salary while they are getting this education. This movement, so widespread that it may be called universal, has the support both of chambers of commerce and of labor unions; and in many cases the industrial schools and the private industry coöperate, so that the student gets in the mine or in the factory practical experience, and in the schools instruction in the principles

of his chosen industry. This marks a great change since Abraham Lincoln characterized a prevalent theory of his time: "A blind horse upon a treadmill is a perfect illustration of what a laborer should be — all the better for being blind that he could not kick understandingly."

The country little realizes how much it owes to Samuel C. Armstrong, H. B. Frissell, and Booker T. Washington for the impulse they have given to all industrial education by what they have done to promote it in the negro race, both through the object-lessons afforded at Hampton and Tuskegee and by the addresses in support of vocational education which they have given in almost every part of the United States. An occasional reactionary capitalist still opposes industrial education, fearing that it will unfit the laboring classes for their allotted station, and an occasional labor leader opposes it because he is obsessed with the idea that industrial education is inferior to literary education. Nevertheless, the conviction that the object of education is preparation for life, and that the object of life is service for others, and therefore all education should fit for service, is steadily making its way into the consciousness of the American people.

I have steadfastly, continuously, and without hesitation, by pen and voice, maintained that it is the right of workingmen to organize and that it is generally wise for them to do so, and have frequently said that if I were a workingman I should belong to my trade union. He who in his youth advocated the emancipation of slave laborers could not do otherwise than maintain the liberties of so-called free laborers. Neither the folly of some of their leaders nor the criminal acts of others have ever caused me a moment's doubt as to the rights

of the men whom they misrepresented. I have lived to see those rights first denied by law and all labor organizations forbidden as conspiracy; then gradually and grudgingly conceded; then carefully defined; then defended and safeguarded. And I have seen this change in the laws accompanied, and in large measure caused, by a similar change in public opinion. What I could do I have done to promote that change; I wish that I could have done more. Not until after the emancipation of the slaves both by Great Britain and by the United States did English law recognize the right of workingmen to form combinations for the protection and promotion of their rights. About 1875 the British Parliament enacted a well-considered scheme of legislation defining that right, legalizing strikes and picketing if unaccompanied by violence, and at the same time prohibiting public disorder and willful injury to property.

During his second term President Roosevelt called a very interesting conference at the White House. It included two or three important labor leaders, a labor lawyer, two Justices of the Supreme Court, and some other gentlemen representing different social and industrial interests. I and two of my sons were there as representatives of journalism. In this conference one of the labor leaders, asked by Mr. Roosevelt what the labor organizations wanted, replied: A clear definition of the legal rights of labor, that they may know what those rights are. This seems to me a reasonable request, and the action of Great Britain affords a good example for America to follow. To some extent it has done so. Most of the courts of this country have interpreted the rights of the workingmen substantially in accord with the essential principles of the English legislation of 1875. Two special acts of legislation are worthy of note in this

connection. The laws enacted by several of our States, following European example, entitling the workingman to receive, as a matter of course, compensation for accidents suffered in the course of his employment, are based on the idea that the employer owes to his employee some other financial duty than that of merely promptly paying his wage; and the act of Congress exempting labor organizations from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is in itself a distinct repudiation of the theory that labor is a commodity which the employee sells to his employer.

Two striking events in the last four or five years further indicate this change in public sentiment: —

The Federal Council of Churches, in which all the leading Protestant evangelical churches of the United States are included, formally affirmed in 1914 their belief that Christianity involves a social as well as a theological creed, and gave utterance to such a creed. It includes a living wage for workingmen, protection from dangerous machinery and perilous occupational diseases, the abolition of child labor and the sweating system, a reduction of the hours of labor to secure that leisure which is a condition of the highest human life, a suitable provision for old age, and, what is most important of all, "*the most equitable division of the profits of industry that can ultimately be devised.*" This marks a very wide departure from the doctrine that the employer owes no financial obligation to the workingman except the prompt payment of his wages. If, as is often asserted, and I am inclined to think with truth, the Church represents the employers rather than the workingmen, this social creed represents a radical change in the attitude of the employing class.

The other indication is afforded by the organization

of the National Civic Federation. In this organization such capitalistic leaders as August Belmont, the banker, and George W. Perkins, formerly partner of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, unite with such labor leaders as John Mitchell, formerly head of the United Mine Workers of America, and Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation of Labor, to discuss the industrial situation in an annual convention, always closing with a banquet in which laborers and capitalists sit down together. One of the most interesting social gatherings I ever attended was one held a few years ago at the house of Andrew Carnegie, growing out of this Civic Federation, at which laborers and capitalists met socially as equals on the simple ground of a common humanity. Such gatherings have an effect to promote a true industrial democracy, an effect all the greater because indirect.

The undefined duty of the capitalist partner to give to the workingmen a share in the profits of their common enterprise is now recognized in some concerns by better wages voluntarily offered, in some by welfare work systematically carried on, in some by a bonus at Christmas, in some by a system of profit-sharing, in some by opportunities offered to the workingman to become a stockholder. This changed attitude of employers was expressed recently by a friend of mine engaged in manufacturing business by the sentence: "Formerly we paid the least wages we could and keep our workingmen contented; now we pay the best wages we can consistently with conducting successfully a profitable business." Participation in administration grows much more slowly than participation in profits. But, comparing 1915 with 1885, the growth is easily discernible by the open-minded. Sometimes the employer simply gives to every employee free access to him with complaints, and a real and patient

consideration of them; sometimes he invites conference with trusted representatives of his employees; sometimes he deals of choice with official representatives of the labor union to which his employees belong — J. Pierpont Morgan is reported to have said, "I would rather deal with one man than with ten thousand men"; sometimes an executive administrator is employed who serves as a connecting link between the owner of the property and the workingman and who has natural sympathy with both; sometimes, though as yet very rarely, details of administration are largely left to a selected representation of the employees. But more important than any specific acts is the growing spirit of mutual comprehension and coöperation between employer and employed, changing the atmosphere in many a shop from one of suspicion and hostility to one of industrial friendship.

In the next chapter I shall consider some of the political changes which have accompanied and in part been produced by this change in public sentiment.

CHAPTER XVIII

A POLITICAL REVOLUTION

IN January, 1890, a dinner was tendered in New York to Mr. Henry George on the occasion of his departure for Australia, to which country he was going to conduct a campaign in favor of free trade and the single tax. From an address which I made at this dinner I make here some extracts, weaving them together, but retaining, in the main, the phraseology of the address, which states as comprehensively and briefly as perhaps anywhere they are stated the political principles which certainly for over thirty years I have maintained continuously, and, I think, in the main, consistently: —

We are believers in democracy. We believe in political democracy — that it is the right of the people to rule themselves, not because they are always competent to govern, but because they are more competent to govern themselves than any one else is to govern them, and because they will learn more quickly by their blunders than by the wisdom of any aristocracy set over them. We believe in educational democracy. Because we believe in the capacity of the people for education we believe it is the duty of the Republic to open the way for all her citizens to all the education that is necessary for a large and noble citizenship. We believe also in a democracy of wealth. We believe in a commonwealth that really means what that noble word means, a wealth that is common. The problem of political economy in the past has been how to accumulate wealth; the problem in the future is how to distribute wealth. Therefore we believe in such a reform in taxation as will give us taxes on wealth, not on expenditure, and taxes

direct, not indirect. We believe that capital and labor are partners, and that it is the right of labor to organize for their own protection and the enhancement of their wages. We believe that the people must control the corporations, not the corporations the people, and that the great highways of the Nation, its iron and steel muscles, and the electric wires of the Nation, its nerves, must be under the control, if not under the ownership, of the body politic. We do not believe that government is a necessary evil and the less we have of it the better. We have no wish to go back to a paternal government nor to go back of that to the barbarism of individualism. We look forward to a fraternal government in which the people shall have learned to do by their common will and their common industry the things that are for their common well-being. With me this belief is a religion. I hold that it is as infidel to deny the brotherhood of man as to deny the Fatherhood of God; and the first infidelity is far more common in this country than the second.

The reader will observe that in this address I speak, not of my belief, but of our belief. I thought it to be a true interpretation of a growing body of progressive democrats; and as the speech was continually punctuated with applause, and as at the end three hearty cheers were called for by one of the guests and were heartily given, my opinion was confirmed that, in stating my own beliefs, I was interpreting the beliefs of others. Whatever service I have rendered to either the Church or the State by my utterances has been due, not to the fact that they were original and idiosyncratic, but to the fact that they interpreted to others, in definite form, opinions which they already held, but generally uncrystallized and unformulated. These principles have prevented me from *belonging* to any party, and have made it difficult sometimes for perfectly honest-minded critics to classify me. I have believed in anti-saloon legislation but have not been a Prohibitionist, in social reform but have not been a So-

cialist, in individual liberty but have not been a Democrat, in a strong centralized government but have not been a Republican, in political progress and social justice but have not been a Progressive. One exception to this statement is necessary: during the Civil War I was a Republican and probably always voted a straight Republican ticket, but when the war closed I left the party because of its reconstruction policy, and from that time on have been politically an independent.[1]

I should like to write a political history of the United States since 1876, when I began writing it from week to week in the pages of "The Outlook." But I have not the leisure nor the temperament fitted for accurate historical research. All I can do here is to show how the principles defined in the Henry George dinner have been applied by me in the interpretation of some of the more important events during that period.

How my democratic sympathies led me to take a part in the movement for the emancipation of the slave, and afterwards in the work of reconstruction, I have told in previous chapters. I believed that the negro is a man, not a chattel, and that he has an undeveloped capacity for self-government. But it was undeveloped, and slavery had done nothing to develop and much to repress this capacity. It seemed to me axiomatic that he who could not govern himself had no right to a share in governing others, and that before he could govern himself or others he must have some measure of education. I therefore gave a hearty support to the Blair Bill, introduced by Senator Blair into Congress for the purpose of giving Federal appropriations to public schools in the South

[1] In order to vote in the direct primary under the laws of the State of New York, I enrolled myself as a Progressive, but I none the less count myself an independent in politics.

and such measure of Federal supervision as would insure their promotion of the spirit of liberty and union. "The Republican party," I said, "could inaugurate no wiser measure than one appropriating a liberal amount to be expended in promoting a common school education in those States whose need is greatest and whose provision is least." This bill had the approval of Presidents Grant, Hayes, and Garfield, but was defeated by a combination of those who did not believe in the education of the negro and those who did not believe that the Federal Government should deal with education in the States. The results of universal suffrage without universal education I need not here recall.

Later, when private benevolence undertook on a large scale the work which the Federal Government should have undertaken, I heartily approved and only wished that I could have more efficiently helped. My younger brother Edward, on a visit to the Capon Springs Hotel in West Virginia, suggested to the proprietor that he invite a series of conferences for a consideration of the problem of education in the South both for the negroes and the mountaineers, analogous to the conferences held at Lake Mohonk for the Indians. Out of these conferences grew the Southern Educational Commission, in connection with which annual conferences were held in different Southern centers. Mr. Robert C. Ogden, with characteristic generosity, for several years provided a special train and invited a hundred guests or so to go with him to these meetings. How much this simple expedient did to interpret the North to the South, and, by the reports from his guests upon their return, to interpret the South to the North, no one can ever know. I attended and spoke at two of these conferences, making at the conference held at Richmond, Virginia, in 1903, the clos-

ing speech. The opera-house was packed, half of the upper gallery being reserved for and occupied by negroes — the first time, it was said, since the close of the Civil War that negroes had ever been invited to attend any such meeting in the South. From a Southern report of my address I quote two sentences: "Manhood suffrage means manhood first and suffrage afterwards. . . . A thousand times nothing is still nothing, and if the individual man cannot govern himself, then a thousand men who cannot govern themselves as individuals fail to make a self-governing community."

For this speech I was denounced in the North as meaning to nullify all that had been gained by the Civil War, and President Cleveland and I were classed together as "tiny tin weathercocks." On the other hand, I was vigorously commended by such journals as the New York "Tribune," and the Atlanta "Constitution." To these attacks my reply was a speech delivered in Boston before a joint meeting of the Orthodox and Unitarian Clubs, in which I heartily commended the suffrage amendments to their State Constitutions adopted by six of the Southern States. Of these amendments, popularly supposed in the North to be intended to deprive the negro of his vote, I said: "Any man can vote, black or white, if he can read the English language, owns three hundred dollars' worth of property, and pays his poll tax." The first qualification indicated intelligence, the second thrift, the third loyalty, and I believed that it would have been well for the country if these conditions of suffrage had been adopted by all the States from colonial days.

I followed this address by another at Montclair, New Jersey, on the Fourth of July of the same year, which I devoted to a discussion of the race problem. In this address I demanded equality of legal rights and industrial

Austin Abbott (May, 1894)

Benjamin Vaughan Abbott (about 1888) Edward Abbott (1887)

THE THREE BROTHERS OF LYMAN ABBOTT

opportunity for both races, and condemned intermarriage as injurious to both races and fatal to the community, and I defined the race question as follows: How shall two races live peacefully and happily together in the same community, each preserving its race purity? It is a new problem, for hitherto the superior race has either destroyed or subjugated or absorbed the backward race, and neither solution is possible for us. I may add that I have since been invited to speak before Southern audiences on this theme, and my message has always been the same; by so much as the white man is the superior of the black man, by so much it is the duty of the white man to minister to the welfare of the black man. I count it as one of the special honors of my life that in 1910 I was invited to speak at the Semi-Centennial of the State University of Louisiana, and had the opportunity to give this message to an apparently sympathetic audience which crowded to its utmost capacity the University's gymnasium, converted for the occasion into an audience hall.

The same fundamental principle, individual liberty coupled with a strong government, determined my course on the Indian question. I have never visited an Indian reservation, and doubt whether I have practically known more than half a score of Indians. My knowledge of the Indian problem is derived from others who have a first-hand acquaintance with the conditions, and such service as I have rendered has been that of a theorist applying certain general principles to those conditions as reported to him by disinterested observers.

In the fall of 1883 Mr. Albert K. Smiley invited to a summer hotel at Lake Mohonk, on the Shawangunk Mountains, in New York State, a number of friends of the Indians to consider the Indian question. Mr. Smiley

was a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and had not only a great interest in the Indians, but also an expert knowledge of their situation. That situation was substantially this: —

The country in colonial days had necessarily treated the Indian tribes as foreign nations and had made treaties with them. As late as 1800 such a treaty was made granting to the Indians in perpetuity all the territory west of the Mississippi River. As civilization moved westward the Indian territory had been diminished in size but the principle was still maintained. The tribes were granted reservations in which to camp and hunt and fish. The white settlers were forbidden to enter these reservations except by special permission from the Government, and the Indians were forbidden to come out. They were excluded from the civilizing institutions about them, and we wondered that they were not civilized; they were forbidden to sell the products of their industry in the open market, and we wondered that they were not industrious; we supported them in their idleness by rations, and we wondered that they remained paupers; we assumed that they were pagans and sent missionaries to them, and we wondered that they remained in paganism. I believed that the country had outgrown this system, that the Indians were not foreign peoples with whom we should make treaties, but wards of the Nation whom the Nation should govern for the purpose of making them self-governing, and that "the solution of the Indian problem lay in the annihilation of the reservation system root and branch, and in allowing the Indians the same liberty as is allowed to white men so long as they do not infringe on the rights of their neighbors." Three years before the first Indian Conference was held I said editorially of the Reservation system, "It is evil and only evil, and that

continually; it is expensive to Government; harassing to the whites; intolerable to the Indians." "To reserve for barbarism great territories, and forbid all advances of civilization, is like building a dungeon in the midst of day and shutting out the sunlight. It is time to have utterly and forever done with it."

In order to get this view before the conference with some chance of securing for it a serious consideration, I, after the first session, invited three or four influential members of the conference to meet at the Outlook office and discuss the problem with me. Among them was General S. C. Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute, in Virginia, for the education of negroes and Indians, one of the bravest and sanest of reformers. We agreed upon a policy, and I began at once an editorial agitation for the abandonment of the reservation system as preliminary to the introduction of this revolutionary conception at the next Lake Mohonk Conference. This attack upon a method which had been pursued since colonial days brought, as I had hoped it would, a vigorous counter-attack. The whole Indian problem was brought to the attention of the people by a widespread newspaper debate in which Western and Eastern journals alike participated. With the ground thus prepared, I introduced a resolution which, in the absence of the record, I must here describe from memory with some uncertainty whether in its first form it presented fully the developed policy. That policy called upon the Government to abolish the reservation system, break up the tribal organizations, allot to the Indians their lands in severalty, open the reservations to white settlement, allow the Indians to trade in the open market and to sue and be sued — in brief, treat the foreign aborigines as we treated the foreign immigrants, with the purpose of making them as

speedily as possible part of our heterogeneous Nation. This programme received a hearty support, previously secured, from some delegates who possessed a familiarity with Indian conditions which I did not possess; but it was received with astonishment not unmingled with indignation by others. It was condemned as a violation of sacred treaties and as involving robbery by a great Nation of lands belonging to a feeble folk. Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, one of the best friends the Indian ever had, devoted an evening to an eloquent address in condemnation of this policy. Two years after he introduced into the United States Senate a bill for putting the policy into effect; it is known in history as the "Dawes Bill." This action was taken consequent upon a resolution by the conference, after a discussion carried on for two years, cautiously recommending this policy for adoption as soon as practicable. The success of this agitation was largely due to the influence of two men — General Armstrong, the Principal of Hampton Institute, and Captain Pratt, the Principal of the Carlisle School for Indians in Pennsylvania. The latter, I remember, in one speech suggested that if the country would put all the Indians on certain special trains and traverse the country, dropping, I think he said, seven in each county, the Indian problem would be solved.

Two or three years later a second Indian reform was initiated at Lake Mohonk, scarcely less important. The work of educating the Indians had been carried on by missionary schools supported by private benevolence, sometimes in buildings given by the Government, sometimes aided by appropriations from the Government made in proportion to the number of pupils educated. When some of us who were regarded as radicals introduced a resolution recommending the abolition of this system and the

substitution of one in which the public schools should be maintained by the Federal Government for their wards, as public schools are maintained for the children of the State by the State, it was vigorously opposed. One chief ground of opposition was that the Federal Government would never consent to undertake the task, an objection which disappeared when in the following year Dr. Morgan, then the Indian Commissioner, came to Lake Mohonk to advocate this policy, with the backing of the Secretary of the Interior and the President. At first dreaded by the missionary societies, I think it is now approved by all of them, though some, of course, still maintain church schools in connection with their Indian work. Both these reforms, the reader will observe, rested on the assumption that the Indians are men, possess the capacities fundamental to manhood, and have a right to the treatment accorded to other men, and also that the Government has a right and a duty to do whatever is necessary for the welfare of all those, citizens or aliens, foreigners or natives, red men or white men, who reside on American territory and are under the protection of the American flag. Both reforms have been initiated, though they move toward their final accomplishment with disheartening slowness, partly owing to the opposition of private interests, partly to the reluctance of politicians to abolish political offices connected with the Indian Bureau, partly to the inherent conservatism of democracy and a popular indifference to a subject which to most Americans seems to be one of minor importance.

For nearly or quite a score of years after the close of the Civil War the sectional question still remained uppermost in the national thought. The South, angered by the reconstruction policy, was united to resist the negro domination which it believed that policy involved. The

North, still suspicious of the South, was united to prevent the South from resuming its old political control. Thus the sectional conflict continued in politics for almost a score of years after the armed conflict had ended. No political party can remain in power for a long period without being corrupted. Men who have no guiding principles in life other than their own aggrandizement flock to such a party. The second term of President Grant was disgraced by scandals, which, happily for the country, never affected his personal reputation, and it was followed by a bitter sectional fight within the party which was at its hottest in New York State. This conflict between organization and independent Republicans reached its climax in the victory of the organization Republicans in the nomination of James G. Blaine for President in 1884. At the same time Grover Cleveland was nominated by the reform forces within the Democratic party. Mr. Blaine's nomination was followed by an unorganized secession of independent voters, some of them giving their vote to Mr. Cleveland, others giving their vote to Mr. St. John, the Prohibition candidate, or absenting themselves from the polls altogether. Mr. Beecher took the stump for Mr. Cleveland. I voted for St. John.

When I took editorial control of the "Christian Union," in 1882, I resolved to make it in politics independent of all party organization, as in religion it was independent of all ecclesiastical organization. The campaign of 1884 put my resolve to a severe test; for readers, knowing that Mr. Beecher was supporting the Democratic candidate and aggrieved at what they considered his apostasy, believed that I would have followed him had I dared to do so, and many of them resented the non-partisan attitude which the paper then took more than they would have resented an outspoken advocacy of Mr. Cleveland.

The falling off in subscriptions would have appalled a money-making board of directors, but my associates never for a moment hesitated in their loyal support of their editor-in-chief, never even suggested to him that he modify his policy.

Two years before this campaign I had published a series of editorials calling for the organization of a new party. A few sentences taken from these editorials will suffice to interpret their spirit: —

"A party without principles is a body without a soul. Both the parties are corpses; the country needs a live one." "One man with clear convictions and a clarion voice could recruit an army. The hills are full of silent volunteers who are only waiting a trumpet call to battle." "The new party will have at least three definite principles," which I defined as civil service reform, tariff and revenue reform, and "efficient and vigorous control of our great railroad corporations." I insisted that the needed reform could not come by a change of one party to the other. "Sometimes the machine puts up a good man, sometimes a bad man; but the good man does not sanctify the machine nor the bad man make it any worse." The real remedy was to "abolish the despotism of American bosses by abolishing the prolific mother of them, the primary [i.e., the partisan caucus]. . . . It is the nursing mother of selfishness, greed, low ambition, petty intrigue. It is easy of control by the unscrupulous, impossible of control by the pure and patriotic. Let it die the death." I did not, however, suggest a direct primary to take its place.

Reading over these long since forgotten editorials, written in 1882, I am not surprised that I was ready to welcome the new party when it came in 1912, although I questioned some of its specific remedies. Writing now in

1915, I am more than ever sure that the reforms which I then demanded are indispensable to the Republic, whether they come through a new party or a reorganization of the old parties.

Twelve years subsequent to Mr. Cleveland's first election William J. Bryan stampeded the Democratic Convention by his eloquence, and was nominated for the Presidency on a platform demanding the free coinage of silver with gold, the value of the two being fixed at sixteen to one. The Republican party nominated William McKinley on a platform declaring for a single gold standard. The issue presented was to "The Outlook" one of no little difficulty. The editorial staff was divided in opinion. Charles B. Spahr, a valued and important member of the staff, who had a national reputation as an economist, was a strong advocate of the free coinage of silver. I myself had been and, in theory, still am an international bimetallist; that is, I believe that a double, or, to speak more accurately, alternating, standard would give a more stable basis for currency than any single standard, either gold or silver. I believed that the financial history of the world demonstrated that an unvarying proportion of value between gold and silver as a basis for currency could be maintained by international agreement, and in this belief was sustained by recognized expert authorities, such, for example, as Dr. Francis A. Walker. But an honest and earnest endeavor had been made by the Republican party to secure such an international agreement, and it had failed. Mr. Bryan proposed that America enter upon the dangerous experiment of maintaining such a stable ratio of values without the aid of other commercial nations. During my absence in Europe "The Outlook" took no other part in the heated campaign of that summer than to report the

political events and the important speeches. I wrote to my associates to prepare for me a scrap-book containing the platform of the two parties and a few of the most important speeches on each side of the hotly debated question. When I arrived at home, about the last of September, I shut myself up in my library and for two or three days gave to these arguments a careful study, the results of which I embodied in an editorial in length equivalent to about six pages of "The Outlook" in its present size, concluding with the advice to the doubtful voter to cast his vote against the free coinage of silver. The moral reasons for this conclusion were, to my mind, the weightiest reasons, and were stated in substantially the following terms: —

> It is rarely morally wise to do to another what he thinks unjust. It is never morally right voluntarily to enter on a course of action as to the justice of which the actor is himself in doubt. These principles are as applicable to nations as to individuals. The creditors of the American Nation would think themselves unjustly dealt with were we to pay off our bonds in silver dollars. The Nation itself is divided in opinion as to the justice of such action, and division of opinion in a nation is like uncertainty of judgment in an individual. It ought not to enter upon a national experiment which a large proportion of the people regard as immoral or even of doubtful morality. It is better to bear the ills inflicted by what half the Nation regards as the injustice of a past generation than to attempt their remedy by a policy which is regarded as unjust by the other half.

The issue is past, and never likely to be revived. But this episode confirmed me in my belief that political questions are to be determined, not by considerations of political or commercial expediency only, but fundamentally by moral principles.

The next important incident in our national history

greatly interested me, but in it I played only an unimportant part.

In 1895, eleven years after the first Indian Conference at Lake Mohonk, Mr. Smiley invited to his hotel a number of ladies and gentlemen to discuss the subject of international arbitration. Mr. Smiley was a peace-lover and a peacemaker, but he was not an advocate of peace at any price. He believed that it is possible to pay too high a price for peace; that liberty, justice, the duty of a nation to its own citizens, the duty of a nation to neighboring nations, are each and all too great a sacrifice to offer for the sake of securing either personal or national peace. The series of conferences at Lake Mohonk which have been held since 1895 have not been peace conferences; they have been conferences on international arbitration. Mr. Smiley's object, frequently affirmed by him in the course of these conferences, was to work out some better means of securing international justice and fulfilling national duty than the method of war. In the first conference Edward Everett Hale pointed out in a speech of great clearness and vigor that better way. It was not international arbitration. It was a permanent court for the settling of judicial controversies, and he made clear the fundamental distinction between the two methods. This epoch-making speech was delivered four years before the First Hague Conference was held, and twelve years before our Secretary of State, Elihu Root, laid it as a chief duty upon the American delegation to the Second Hague Peace Conference to propose such a tribunal.

Six months after this first arbitration conference at Lake Mohonk there occurred an incident which tested the feeling of the country on this subject.

A boundary dispute had arisen in South America be-

tween Venezuela and British Guiana. After long-continued attempts to settle the dispute by negotiations, Great Britain broke off diplomatic relations with Venezuela and Venezuela appealed to the United States for sympathy and assistance. President Cleveland's message in December, 1895, called upon Congress to provide adequate appropriation for an investigation of the facts in the case. His recommendation was accompanied by a very undiplomatic threat which brought us near to the peril of war with Great Britain. "When the report of the commission," he said, "is made and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist, by every means in its power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belong to Venezuela."

My own estimate of this message was fairly expressed by a sentence attributed to a leading Senator of President Cleveland's party, Senator Gray, of Delaware, that the message partook of the spirit of a man who slaps his neighbor's face and then asks him for an explanation. Meanwhile both the Senate and the House eagerly supported the President, and the appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars was made by a non-partisan vote. But the country did not exhibit the same unanimity. The message of the President was sent to Congress on the 17th of December. On the following Sunday the preachers of America, without previous conference and without following any recognized leader, preached against war with Great Britain. There was scarcely a dissenting voice from any pulpit, and by voice in Plymouth pulpit and by pen in "The Outlook" I joined in this protest. The event gave me the only experience I have ever had

of addressing a hostile and tumultuous audience. A meeting in Cooper Union, held December 24, seven days after the President's Message, was reported by the New York "Tribune" under the following headlines: —

WAR AT A PEACE MEETING

A RED-HOT TIME OF IT IN COOPER UNION

My recollection of what was almost a mob justifies this characterization. There were present a large number of rather boisterous Irishmen who were eager for war with England and who desired to turn the peace meeting into a war meeting. The presiding officer doubted my ability to get a hearing. I doubted it myself, but wished to try the experiment. The result of the experiment two or three lines from the "Tribune's" report will serve to indicate to the reader: "Lyman Abbott said: . . . 'There is more glory in a workshop than in an armory; glory is in producing, not in destroying.' Instantly he found that he had rightly judged his audience; namely, that it was largely composed of workingmen."

That I won the audience and conquered the opposition is indicated by the comment of the reporter at its close: "Cheers saluted his retirement." The popular demand in America for a peaceful settlement coupled with a popular demand in Great Britain equally unanimous forced a peaceful adjustment of the controversy.

Three years later, in 1898, another war cloud appeared upon the horizon. For over a century America had seen with increasing disquiet the sufferings of the Cuban people under an intolerable Spanish despotism. Living themselves on the threshold of the twentieth century, they saw their neighbors oppressed under a government which retained the spirit and methods of the seventeenth century. The Spanish-American War has been often attrib-

uted to the destruction of the Maine, an American man-of-war, while on a peaceful visit to Havana. In fact, that destruction took place February 15, and war was not declared until April 24, more than two months later. The real occasion of the war was the report of Senator Proctor, of Vermont, on the conditions which he found existing in the island; it aroused in the country a storm of humanitarian indignation which proved irresistible. This time I believed that war was a duty and peace would have been a dishonor. On the 13th of March, over a month before the declaration of war, I preached in Plymouth Church a sermon on the text, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men," affirming that "it is not always possible and does not always lie in us to live peaceably with all men," a sermon which closed with the following sentences: —

> This great Nation belongs to the community of nations. When the time does come, in the judgment of our leaders, who have shown themselves wise and courageous to lead, wise in their moderation and their equipoise, when the time does come, and they declare that it is no longer possible, that it no longer lies in us to live at peace, that this internecine war in Cuba must stop, let all the people say, Amen.

This sermon I followed with two others on "The Meaning of the War" and on "The Duty and Destiny of America." And I have never ceased from that time to this to commend the action of our Government and our people in the Spanish-American War. I repeat here what I said at one session of the Lake Mohonk Conference: —

> I believe the proudest chapter in our history is that written by the statesmanship of McKinley, the guns of Dewey, and the administration of Taft. There is nothing to repent, nothing to retract; our duty is to go on and complete the work already so well begun. I do not defend or apologize for what we

have done in the Philippines. I glory in it. We must give them a government, not for our benefit, but primarily for the benefit of the Filipinos.

I do not think that the history of the world records a nobler war. We captured Cuba and gave it to the Cubans, extending over them a protectorate which guarantees them from foreign aggression and domestic anarchy. We captured Porto Rico and retained it under the protection of our flag, giving back to the Porto Ricans for expenditure in their own island all the taxes collected from them. We captured the Philippines, sent an army of teachers to follow the army of occupation, and have pledged them our word to give them self-government as fast as they are prepared for it. We asked no war indemnity from Spain; on the contrary, we paid her for all the public works which she had constructed in the conquered Philippines. We fought the American Revolution to free ourselves, the Civil War to free a people whom we had helped to enslave, the Spanish-American War to free a people to whom we owed no other duty than that of a big nation to an oppressed neighbor.

In maintaining the right and duty of a strong nation to use its strength for the welfare of the world I have continually maintained that no people have a right to ownership of a land simply because they roam over it, hunting in its forests and fishing in its lakes. For this doctrine my faith in the fundamental principles of Henry George's economic philosophy prepared me. In affirming it, I declared in a speech in Boston that "barbarism has no rights which civilization is bound to respect." This was transformed by a reporter into the sentence, "Barbarians have no rights which civilization is bound to respect," and was made the text for a bitter denunciatory address by a Boston lawyer, who would have lost his text

but saved his labor if he had called me up on the telephone to ascertain what I had said. This and some kindred experiences have caused me to make it a rule, from which I rarely depart, not to criticise any public speaker on the faith of a newspaper report of his speech without first seeking from him a verification.

My not very important connection with one other very important element in our national development must conclude this fragmentary narrative. From the preceding chapter the reader will conclude that in the conflict between labor and capital my sympathy was with the workingmen. But with the attacks on men of wealth because they were wealthy and on big business because it was big I could have no sympathy. That I was able to take any active and efficient part in the movement for the emancipation of the workingmen and of society from predatory wealth was due to the friendship and active coöperation of men of wealth who were engaged in big business: Mr. James Stillman, who for friendship's sake had taken stock in "The Outlook," and Mr. Lawson Valentine, who had purchased a controlling interest in the paper, in order to give me a free hand in its editorial conduct. My object was not to win a victory over the capitalists, nor to find a basis for a compromise between laborers and capitalists, but to learn myself and to point out to others what are the essential rights of both laborers and capitalists, and so find in industrial justice the foundation for industrial peace.

It did not take me long to see that there was real peril to our country in the power of wealth exercised by great corporations, especially over the highways of the Nation. I accepted as an accurate statement of our railway problem the saying of Senator Booth, of California, which I frequently repeated in editorials and addresses: "For-

merly our means of locomotion were poor, but our highways were public property; now our means of locomotion are good, but our highways are private property." It was not, however, merely monopoly in transportation which seemed to me a peril. In a sermon, the date of which I do not recall, I said that if the time shall ever come when a small body of men control our railways, and another small body our mines, and another our oil wells, and another our food supply, and another our currency, we shall cease to be a free people, because those who control the sources of our life control us. I insisted that remedy could never be found in an endeavor to go back to free competition, and I frequently quoted as an axiom the saying of George Stephenson: "Wherever combination is possible competition is impossible." As early as 1878 I declared editorially in favor of allowing the great inter-State lines — the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio — to pool their freights, although this in effect "makes the four great railroad corporations one so far as the trading public are concerned." I agreed with Charles Francis Adams that "such a combination is less injurious to the public than the ruinous competition which is the only alternative." The brief sentence which I had written in Terre Haute in 1865, "Individualism is the characteristic of simple barbarism, not of republican civilization," has ever since guided me through all the mazes of a complicated, always perplexing, and often heated public debate.

Henry Ward Beecher was an individualist of the old school, passionately devoted to the freedom of the individual, and for that reason averse to any increase in the powers of government. Although I was in practical control of the paper during our joint editorship, I

carefully refrained from taking any editorial position on public questions to which I thought he would object. Still, in 1881, shortly before I became editor-in-chief, I suggested Government control of the railways. "May it not be found," I said, "that by relying upon the two powers [State and Federal] a systematic comprehensive railroad law might be framed by the General Government which will be satisfactory to the people, and would reconcile the rival interests which are now on the verge of conflict." Two years later, after the change in editorship had occurred, I suggested the right of the Government to fix a maximum rate for both freight and passengers, or to organize a railway commission with supervisory and semi-judicial powers, as in Great Britain. The following year, that of the Blaine-Cleveland campaign, in calling for a new political party I proposed, as one of its planks, "the control by Government of the great highways, whether of communication or commerce, whether by wire, rail, or water." Two years later, in an editorial contrasting "the old democracy and the new," I extended this platform to include, in the function of the State, "Government control of all corporations not subject to the law of competition." In the following year the first Inter-State Commerce Bill was passed by the United States Senate, a bill which I interpreted to mean that "the people of the United States have decided that the railroads of this country shall be public highways, not private turnpikes." From that fundamental position the Nation has never receded. Since that time the question has been, not, Shall the people control the railways? but, How shall that control be exercised? And I have steadfastly advocated the doctrine that not only the railways, but the mines, the forests, the waterways — in short, the land and its contents — must be brought

under Government regulation, State or National, and that this regulation must be extended to all forms of business — including the regulation of food, beverages, and drugs — as fast and as far as is necessary to conserve the public welfare.

Two occasions of special interest have been afforded me of putting this fundamental view of the function of government before the public. One was when I was invited to address the Legislature of Oklahoma. Two currents of political opinion were very apparent in this new State at that time, one progressive from the West, the other conservative from the South. Assuming the old Southern view, as interpreted by the Alabama "Constitution," quoted later in this chapter, that the function of government is the protection of property, I urged that it is as much the duty of government to protect the property of the public as the property of the individual, and applied this principle in urging the State to preserve for the people the forests, the rivers, and the water power. The other occasion was furnished when I was invited in 1912 to present my views to a Senate committee at Washington. This I did in a paper subsequently published in "The Outlook," urging that the experience of the Nation had demonstrated that regulation, not disorganization, of big business is desirable; that Congress had tried regulation in the case of foods and drugs and had succeeded, and had tried disorganization in the case of the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust and had failed.

When, in 1902, at the commencement of his second term of office, President Roosevelt made his famous addresses on "Big Corporations Commonly Called Trusts," I was delighted, and "The Outlook" obtained his permission to publish these addresses in their au-

thorized form. Here was a voice to which the whole Nation would listen urging on the people that policy of government regulation of great organized industries which "The Outlook" had been urging for years. And when President Roosevelt's term expired and he was about to return to the quiet of private life, I eagerly welcomed the suggestion of my son Lawrence that we invite Mr. Roosevelt to join our editorial staff as a Contributing Editor. I have recently in the pages of "The Outlook," and on two separate occasions, given my estimate of Mr. Roosevelt, and need not repeat it here. It must suffice to say that during the five years of our association he proved himself an ideal exemplar of the spirit and value of team work, that he was a cordial collaborator with his fellow-editors, that he never sought to impose upon us the authority which his reputation and his position had given him, that he was the friend of every one in the office, and that when the exigency of his political life made him the leader of a political party, so that it was no longer possible for him to occupy the position of even a Contributing Editor of an independent, nonpartisan journal, we all felt that we had lost, in his withdrawal from the staff, association with an honored friend and a wise counselor. This chapter will have failed of a part of its purpose if it has not made clear to the reader that "The Outlook" could not do otherwise than support what are popularly known as the Roosevelt policies without repudiating the political principles which it had been advocating for more than a score of years.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the English historian, writing in 1896, declares that the constitution of Alabama expresses admirably the best spirit of American statesmanship when it declares that "the sole and only legitimate end of government is to protect the citizen in the enjoy-

ment of life, liberty, and property, and when the government assumes other functions it is usurpation and oppression." This may have been the best spirit of American statesmanship when the constitution of Alabama was adopted, but it is not the spirit of the American people to-day. The conservative is quite right in saying that we have departed from the traditions of our fathers. In my lifetime I have seen the American Government become a great builder of public works, a great financial institution, a great educational institution, a great benevolent institution, a great administrator of public utilities, and a protector of the rights and property of the public as well as of the rights and property of private individuals.

In 1860 President Buchanan refused his assent to a bill for removing obstructions at the mouth of the Mississippi River on the ground that the Federal Government has no right to use Federal moneys except for distinctly Federal purposes. In 1915 we have built by Government money on territory which we have purchased from a foreign nation an interoceanic canal for the benefit of all the nations of the world on equal terms. In 1861 banking was a purely private business, under no Federal control and often under little or no State control. Every shopkeeper had a "Bank Note Detector," issued, I believe, every fortnight, which he constantly consulted in order to know the value of the bills offered to him by the purchaser. We now have a Federal-guarded currency of equal value in every part of the country, and often taken at par in foreign lands. In my boyhood in half of the Nation there were no public schools, and in the other half the public school system was defended on the ground that education is a cheap way to protect the community from crime. American law now tacitly rec-

ognizes, what English law has explicitly affirmed, that the children in the State are the children of the State, and to them the State owes, not only protection, but opportunity for education. It is said that Thomas Jefferson doubted the propriety of a national post-office, questioning whether it were not better to leave the carriage of letters to private enterprise. Now our post-office is the exclusive carrier of our letters, and is also a national savings bank and a national express company. For the doctrine that government must do nothing but govern we have substituted, almost without knowing it, the doctrine that the people may do by means of their government anything which they can do better than it will be done for them by private enterprise. I have been a sympathetic interpreter of this pacific revolution, and in interpreting have done something to promote it.

I have faith in my fellow-men. I believe in their honesty of purpose and their competency of judgment. I have seen them take up great questions of national policy, one after another, and decide them aright, sometimes overriding their leaders in so doing. They have endured four years of terrible self-sacrifice in order to preserve the Nation intact and set it free from bondage; they have given away millions of acres of their lands to foreign immigrants who promised to dwell upon and cultivate them, recognizing the truth that the wealth of a nation consists not in its soil but in its people; they have denied themselves the right to purchase their goods in the cheapest market that they might make America an industrially independent Nation; they have voted to pay the Nation's debts in gold when, without breaking the letter of their bond, they could have saved millions of dollars by paying them in silver; they have taxed themselves year after year for an expensive system of public educa-

tion, because they recognize the value to the Nation of brain power in its humblest and lowliest citizens; they have voted to carry on a war for the succor of a feeble neighbor, and have brushed aside impatiently the protests alike of materialists, who argued that it did not pay, and of timid idealists, who feared that it would convert the Republic into an empire; they have perceived the perils of the country in a growing plutocracy, and have entered on the task of bringing the aristocracy of wealth under the control of the democracy of industry. I have been personally, though not intimately, acquainted with eight Presidents — Grant, the soldier; Hayes, the peacemaker; Garfield, the orator; Cleveland, the administrator; McKinley, the cautious; Roosevelt, the courageous; Taft, the lawyer; Wilson, the scholar. And I have known enough of other men in public life — senators, representatives, governors, mayors, and their subordinates — to know that while some politicians are unscrupulous self-seekers in America as in other countries, America has her share of public men as true, as pure, as self-denying, as are to be found anywhere in the world. My faith in my fellow-men has been strengthened by my lifelong study of our national life. The evils from which we have suffered have been caused not by too great a trust, but by too great a distrust of the people; and I repeat again, as my well-considered conclusion from such life study, what I have often repeated in public speech: The remedy for the ills of democracy is more democracy.

The revolution which I have seen in industry and in politics could not have taken place had it not been accompanied by a revolution in religious thought and life. To a description of that revolution my next chapter will be devoted.

CHAPTER XIX

A RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION

THE view of the Bible held by a large school of theologians in the early part of the nineteenth century may be defined as follows: The Bible was dictated by God to amanuenses; it is wholly free from error; if in our version there are errors, they are due to copyists or translators; the inspiration is verbal, for there can be no inspiration of ideas or sentiments except by means of words; "as for thoughts being inspired apart from the words which give them expression, you might as well talk of a tune without notes or a sum without figures"; it is not only the infallible word of God, it is his final word and there can be no further revelation; the Bible is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This view of the Bible as "the very Word of God and consequently without error," though affirmed by a unanimous vote of the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1893, was not, I think, current in the Congregational churches of New England. I do not know that I ever regarded the Bible as an authority on scientific questions, such as the geological processes of creation, or the antiquity of man, but when I entered the ministry in 1860 I still held that it was an "authoritative and infallible rule of religious faith and practice," and so stated to the Council in Farmington which ordained me to the ministry. But the moral problems which this view of the Bible involves puzzled

me increasingly. How was I to understand and interpret such passages as the miscalled sacrifice of Isaac, God's hardening of Pharaoh's heart, the massacres of the Canaanites, Elisha's cursing of the insulting boys, the imprecatory psalms? What answer should I make to the Biblical arguments for slavery and polygamy? Some of the answers of the commentators were satisfactory. I eagerly accepted Lange's interpretation of the miscalled "sacrifice of Isaac," whose sacrifice was prevented by the divine command — an incident which put an end forever to human sacrifice in the Old Testament religion. I could see that, whatever hardening Pharaoh's heart meant, it did not mean encouraging him to resist either conscience or compassion, for there was no indication that either conscience or compassion had the slightest influence over him. I could accept Christ's interpretation of the permission of polygamy as a statesman's concession to the passions and prejudices of a primitive people, and could apply the same principle to the permission but curtailment and regulation of slavery. But the doctrine that in the wholesale massacre of the Canaanites Israel was acting as the executive of a divine judgment pronounced against a hopelessly corrupt people, that Elisha's curse pronounced upon the insulting boys was a divine sentence upon "wild and blasphemous and contemptuous youths," and that the imprecatory psalms were the expression of a divine wrath against the enemies of the Lord, did not satisfy me, and upon these and kindred moral difficulties I held my judgment in abeyance.

But these perplexities furnished no reason for discarding a book which in spiritual power had no parallel in any literature with which I had any acquaintance. Nowhere did I find such a brief and comprehensive

summary of all moral obligations as in the Ten Commandments; nowhere such a hymn of praise to the Creator as in the first chapter of Genesis; nowhere such a parable of human frailty and folly as in its third chapter; nowhere such a vision of God in nature as in the one hundred and fourth Psalm; nowhere such a vision of God in human experience as in the one hundred and third Psalm; nowhere such a confidence in God's forgiving love as in the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah.

I continued to read and re-read these and similar passages in the Bible which gave me an inspiring fellowship with men of vision, and I left the others unread or studied them as problems. I had thought that I must have some ethical standard by which to judge my own spiritual instincts; in fact, without knowing it, I was using my own spiritual instincts to judge the ethical standard.

Meanwhile I had become convinced that the real issue before the American people was not one between theological theories of inspiration, Trinity, atonement, miracles, or any other, but between materialism and the life of the spirit: that the fundamental question was whether there is any life that is intangible, inaudible, invisible, which is operative upon us, of which we can have knowledge and concerning which we can form judgment, or whether all our knowledge is dependent on the conclusions which we can draw from the world that is tangible, audible, visible.

Materialism was a much more popular doctrine then than now. I studied Forbes Winslow, Sir Henry Maudsley, and, in translation, Buchner, and I rebelled against their bloodless teaching. I read Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," and they convinced me that all that science could possibly do was to show us a probable God

and a probable immortality, if it could do so much as that. Joseph Cook, who was a great figure in the religious world in the years 1874–80, though forgotten now, was listened to by crowds in Tremont Temple while he endeavored to furnish a scientific demonstration of the truths of religion. I procured his volumes as they were published and read them with care, and what seemed to me his failures confirmed me in the conclusion to which Herbert Spencer compelled me — that I must choose between agnosticism and spiritual faith; that if I was to retain any really forceful belief in God and immortality, or even in practical morality, I must believe in the trustworthiness of spiritual experience. I had made the life of Jesus of Nazareth the principal object of my study for five or six years, secured for that study all the helps I could find, from the skeptical Strauss to the churchly and scholarly Ellicott, and the result was that Jesus Christ had become, not only my model and my master, but the supreme object of my reverence. My faith in him and my faith in the men and women whom I loved and admired compelled in me faith in the spiritual life. Whether the Bible was infallible or not, whether the theological doctrines of the Church of my fathers were true or not, of one thing I was as sure as I was of my own existence: that there is a real and trustworthy experience of repentance for sin, divine forgiveness and resultant peace, consecration to duty and communion with an Invisible Companion. I had come to this assurance through my study of the life and character of Jesus Christ and to give that assurance to others was with me an increasing passion.

Such was, as I now picture it to myself, my state of mind when, in 1876, I joined Mr. Beecher in the editorship of the "Christian Union."

About this time I was asked to preach at Vassar College. It was, I believe, my first important pulpit engagement since settling in Cornwall. With some hesitation I resolved, in preparing and preaching this sermon, to pursue the course which I had been pursuing in my Cornwall ministry — to take with me no written essay, but to go up to the college in time to study my congregation, and let that study determine for me what my message should be. I found opportunity on Saturday evening to have some conversation with teachers, and I believe also with students, and found reason to think that the processes of education were awakening, as they often do, a spirit of inquiry, if not of skepticism, respecting spiritual truth. I chose for my text, "The foundation of God standeth sure"; and for my theme, that the foundation of spiritual faith is neither in the Church nor in the Bible, but in the spiritual consciousness of man; that there are two worlds in which we live, a visible and an invisible; that our knowledge of the visible world is derived through our senses, that our knowledge of the invisible world is derived through our experiences. "You ask me," I said, "How do you know God? I answer by asking you, How do you know your mother? You have seen her? I beg your pardon. You never saw your mother. You have seen her face and her form, but you have not seen her courage, her fidelity, her patience, her love, her self-sacrifice, and these are what make your mother." Disregarding the scientific arguments for Christian truth, I appealed directly to human experience and sought to find evidences for Christianity in the hearts and consciences of my hearers. One little incident indicated that this appeal at least compelled attention. A student in the pew almost in front of me when I rose to speak opened a book, laid it quietly at her

side, and began to read. If she had done this after I had spoken for three or four minutes, I should have been embarrassed; but it seemed to me that she had not given me a fair chance, and I resolved to see if I could compel her attention. I threw out some sentence indicating that there was nothing wrong in doubting. She looked up from her book surprised, then turned back to it again. I tried another sentence of similar character. She looked up at me again. In two minutes she had closed her book and I had no more attentive auditor throughout the rest of the sermon. I do not know her name, but if she should ever read this chapter I wish she would accept my belated thanks for the service which she unconsciously rendered me in teaching me that inattention should simply spur the speaker to more vigorous effort.

The line of argument which I took in this sermon I afterwards employed in a series of religious lectures delivered at Wellesley College and subsequently published under the title, "In Aid of Faith," a series in which I brought all the fundamental doctrines of evangelical faith to the test of life, endeavoring to state them in the terms of spiritual experience. From that time to this I have consistently held that, as the intellectual judgment is the final arbiter in science, so the spiritual consciousness is the final arbiter in religion. But no individual may take his own consciousness as an ultimate authority in religion, as no man takes his own observation and his conclusions thereon as an ultimate authority in science. He must reach the truth in the one case by a careful study of the observations and conclusions of scientifically minded men; in the other by a not less careful study of the spiritual experiences of spiritually minded men. The Bible and the Church are

valuable to him as guides because they are the expressions of this spiritual consciousness, but they can never serve as substitutes.

In reaching this conclusion I had merely imbibed the growing spirit of the time — a spirit with which traditionalism dealt after its customary method. It was not content with argument, it attempted prohibition.

The Union Theological Seminary of New York City was Presbyterian in its doctrine, but not under the control of the Presbyterian Church. It derived its title "Union" from its mediating spirit and its comprehensive aim. Both the Old School and the New School theology were represented in its teaching.[1] Dr. Shedd held to the old Calvinism — that the whole human race was in Adam, as the oak is in the acorn, fell with him in his great transgression, and lost the freedom of the will with which it was at first endowed, but did not thereby lose its moral responsibility. Dr. Hitchcock denied the moral responsibility of the race for Adam's sin, and to him was attributed the *bon-mot*, "Adam did not represent me, for I never voted for him." Charles A. Briggs was the Professor of Hebrew in this seminary. He was one of the foremost Hebrew and Bible scholars in the English-speaking world, and was a recognized authority in Confessional literature — that is, in the literature which deals with the historical meaning of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. It was one of his serious offenses that he was more familiar with his Hebrew Bible and his Westminster Confession than most of his accusers; and he knew it, and they knew that he knew it. In 1890 he was elected to the chair of Biblical Theology in Union

[1] "Union" has now taken on a new significance. Various evangelical denominations are represented not only among its students but in its faculty. It might without impropriety be termed a "Theological University."

Theological Seminary, and in his inaugural address in 1891 laid down the principle that God alone is the final authority; that he speaks through reason, the Church, and the Bible, and that all three are to be consulted in the endeavor to come at right conclusions respecting his will. This putting reason, the Church, and the Bible on approximately an equality, with a practical recognition of the truth that there are errors in all three, was in the sight of the traditionalists in the Church a capital offense, and he was put on trial for heresy. This trial resulted in his suspension from the ministry by the General Assembly in 1893. But the Assembly had no power to dismiss him from his chair in Union Seminary, and, though in 1897 he joined the Episcopal communion, he continued to teach in the Seminary until the day of his death.

As might have been foreseen, this trial, instead of putting an end to the agitation concerning the authority of the Bible, immensely increased it. The love of combat seems to be almost universal, though pacificists like to see their prize fights waged with intellectual weapons. The daily newspapers took up the Briggs case and advertised far and wide the dispute between the doctors of theology respecting the relative authority of reason, Church, and Bible. Men and women who cared very little about the merits of the question watched with eager interest the sword play between such adepts in theological controversy as Dr. Briggs, of Union, and Dr. Patton, of Princeton. So great was the public curiosity to learn what was this new view of the Bible that when in the winter of 1896–97 I delivered a course of lectures upon the subject on Sunday evenings in Plymouth Church, and repeated it the following year in the Lowell Institute of Boston, the lectures were attended by

crowds which filled the building in each case to its utmost capacity.[1] A little incident connected with the Brooklyn series illustrated how hopeless it is in America to prevent the spread of an opinion by ecclesiastical decrees concerning it. Some time after Dr. Briggs was condemned by the General Assembly I was on my way to my home in Brooklyn one afternoon when a negro working in the yard of one of my neighbors made as if he wished to ask me a question, and the following conversation ensued:—

Inquirer. They say, sir, that you say there were two Isaiahs. Did you, sir?

L. A. Yes. Do you remember Isaiah's saying, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people. . . . Cry unto her, . . . that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins"?

Inquirer. Yes, sir.

L. A. And do you think it probable that he would have said that to Israel at the same time that he called them a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, rulers of Sodom, and a people of Gomorrah?

Inquirer. No, sir.

L. A. Nor do I think so. I think the first Isaiah warned Israel of the condemnation that was coming upon them because of their sins; and the second Isaiah, seventy years later, after they had paid the penalty of their sins by their long and dreary captivity, brought to them the message of pardon.

Inquirer. Yes, sir; I see, sir.

I passed on; but this brief incident furnished an added evidence that the common people can understand the essential principles of the higher criticism if it is explained in simple language, that they are interested in it, and that their interest can not be extinguished by the decree of a General Assembly.

[1] They were subsequently made the basis of a volume published by Houghton Mifflin Company, entitled *The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews.*

A similar attempt to prevent discussion in the Episcopal Church produced a similar result. Two, perhaps three, clergymen were unfrocked for publicly denying the miraculous birth of Jesus. The first of these trials impelled me to a fresh study of the question. The result was the discovery that the story of the miraculous birth appears only in two of the Gospels; is never referred to by Jesus Christ, nor by the Apostles in their apostolic preaching, nor in any of the Epistles; whereas the resurrection of Jesus is narrated in all four of the Gospels, is foretold by Jesus, is made the basis of the apostolic preaching, and is woven into the fabric of the apostolic letters. The story of the miraculous birth could be dropped from the Gospels and the Gospels would remain intact. The story of the resurrection could not be taken away without tearing the Gospels, the Book of Acts, and the Epistles into shreds. It was evident, therefore, to me, that the two events had not in the faith of the primitive Church the same importance, and that, historical or not, the story of the miraculous birth is no essential part of the Gospel. The only result of the agitation of this subject produced by the trials for heresy in the Episcopal Church is that men of mystical temper are inclined to accept the narrative, men of scientific temper are inclined to reject it, and men of temper like my own, in which the mystical and the scientific combine, are inclined to leave the question undetermined as of no serious importance.

Darwin's volume "The Descent of Man," published in 1871, had put before the world his conclusion that man is descended, or, as I prefer to say, ascended, from a prior animal race — a conclusion fatal to the theological doctrine of the fall and involving, not only the origin of the race and the scientific accuracy of the Bible,

but the origin, reality, and nature of sin and of its cure.

The current theory which had been almost universally accepted in the Church for centuries, except in some minor details, may be briefly stated thus: God made man about six thousand years ago; made him innocent and virtuous. Man broke God's law, and, as a result, his descendants inherited a depraved nature — that is, a tendency to sin. The world was therefore a kind of vast reformatory, populated solely by men and women possessed by evil predispositions. To suffer the penalty of their sins and make pardon and a mended career possible Jesus Christ had come into the world.

If there had been no fall, if there was no inherited depravity, if the world was not a reformatory, what became of this whole system of evangelical doctrine? And what became of the human experience of which that doctrine was an intellectual expression? Was sin only an imperfect development? Was there no essential difference between the rawness of a growing boy and the deliberate wickedness of a hardened criminal? Was there no common inheritance of guilt which united humanity under a common condemnation? Was literature, as well as theology, all awry? Was there no truth in Hawthorne's affirmation: "It is a terrible thought that an individual wrong-doing melts into the great mass of human crime, and makes us — who dreamed only of our own little separate sin — makes us guilty of the whole"? And was there no forgiveness of sins? No remission of penalty and no substitute for penalty? No recuperation and no world disease which called eloquently for world recuperation? Was there, in short, no sin but immaturity, and no redemption but development? There are those who will read these questions

thus naïvely confessed with an amused sense of intellectual superiority. But they are questions which in the decade following the publication of "The Descent of Man" Christian teachers everywhere were asking themselves and each other with great concern, and that concern I shared with them. There are many who are still asking these questions, having found to them no answer.

I believe that I am open-minded; my critics would say, too open-minded. There is no theory which concerns the well-being of humanity which I am not willing to investigate. When I was in college, a peripatetic lecturer obtained the use of one of our college rooms to give a lecture to prove that there was no such force in nature as gravitation. I was one of the students who went to hear him. The same spirit of curiosity has led me to read all sorts of teachers, from Mrs. Eddy to Herbert Spencer. The doctrine of evolution, as expounded by Darwin, I found accepted by a steadily increasing number of scientific men. I recognized that they were as honest as I, as eager to learn the truth, and much more intelligent than I was upon all scientific subjects. I set myself to the task of getting a sympathetic acquaintance with their point of view and seeing what was its bearing on Christian faith. For the latter purpose I went back of the Christian creeds to the Bible, on which those creeds were supposed to be founded. And I discovered, to my surprise, that, whether true or not, the doctrine of the fall had no such importance in the Bible as had been given to it in the theologies of the Church. It is mentioned in the third chapter of Genesis, and not again referred to in the Old Testament. Neither historian, poet, philosopher, nor prophet refers to it, unless such a general statement as, "God hath made

man upright; but they have sought out many inventions" can be regarded as such a reference. Jesus never alludes to the fall; nor the Apostles in their apostolic preaching nor John in his Epistles. Paul refers to it, but only incidentally and parenthetically. In the one chapter which gives with some fullness his interpretation of sin — the seventh chapter of Romans — he treats temptation as a struggle between the flesh and the spirit and sin as a victory of the flesh over the spirit; a portrayal which accords with and is effectively interpreted by the evolutionary doctrine that man is gradually emerging from an animal nature into a spiritual manhood.

I was not long in coming to the conclusion that animal man was developed from a lower order of creation. This was the view of the scientific experts, and on questions on which I have no first-hand knowledge I accept the conclusions of those who have. Such scientific objections as the failure to discover a "missing link" I left the scientists to wrestle with. The objection that evolution could not be reconciled with Genesis gave me no concern, for I had long before decided that the Bible is no authority on scientific questions. To the sneer, "So you think your ancestor was a monkey, do you!" I replied, "I would as soon have a monkey as a mud man for an ancestor." This sentence, first uttered, I believe, in a commencement address before the Northwestern University in Chicago, brought upon me an avalanche of condemnation — but no reply. In truth, no reply was possible. For the question whether God made the animal man by a mechanical process in an hour or by a process of growth continuing through centuries is quite immaterial to one who believes that into man God breathes a divine life. For a considerable time I held that this inbreathing was a new and creative act. Darwin's "The Expression

of the Emotions in Man and Animals" did nothing to convince me that spiritual man is a development from unspiritual qualities. Drummond's "Ascent of Man," with its emphasis on struggle for others as a factor in spiritual development, a factor of which Darwin took little or no account, led me to see that such a spiritual development is at least quite probable, and, without being dogmatic on that point, I became a radical evolutionist; by which I mean I accepted to the full John Fiske's aphorism: "Evolution is God's way of doing things."

This doctrine of evolution not only tallied with the conclusions I had previously reached respecting the authority of the Bible, but clarified it. If evolution is God's way of doing other things, why not God's way of giving to mankind a revelation of himself and his will?

In a lecture delivered at a Sunday-School convention at Chautauqua in 1876 I had told the Sunday-School teachers that the Bible is not a book but a library; that its formation took over a thousand years; that the books of which it is composed were written in different languages, by men of different temperaments, who were not only without conscious coöperation, but lived centuries apart; and that in studying and teaching it they must take account of the time in which, the people to which, and the temperament of the men by whom each book or teaching was uttered. My legal and historical studies had further prepared me for the view of the Bible which now modern scholarship generally accepts. I had learned from my historical studies that history is always composed of preëxisting materials, and that these materials are often woven by the writer into his narrative. It was not unnatural to suppose that the Bible histories were composed in the same manner, and that there were incorporated in them,

along with documents and well-attested legends, some popular tales and current folk-lore. I had learned from Sir Henry Maine that the origin of law is a general custom; that custom is formulated in specific decrees, imperial or legislative; then these decrees are organized into a code. My brother Austin, who was an eminent lawyer and also a successful Bible-class teacher, told me that any lawyer reading the Book of Leviticus would not hestitate to declare that its directions were regulative, not mandatory — that is, they did not command the people to offer sacrifices, but were given to a people who were already offering sacrifices, to define for them the method which they should pursue. Thus I was prepared to trace the development of the sacrificial system of Israel from its germ to its consummation: the germ, the direction given in connection with the Ten Commandments — "An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, . . . and if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone" — a command which reduced ritual to the simplest possible elements; its consummation, the elaborate Levitical code with its provision for temple, Holy of Holies, elaborate sacrificial ritual — a code perfected by the priesthood six or seven centuries later, upon the return of Israel from the exile in Babylon. And I came, though only after several years of study, to my present understanding of the Bible: that it is not a book, fallible or infallible, *about* religion; it is a literature full *of* religion — that is, of the gradually developed experiences of men who had some perception of the Infinite in nature and in human life, which they recorded for the benefit of their own and subsequent times. And it is valuable, not because it is a substitute for a living experience of a living God, but because it inspires us to look for our experience of God in our own

times and in our own souls. And this conclusion, to which I had been brought by my studies, was confirmed by such scholarly theologians as Dr. Samuel Harris, of Yale University: "Both the revelation itself and man's apprehension of the God revealed must be progressive, and, at any point of time, incomplete"; and Dr. W. Newton Clarke, of Colgate University: "Revelation was by necessity progressive, as all educational processes must be." This doctrine of revelation at once answered the moral objections to the Bible which had perplexed me. If revelation is incomplete and progressive, it is easy to understand why Joshua should have thought Jehovah so righteous a God that he could not forgive sin, and Isaiah centuries after should have thought that he was so righteous a Father that he could and would forgive his children if they sincerely repented.

The doctrine that growth, not manufacture, is God's way of doing things changed also my conception of God, of creation, of Jesus Christ, and of the Gospel. The picture of a King on a great white throne, into whose presence I should come by and by when this earthly life is over, disappeared, and in its place came the realization of a Universal Presence, animating all nature as my spirit animates my body, and inspiring all life as a father inspires his children or a teacher his pupils. My little grandchild sat next me at the table one day, and said to me, "Grandfather, how can God be in Cornwall and in Newburgh at the same time?" I touched him on the forehead and said, "Are you there?" "Yes." I touched him on the shoulder, "Are you there?" "Yes." I touched him on the knee, "Are you there?" "Yes." "That is the way," I replied, "that God can be in Cornwall and in Newburgh at the same time." He considered a moment, and shyly smiled his assent,

and I think had really got an idea of the Universal Presence.

As I no longer looked up to an imaginary heaven for an imaginary God, so I no longer looked back to a creation completed in six days or six geological epochs. I saw in creation, as later expressed to me by a friend, "a process, not a product." Every day is a creative day. Every new flower that blooms is a new creation. Nor did I any longer look back over an intervening epoch of eighteen centuries for a revelation of God either in history or in human experience. I saw him in modern as truly as in ancient history, in the life of America as truly as in the life of Israel. I saw him in the "Eternal Goodness" of Whittier as truly as in the One Hundred and Third Psalm; in the mother teaching her child as truly as in Isaiah teaching a nation. And when I was asked what difference I thought there was between inspiration to-day and inspiration in Bible times, I replied that I could not answer. As I neither knew how God spoke to Abraham nor how he spoke to Phillips Brooks, I could not tell wherein was the difference between the two, or whether there was any difference.

My grandchild seemed easily to understand me, but when I attempted to set forth this faith in the Eternal Presence to older hearers I found myself subjected to every kind of misapprehension and criticism. Of these the most serious, and one which, judging from letters and newspaper reports showered upon me from all over the country, created something of a sensation, was the following: —

I had preached a sermon on this conception of God as the Universal Presence at Wellesley College, where it was gratefully received; I had preached it at the Congregational Council at Des Moines, Iowa, where it was reported with few comments, and those favorable. I re-

peated it in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, with a different result. I say I repeated it; but the reader must remember that I always spoke extemporaneously, so that the same sermon was never exactly the same on any two occasions. In this sermon I said that I no longer believed in a Great First Cause who centuries ago created certain secondary causes and left them to carry on the operations of nature, with such occasional intervention from him as might be necessary; I believed in One Great Cause from whom all forms of nature and of life continuously proceeded. A reporter, who either caught the first part of this sentence and carelessly lost the last part, or who deliberately mutilated my utterance to make a sensation, reported me as saying that I no longer believed in a Great First Cause. As a result Lyman Abbott, editor-in-chief of "The Outlook" and pastor of Plymouth Church, was reported throughout the country, often with display headlines, as having declared himself an atheist. One enterprising book canvasser called on me to sell me a complete set of Robert Ingersoll's books, which he knew I should want, now that I had declared myself Ingersoll's disciple. Of course a procession of interviewers, in person and by letter, applied to me for an explanation, which, of course, I gave. As soon as I could easily do so I printed the sermon in "The Outlook"; it was republished in book form. The excitement died down; some of the papers corrected the report directly, others did so indirectly in their review of the book; and the chief effect of the sensation was that for a week a considerable degree of public attention was directed to the question, How are we to think of God? — an effect wholly good. For the greatest foe to spiritual religion is neither heresy nor skepticism, but thoughtless indifference.

One other important, though less revolutionary, change in the religious life was partly due to this growing belief in evolution as God's way of doing things.

In my boyhood sudden conversion was regarded, not only as possible, but as desirable. He who had wallowed through the slough of despond and could give the day and hour when he entered the wicket gate was thought to have the most satisfactory experience. I waited for eight or ten years for such an experience, and finally entered the church without it. My wife's admission to the church was questioned — I have an impression, delayed — because she had no definite experience of conversion which she could describe. In a Baptist church in England over one of the pews is a tablet saying that in that pew Spurgeon was converted, and giving the date of the conversion. Religious campaigns, called revivals, were carried on for the purpose of stimulating such an experience, and such revivals were greatly desired, and sometimes by mechanical methods attempted. It was one cause of my discouragement in Terre Haute that the church experienced no revival during my pastorate. Sermons on Paul's dramatic conversion were frequently preached in the churches, but I doubt whether sermon literature contains a sermon on the conversion of John. I never heard of one on the experience of John the Baptist, of whom it is said that he was filled with the Holy Spirit from his mother's womb.

There are still sudden conversions, but they are looked upon with suspicion rather than with admiration. There are still revivals, but their evils are frankly recognized. As I am writing this chapter Mr. William A. Sunday is conducting in different parts of the country such a campaign, and with the support of the churches. I rather think the net result is an ethical and spiritual

benefit to the community; but the opinion of the churches and the ministers is by no means unanimous upon that question. The majority of additions to the churches in our time come from the Sunday-School. Students of church life report that the greater number of additions are from young people under twenty-one years of age. Several causes have contributed to this change. One has been the unconscious influence of the Episcopal Church, which never emphasized what the Puritan churches called "religious experiences." Another has been the epoch-making book by Horace Bushnell entitled "Christian Nurture," vigorously assailed at the time because it seemed to his critics to substitute a natural for a supernatural process in spiritual experience. But more important than either has been the gradual adoption by the Church of the doctrine of evolution in its application to the spiritual life—the doctrine that in the sympathetic influence of the Christian home and the Christian community the child should grow into a Christian experience as naturally as into intelligent scholarship or loyal citizenship.

I have described this change in my faith at some length because I believe that it is typical of a change which has taken place in the theological beliefs and religious experiences of many thousands during the last half-century. I now turn to another change, scarcely less radical, in the religious life of America during the past half-century—a change produced by the democratic movement of the time.

While science was thus revolutionizing the intellectual beliefs of the Church, the democratic movement was revolutionizing its spirit and purpose.

There lies before me a number of an English monthly magazine entitled "Scripture Truth," dated October,

1914, the organ apparently of a Second Adventist school. From it I quote the following paragraph:—

> "Now," said I to the young man, "you confess that you are a sinner, but you do not acknowledge that in you there is absolutely no good thing?" He was not prepared to go so far as to admit that; and though I tried to get him to see it and confess it, he would not; and after some time he got up rather impatiently and went away.

This quite accurately represents the growing attitude of educated young men and women in the time of my youth. They were beginning impatiently to go away from churches which demanded their assent to this doctrine of total depravity. It was still in the creeds of the churches and occasionally preached by ministers whose devotion to orthodoxy exceeded their tact. I remember one case where a clergyman hopelessly alienated a young mother by taking the occasion of the christening of her first child to preach this doctrine that by nature "we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good and wholly inclined to all evil."

The half-hearted apologies for this doctrine in the pulpit could accomplish nothing in a community the institutions of which, judicial, commercial, political, were all based on the assumption that men are normally disposed to good. Questions of right arising between citizens or between the State and a person accused of crime were intrusted to a jury chosen at haphazard from the town, on the assumption that they would be disposed to deal justly, and their verdict was based on the testimony of witnesses on the assumption that most men are disposed to tell the truth. The business of the community, from the sale of groceries by the village store to transactions running up into hundreds of thousands of dollars, was carried on upon a credit system which as-

sumed that most men are disposed to deal honestly. And the gravest questions of public policy in town, State, and Nation, often involving perplexing problems of right and wrong, were submitted to the suffrages of the citizens, on the assumption that, in spite of prejudices and passions, they would, in the main, be disposed to see the truth and act in accordance with it. Theology said, You cannot trust men, they are wholly disposed to evil; political and commercial life said, You can trust men, they are generally disposed to truth, honesty, and justice. And life proved more than a match for theology.

With this change came inevitably a change in the popular understanding of the nature and causes of crime and the nature and function of punishment. In the Middle Ages it was assumed that the criminal was "utterly inclined to all evil," and that society could be protected from him only by the deterrent power of fear. He had done society a wrong; society must make him suffer for it. This would deter him, and the sight of his suffering would deter others from doing future wrong to society. This was the argument which justified the cruel punishments of that age; the motive that inspired them was the spirit of revenge. It was euphoniously termed "vindictive justice."

The new penology treats crime as a disease to be cured rather than as a wickedness to be punished, and it employs punishment directly as a means for the cure of the criminal-patient, indirectly as a cure of the criminal class to which he belongs. For a sentence inflicting a punishment supposedly fitted to the injury done by the criminal it substitutes the indeterminate sentence—the criminal is sent to the reformatory, as the lunatic is sent to the asylum, to be kept in restraint until cured. He is cured when he has acquired the ability to maintain

himself by honest industry and a resolute will to do so. For the deterrent power of fear as a means of protecting society is substituted the inspiring power of hope and love, an administration of moral cure for an administration of vindictive justice.

This inadequate definition of the new penology must suffice for my purpose here, which is only to indicate its effect on orthodox theology. It was impossible for the community at the same time to abolish torture from punishment in this life and to believe that the Father retained it in the life to come; to believe that crime was rather to be regarded as a disease to be cured than as a disposition to all evil to be punished, and to believe that sin was a disposition to all evil to be punished rather than a disease to be cured. The new penology in the State was accompanied by a new penology in the Church. Which was cause and which was effect it may be difficult to determine. Probably both were effects due to the growing spirit of humanity. The democratic spirit which abolished the doctrine of total depravity from the creed abolished also the doctrine of endless torment. The change did not take place without a struggle. In the Congregational denomination it gave rise to the Andover controversy and the American Board controversy.

Andover Seminary was one of the two principal theological seminaries of New England. It had been formed in 1807 by a union of different schools in the Puritan churches, and a difference of theological opinion had therefore always characterized its teachers. Edwards A. Park, at the time of which I am writing, was its Professor of Systematic Theology. He laid emphasis on the freedom of the will; on a distinction between depravity, as a tendency to evil, and sin, as a voluntary

yielding to that tendency; and on the universality of the atonement — that is, that Christ had by his sacrifice provided a way of salvation adequate for the salvation of all men. These views he held in opposition to the older Calvinism, which taught that man lost his freedom in the fall, that he was morally culpable for his tendency to evil, and that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ had provided only for the salvation of those whom God had of his own good pleasure elected to save. When asked why the heathen who had never heard of Christ were doomed to eternal death, Professor Park replied that they were punished, not for rejecting Christ, but for sins against their own consciences.

Most of his associates in the seminary from the doctrine that salvation is provided for all men drew the conclusion that it would of necessity be offered to all men, and therefore taught, as a probable hypothesis, that Christ would be offered in another life to those who had never heard of him here. The issue thus joined precipitated a hot controversy throughout the Congregational churches, embittered as theological controversies are apt to be by personalities, and it led to an unsuccessful attempt to turn the advocates of a future probation out of their chairs on the ground that their teaching was a violation of the seminary creed.

It was about this time — I think, during the height of the controversy — that the National Council of Congregational Churches appointed a commission of twenty clergymen to draft a new Congregational creed. It should be explained to the non-theological reader that the Congregational churches are wholly independent of each other — in England their name is Independent. Each church forms its own creed, administers its own discipline, and arranges its own order of worship. This

creed, therefore, was not to be adopted by the Council, not even to be reported to the Council; it was not a test but a testimony — that is, not a standard to which Congregational ministers must conform, but simply a statement by certain generally esteemed ministers of what they thought most Congregational ministers believed. Care was taken to put on this creed commission representatives of the different schools of thought. Some one, seeing Dr. George Leon Walker and Lyman Abbott both upon it, said, "Whatever those two can agree upon we can certainly all assent to." In fact, though Dr. Walker was a conservative and I was a liberal, we agreed together from the start, for both desired a creed so simple that all readers could understand it, so catholic that all schools in the evangelical churches could accept it, and so spiritual that it would inspire thought, not restrain from thinking.

My duties as a journalist not less than my duties as a member of this commission compelled me to make a new study of the whole subject of the future life. These studies brought me to some unexpected conclusions and confirmed some to which my previous studies in the New Testament had brought me. I discovered that, except in one of Christ's parables and in the confessedly enigmatical book of Revelation, fire is throughout the Bible an emblem of destruction or purification, not of torment; that the hell fire of the New Testament was a fire burning in the Valley of Gehenna, in which the offal of Jerusalem was destroyed; that throughout the New Testament this life is treated not as a life of probation but as a life of preparation, and that probation or judgment is postponed to the life to come; that the word rendered everlasting does not mean everlasting but age long, and is applied to objects which no one supposes

will literally last forever. These conclusions I embodied in editorials in "The Outlook." It will be readily imagined that the Andover doctrine of a future probation for the heathen did not especially interest me, for I had come to the conclusion that there was no future torment either long or short, that the day of probation was not on this side of the grave but on the other, and that there was no ground in Scripture for the belief that God's mercy for any man ended with his earthly life.

But I was not a Universalist. In 1899, after this controversy had practically ended, I was invited to address a Universalist convention in Boston, and with the cordial approval of my host took as my theme, "Why I am not a Universalist." I told the convention, in brief, that if I were a Calvinist, I should be a Universalist; but I was not a Calvinist. I believed that the final decision of every man's destiny depends upon himself. I could not, therefore, say with the Universalist that I was sure all men would be saved, though I was sure that God wished to save all men. Nor could I say with the orthodox that any would be finally lost; I did not know. But I did not believe that God would keep alive any child of his to go on in sin and suffering forever. I therefore left the future in God's hands, sure of one thing, and one thing only, that God's mercy endureth forever. I still leave this unsolved problem for the future to solve. In these statements I believed, and still believe, that I represented, unofficially and unauthoritatively, the feeling and the faith of most liberal Congregationalists.

The discussion of the new creed occupied several months. When completed, it was signed by all except two of the members of the commission: one gentleman declined because he had been unable to attend the meetings of the commission; Dr. E. K. Alden because he

differed from the conclusions of his associates. A creed was made which both believers and disbelievers in a future probation could sign. Dr. Alden was the secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions generally known by its initials, as the "A. B. C. F. M." He insisted that candidates for missionary appointment should affirm their belief in the endless punishment of all who had not accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and sent out from the rooms of the board a revised Apostles' Creed in which for the phrase, "I believe in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting," was substituted the phrase, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead, the final separation of the righteous and the wicked, and the life and death everlasting." "I remember his telling me," said one of the candidates, "that I should be as sure of the eternal punishment of the unconverted as I was of the existence of God. He assured me that I was cutting the nerve of missions if I withdrew fear of eternal punishment, which he held to be the fate of all the forefathers of my future heathen." He would recommend no one for missionary service who did not hold this doctrine; and the committee would appoint no one whom their secretary refused to recommend.

Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover, an advocate of the Andover theory of a future probation for the heathen, was a member of the prudential or executive committee of the board, and insisted that candidates who held that view should not be debarred from missionary service. Dr. Mark Hopkins, the famous president of Williams College, who was president of the American Board, and Dr. N. G. Clarke, who was Dr. Alden's colleague in the board, though not accepting the Andover theory, thought its acceptance ought not to be

a bar to missionary appointment. Miss Alice Freeman was president of Wellesley College, two of whose graduates were refused appointment by Dr. Alden because they did not accept Dr. Alden's theology. I have never known any person who possessed so persuasive a personality as Miss Freeman. She combined in an extraordinary degree intensity of feeling with absolute self-control. I wonder if that is not the real secret of what we call magnetism. Eloquent was her restrained indignation at the havoc wrought in the mind of the college by this paralyzing refusal of the opportunity for missionary service to graduates whose spirit of unselfish consecration was the admiration of their college mates. At first the attempt was patiently made to reach some adjustment of the difficulty by friendly conference. I happened, I hardly know why, to share in the counsels of Dr. Smyth and Miss Freeman. My patience was soon exhausted. I am, and always have been, a great believer in the power of public opinion. I proposed to publish the facts in "The Outlook." Dr. Smyth urged me not to do so. Miss Freeman questioned the advisability. But, after a considerable delay and no progress, both consented that I should follow my own judgment, and on the 17th of December, 1885, I published an editorial entitled "A Cautionary Signal."

In this editorial I stated some, not all, of the facts, and appealed from Dr. Alden's decisions directly to the members of the board, who knew nothing of the course he was pursuing, and indirectly to the Congregational churches. I declared that it was unjust to appeal to young men and women to give themselves to missionary service and then reject those who offered themselves, because they held the general faith of the Congregational churches as semi-officially interpreted by its representa-

tive leaders of thought. Before the publication of this editorial the issue had been discussed by a few behind closed doors. After that publication it was discussed in the open, by the ministers and laymen in church gatherings, by the press both religious and secular, and presently by the missionaries in the field. There were three parties to this discussion. One minority held the doctrine of the future probation, and wished freedom to hold it; another minority was vehemently opposed to the doctrine, and wished Congregational ministers and missionaries prohibited from holding it; a considerable majority wished peace, and therefore desired liberty to hold or to reject it.

Every year a great meeting of the American board is held for the purpose of stimulating interest in foreign missions. It is one of the chief religious gatherings of the Congregationalists. In 1886 it was held at Des Moines, Iowa. It was expected that the policy of Dr. Alden would come before the meeting for discussion. The gathering was large, the interest intense; a full day was given to the subject; the public interest was so great that Houghton Mifflin Company arranged for a *verbatim* report of the discussion, and published it in a pamphlet entitled "The Great Debate." It was correctly entitled. I have heard many debates in my lifetime, but never one characterized by so high a degree of uniform eloquence — the eloquence of profound earnestness, and therefore of great simplicity and directness of speech.

The final action taken was curiously characteristic of ecclesiastical assemblies — intended to give some measure of self-satisfaction to all parties. A resolution to appoint a special committee to ascertain the facts and report at the next meeting of the board was lost, Dr.

Egbert C. Smyth was dropped from the prudential committee, and the doctrine of future probation was condemned, though by a close vote, as "divisive and perversive and dangerous to the churches at home and abroad." But at the same time there was passed unanimously a resolution recommending the prudential committee to consider the advisability of referring the doctrinal soundness of all candidates for apppointment to a local council, so taking the theological issue away from the board. What the effect of this course would probably be was sufficiently indicated by the fact that prior to this time ministers who refused to deny the possibility of a future probation had been ordained by such councils in various parts of the country from Boston to the Mississippi River.

The Great Debate was held in the opera-house, packed with an audience which left "standing room only." But the corporate members, who alone had power to vote, sat upon the stage, and the speakers had to plead their case with their back to the men whom they wished to influence. At one point in my own speech, with the instinct bred by my lawyer's education, I turned my back upon the audience in order to address more effectively the jury, but the cries of the audience and the quiet counsel of the chairman compelled me to abandon my purpose. At the close of the debate one of my conservative friends greeted me with: —

"To-day makes me very sad."

"Why so?" I asked. "You have carried a resolution indorsing your theology."

"I know," he replied; "but it was quite evident from the meeting how the current is running."

He was quite right. The Great Debate was held early in October, 1886. Four years later, Howard Bliss and

I were installed in Plymouth Church by a large and representative council, including both conservative and liberal clergymen, with only one dissenting vote, and I declared explicitly, "the decisive nature of this world's probation for every man I repudiate as unscriptural," and Mr. Bliss was equally explicit upon this point, declaring his belief in an intermediate state — "a purgatory, if you will" — which gives an opportunity for the heathen as well as for the Christian. Three years later Dr. Alden resigned his office as secretary of the American Board, and three years after that I was elected a corporate member, an office which I have ever since held. While no formal action of the board was taken reversing the resolution condemning the Andover theory, it is quite safe to say that since Dr. Alden's resignation no candidate has been rejected because he has refused to affirm that all the heathen have been condemned to everlasting punishment. An incidental, but not unimportant, result of this agitation was eventually a constitutional change in the board, which is no longer a close corporation, but has been made a delegate body responsible and responsive to the churches. I may add that the fear that liberty of faith would "cut the nerve of missions" has not been realized. The interest of the churches in foreign missions, as represented both by the contributions received and the missionaries commissioned, has been greater in the last twenty years than in any preceding twenty years in the history of the board.[1]

This increase in missionary interest, however, has been due, not merely to the "larger hope," but probably even more to the less dramatic but more important effect

[1] In 1892, the last year of the old régime, the expenditures of the board were eight hundred and forty thousand dollars; in 1914 they were over a million, and only the income has been expended. The work in the foreign field has been proportionately increased.

of the democratic movement in revolutionizing the purpose of the Christian Church.

In the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth century the object of the Church was purely individualistic; its purpose, solely by preaching the Gospel, to save some out of a world already hopelessly lost. When, about 1825, Dr. Lyman Beecher preached his six sermons on temperance, he was chided by his contemporaries for preaching morality; when, in 1850, his son preached a gospel of liberty, he was condemned for preaching politics.

But the democratic spirit proved again too strong for the ecclesiastical spirit. The questions in which the people were interested were not theological but sociological; they were questions, not of future salvation for the few, but of social salvation for all. The questions of slavery, of reconstruction in the South, of public education, of the treatment of the immigrant, of the abolition of poverty, of the cure of crime, of the emancipation of women and children from tasks unfitted or too great for them, of the redemption of the cities and the factory towns from the slums, absorbed the public mind. Even financial questions presented themselves as moral questions: which was honest, a gold or a silver standard? Ministers shared the popular interest — caught, if you please, the popular fever. The pulpits followed the example set by such men as Lyman Beecher and Henry Ward Beecher. The churches began as churches to take an active interest in social problems.

In 1901 I was invited to preach the sermon at the Diamond Jubilee of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. I defined my purpose in the following sentences: "What, then, I want to say to you this evening is this: that it is the function of the Christian Church to

establish the kingdom of God here and now on this earth, not to save men, few or many, from a world given over and abandoned as a wreck and lost, but to save the world itself by transforming it, translating it, transfusing it with new life." This was accepted without criticism as a true interpretation of the missionary spirit of the time. Fifty years before it would have been regarded as dangerously radical, if not absolutely revolutionary. When I was a boy, I do not think any church in New York City had either a parish house or a mission chapel; the whole work of the church was done by the Sunday services, the weekly prayer-meeting, and the Sunday-School. What missionary work it did was done through the contribution plate. Now every considerable church has its mission chapel. Many of them have their parish house, with club conveniences for young men and women, kindergartens for the children, and often vocational night schools for youth. What in Plymouth Church was attempted under my pastorate and is being accomplished under the pastorate of Dr. Hillis was indicated in a previous chapter, and Plymouth Church was neither the first to undertake this work nor until very recently was it among the best equipped for it. Out of the church have grown the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, which beside spiritual ministries provide healthful society, legitimate recreation, and industrial schools. The greatest evangelist of my time was Dwight L. Moody; the monuments which he built and which will long preserve his memory are the school for girls at Northfield and the school for boys at Mount Hermon. The greatest evangelistic organization of my time was the Salvation Army. Its street processions and Gospel hall meetings are now maintained, if at all, by a momentum derived from the emotional

enthusiasm of the past. The chief work to which that enthusiasm now inspires it is practical philanthropy, carried on in the name and the spirit of Christ among the poor and the outcast. In brief, the Episcopalian definition of the Church as "a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure Word of God is preached and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christian ordinance" is no longer adequate. The church of to-day is not merely a teaching and a worshiping organization, it is also a working organization; and this is preëminently true of the Episcopal Church.

The foreign missionary work has felt the same impulse. When Dr. Cyrus Hamlin organized Robert College in Constantinople he was criticised by conservative religious sentiment at home for turning aside from preaching the Gospel to promote secular education. Now over eighty thousand students are pursuing their education in foreign lands under the auspices of the American Board, and of them over twelve thousand are in institutions for the higher education, collegiate or professional. Industrial education, accompanied by the introduction of modern tools and the training of the people in their use, lays, in an advancing civilization, a basis for spiritual instruction.[1] The medical missionary reaches by his healing thousands whom the speaking missionary cannot reach by his preaching, and commends Christianity by its practice to many to whom he could never commend it simply by its doctrine. The conception of the message of Christianity has undergone a radical change. "The Missionary," says Dr. James L. Barton, the secretary of the American Board, "preaches salvation no less than before; but it is salvation for the life

[1] In the spirit of Paul's saying: "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual." — 1 Cor. xv. 46.

that now is — salvation to one's self and for himself, and to society and for society — salvation for the sake of the world in which he lives. It is now taken for granted that, if a man is saved for the life that now is, he will be abundantly prepared for the life that is to come." [1] In a sermon preached by Dr. Lyman Beecher before the American Board in 1827, he treated heathenism, Romanism, despotism, crime, together as "resources of the adversary" which must be overthrown. In 1903–04 Charles Cuthbert Hall, in his addresses delivered in India to crowded congregations of cultivated Hindus, treated heathenism as a stage of spiritual development in a people seeking after God. In 1827 the Church regarded the missionary as a soldier going out to war against the enemy; in 1903 as a husbandman going out to sow the seed of a larger truth in a soil waiting to receive it. In 1812 Dr. Judson was forbidden by the British Government to preach the Gospel in India; the authorities feared the race hostility such preaching would excite. In 1913 the Chinese Governor of China asked the churches to set aside a day for prayer that the country might be guided by a wise solution of her critical problems. It is hardly possible to overestimate the significance of so great a revolution.

One other influence, wholly unorganic, has coöperated with the scientific development and the democratic spirit in revolutionizing religious thought and religious institutions: the study of comparative religion and the direction of the thought of the Christian people to the life of Christ.

The development of the East India trade toward the close of the eighteenth century, the opening of Japan and China to foreign intercourse in the nineteenth century,

[1] "The Modern Missionary," *Harvard Theological Review*, January, 1915.

and the development of the foreign missionary movement which accompanied these commercial enterprises, created a popular interest in the study of foreign religions, and the works of Max Muller, the first of which was published in 1872, brought the subject within the comprehension of other than expert Oriental students. Almost simultaneously popular attention was diverted from the study of catechisms and creeds to the study of the life of Christ by a series of wholly unconnected volumes, beginning with the English translation of Strauss's life of Christ by George Eliot in 1846. That interested only scholars; but Renan's "Life of Jesus," published in 1863, had all the fascination of romance and became at once one of the popular books of the decade. I have in my library over a score of lives of Christ in English published between 1850 and 1890. Of these, a republication of a comparatively ancient Jewish life is hostile; and one, that of Strauss, is critical; but in general their tone varies from great respect for a moral genius to devout reverence for the divine Son of God. The effect of these publications on the popular mind is illustrated by the saying of John Stuart Mill, himself an agnostic: "Not even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life." These lives of Christ, presenting almost every conceivable view of his character and of the documents on which we depend for our knowledge of him, produced an influence on Christian thought and life, all the more effective because wholly spontaneous, and did much to produce an undefined movement toward a less dogmatic and a more practical religion which has been entitled "Back to Christ."

This revival of the original and practical Christianity has tended toward Christian unity. Intellectual definitions divide; coöperation in work unites. Denominational organizations still exist, perhaps always will exist; but denominational barriers do not. A Methodist contemporary of mine tells me that when he was a young man in his teens, lecturing in New England on temperance, he was invited by one of its members to speak on a Sunday evening in the Congregational church. But the minister objected. This Methodist might, said the Congregationalist, bring in his Arminianism, and then what would become of the doctrines of our holy religion? It is inconceivable that such an objection could be made in our time. When I joined Mr. Beecher in the "Christian Union," it was very difficult to get subscribers; for the denominational paper had always the first place, and generally there was no second place for an undenominational paper. Now the public looks to the undenominational paper and to the secular press for religious news and religious views, and the denominational papers are largely taken for their denominational and eccelsiastical information and interpretation. The Young Men's Christian Association the Young Women's Christian Association, the Student Volunteer Movement, the Men and Religion Movement, and the Federation of Churches unite all evangelical Christians in a common work, and fellowship between evangelical and liberal churches is increasingly frequent. Among Protestants it is only the so-called Catholic party in the Episcopal Church which still maintains an attitude of eccelsiastical isolation.

These tendencies have produced a radical change in the popular conception of religion, and a still more radical, though scarcely recognized, change in the motives which

inspire to religious activity. In 1785 Archdeacon Paley published his "Moral and Political Philosophy," in which he says, "Virtue is the doing good to mankind in obedience to the will of God and for the sake of everlasting happiness." Most of the social service of to-day is rendered with no thought of future compensation, and much of it with no thought of the will of God. It is rendered spontaneously for the love of doing good, as the picture is painted by the artist because he loves beauty or the great enterprises of our day are carried on for love of achievement. Doubtless some loss is involved in this forgetfulness of the unknown future and the will of God, and to many the loss of piety in this philanthropic age appears an irreparable loss. But to me doing good as the expression of an inward life is better than doing good either to win a reward or to obey a law. However I am not here concerned to expound a philosophy, but to interpret life. And not least of the changes which I have seen in the past sixty years is this change from the religion of obedience to law for the sake of reward to a religion which is the spontaneous expression of an inward life of faith and hope and love.

This chapter would not be complete without a mention, necessarily brief, of some of my contemporaries who with different temperaments and by different methods have been leaders in what has been well called the new thinking: Dr. George A. Gordon, the philosophic interpreter of the movement, in whom is combined a thorough familiarity with the best thoughts of the past and a spirit thoroughly modern; Dr. Theodore A. Munger, the perfection of whose style, the natural expression of a carefully perfected thought, has made his writings the more effective because they were never controversial; Dr. Washington Gladden, whose judicial temper enabling

him to see all sides of controverted questions has been combined with an intensity of conviction not often found in so catholic a spirit; President Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin, who has interpreted by his writings with great clearness and felicity the change from a purely individualistic to a social Christianity; Dr. William Newton Clarke, of Colgate University, whose "Christian Theology" is the most religious book on systematic theology I have ever read — I am almost inclined to say, the only one; Edward Everett Hale, whose translation of faith, hope, and love into modern phraseology has made it a motto in many Christian households; John G. Whittier, whose religious poetry is luminous with the Inner Light in which he so devoutly trusted; and Phillips Brooks, whose personality, more eloquent even than his winged words, made him the most prophetic preacher of his time.

The scientific discoveries undermining the authority of both the Bible and the Church as the ultimate appeal, the democratic spirit making impossible belief in the historic fall and a consequent total depravity of the race, the development of humanity at the same time abolishing torture from human punishment and belief in torture as a divine punishment, the increasing acquaintance with the peoples of the world and the study of their religions broadening the sympathies of men and disclosing to Christians the work and way of God in pagan communities, the study of the life of Christ turning the thoughts of men from the metaphysics of theology to the practical life of faith and hope and love exhibited in the Man of history, the coming together of different Christian souls not on the basis of a common creed but under the inspiration of a common purpose, and the resultant change of the religious motive from one of obedience to law

to one of acceptance of life as a free gift from the Author and Giver of life, all combine to make the last three-quarters of a century the epoch of the greatest spiritual progress the world has ever seen; not greater in spirit, but greater in extent even than the first century after the birth of Christ.

CHAPTER XX

LOOKING FORWARD

I AM writing this chapter in my wife's room, at her desk, looking out of an eastern window at the mountain as the sun is rising over it. The house is substantially what it was when built over forty years ago, though some changes have added to its appearance without and to its comfort within. Under its roof two of my children and three of my grandchildren were born. Twice it has been made radiant with joy by a wedding; never yet has it been darkened with sorrow by a funeral. All my children and all my grandchildren are living; all of them within the sound of my voice — the telephone voice; all but one so near me that with them I hold not infrequent conversations. Three of my four sons have made their homes near by. Five of my children have by their marriage brought into the family those who are as dear to me as those born in my home.

On my bureau are pictures of my two daughters, and over the desk where I am writing is a group picture of my four sons, all living useful lives, and whenever I am blue — as who is not at times? — I look at these pictures, think of what my children are doing in the world, and say to myself, You have been of some use, for if it had not been for you they would not have been. In my library I write at a black oak table which was given to me by the young men of Plymouth Church

when I retired from its pastorate. A bronze statue of David, sling in hand, which they gave me on my sixtieth birthday, helps to keep alive in me the courage of youth. A little bronze of mother and child, the gift of one of my own children, reminds me daily that "love is the greatest thing in the world." The four or five thousand books which make of every room in the house a library are nearly all acquaintances, some of them friends. For this collection was not made; it grew. If, however, there are very few of these books with which I have not some personal acquaintance, still fewer are those I have read through. For, except an occasional novel or biography, I rarely read a book through. I go to my books to get what I want as I want it — information, instruction, inspiration. I would no more expect to get all a book has to give me in one reading than all that a friend has to give me in one conversation.

The changes in the village in the forty-five years during which it has been my home are examples of the changes in our national life. The village has built and owns its waterworks; they are a profitable investment and are gradually paying off the bonds issued to construct them. We have good roads and sidewalks; our schools, both public and private, are greatly improved, and more boys and girls are going from the high schools to college. We have no open saloons. We began a campaign against them forty years ago, with a corporal's guard to lead the attack. We were beaten, of course; renewed the attack; after twenty years won our first victory, shut the saloons out, and they have never come back. Every two years we have another temperance campaign, but always, thus far, with the same result. There is still some illegal selling; but it is perilous. Grand juries are beginning to indict, district attorneys

DR. AND MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT AT THEIR FIRESIDE

to prosecute, juries to convict, and judges to sentence offenders.

Every one says that church attendance in America is decreasing and that the churches are losing their influence. What every one says must be true. But there are some facts in our community which it is difficult to reconcile with what every one says. We have in Cornwall six churches and a Friends meeting-house. Four of them have been enlarged since I came here; an additional chapel for union services has been built; and, I believe, all the churches have added to their facilities for Sunday-School work. I am told that all the churches are well filled on Sunday mornings; the one I attend has some vacant seats, but very few empty pews. They have all done good work in our temperance campaigns; not the least efficient helper in this work has been the Roman Catholic church. How much they have done indirectly to promote other influences and organizations for the public welfare it is impossible to tell. A free lecture course in one of our public school buildings is so well attended that one must go early to get a seat; a free library has not only books and periodicals, but, what is more difficult to secure, readers; a Young Men's Christian Association holds weekly meetings; a Boys' Club has put up a modest gymnasium and made it available by moderate rentals for all village organizations; a Village Improvement Society has converted an old house built in Revolutionary times into a village homestead; two Camp-Fire groups and a Girls' Club do for the girls what the Young Men's Christian Association and the Boys' Club do for the boys. Both boys and girls were without either leadership or organization forty years ago. All these changes have taken place within the last forty years, and as my travels take me

about the country they all seem to be paralleled by similar moral and intellectual gains in other towns and villages. These are the springs of our national life, and are more important than many of the events described in startling type by our daily papers.

What of myself? I am writing these pages on the 25th day of June, 1915; on the 18th of next December I shall be eighty years of age. I cannot believe it. I seem to myself to be in better health than I was at eighteen. My interest in present problems and my hopes for the future of my country are as great as they ever were. I take an active part in the editorial direction of "The Outlook." I have given up lyceum lecturing; but I gladly share with others, by both voice and pen, in the public discussions of the questions of the day; and, save for a long summer vacation, reserved for quiet literary work, I preach at least two Sundays in the month. I should preach every Sunday were it not for the protests of my children; many years ago I reached the point at which I think it wise for the father to give to the counsels of his children something of the authority of commands.

In one respect my life has succeeded beyond the dreams of my youth. I have never cared for money; perhaps if I had cared more my wife would have had an easier time, but I doubt whether we should have been happier. Nor for reputation; therefore the attacks made upon me and the misreports and misrepresentations to which I have been subjected have never much troubled me. They have had a value. One can learn his faults better from his critics than from his friends, because his critics are more frank. Nor for power; I like to influence, but not to command. But I have desired friends; and it sometimes seems to me that no man ever had more

friends than I have. I am often stopped on the street by a stranger who thanks me for some word of counsel or inspiration received; and scarcely a week goes by that I do not receive a letter of grateful appreciation from some unknown friend whom I never shall see, and who, perhaps, has never seen me.

I have other invisible friends who people my quiet home with their companionship. I believe that death and resurrection are synonymous, that death is the dropping of the body from the spirit, that resurrection is the up-springing of the spirit from the body; and I think of my friends and companions, not as lying in the grave waiting for a future resurrection, nor as living in some distant land singing hymns in loveless forgetfulness of those they loved on earth. I think of them as a great cloud of witnesses looking on to see how we run the race that is set before us, grieved in our failures, glad in our triumphs. I think of my mother rejoicing in the joys of the boy whom she was not permitted to care for on earth; of my father still counseling me by his unspoken wisdom in my times of perplexity; of my wife giving me rest and reinvigoration by her love. So I am never lonely when I am alone; rarely restless when I am sleepless.

I believe that I have learned one secret of happiness; it is a habit easier to describe than to adopt.

We live in the past and in the future. The present is only a threshold over which we cross in going from the past into the future. We live, therefore, in our memory and in our anticipation. He who forms the habit of forgetting the unpleasant and remembering the pleasant lives in a happy past; he who forms the habit of anticipating the pleasant and striking out from his anticipation the unpleasant lives in a happy future. I have no

wish to live in a fool's paradise; but it is no better to live in a fool's purgatory. I therefore allow myself to anticipate evil only that I may avoid it if it is avoidable or, if it is unavoidable, may meet it with wisdom and courage. I recall past errors, follies, and faults in order that I may learn their lesson and avoid their repetition. Then I forget them. The prophet tells me that my Father buries my sins in the depths of the sea. I have no inclination to fish them up again and take an inventory. I gladly dismiss from my memory what he no more remembers against me forever. Thus my religion is to me, not a servitude, but an emancipation; not a self-torment because of past sins, but a divinely given joy because of present forgiveness.

It is almost impossible to write freely of the experiences of one's heart to a throng of unknown readers. It is easier to portray them to an intimate friend. For this reason I transfer to these pages a few sentences which I wrote to my wife from Terre Haute during her absence in the East in the summer of 1863: —

> Ought we to go alway through life condemned of ourselves and thinking and feeling that God must condemn us? Is this a necessity? Is it not possible so to live that our own conscience approves us? And we have the happiness of feeling that we have the approval of God and of our own hearts? It *is* possible. Is it not practicable? Was it not Paul's experience? . . . It is true that we ought never to be satisfied with ourselves — that our ideal of holiness ought always to outrun our attainments; that we ought always to desire something more and better. But we may be self-approved and not self-satisfied. We may be dissatisfied and yet not self-condemned.

It is thus at eighty years of age that I look back upon the years that have passed since I imbibed something of the spirit of faith and hope and love in my grandfather's

home at Farmington. I am far from satisfied with this review; but I am not self-condemned. I say to my Father, as I say to myself: I have often been defeated, but I have fought a good fight; I have often faltered and fallen, but I have kept up the race; I have been besieged all my life with doubts, and they still sometimes hammer at the gates, but I have kept my faith.

And I look forward to the Great Adventure, which now cannot be far off, with awe, but not with apprehension. I enjoy my work, my home, my friends, my life. I shall be sorry to part with them. But always I have stood in the bow looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the life before me. When the time comes for my embarkation, and the ropes are cast off and I put out to sea, I think I shall still be standing in the bow and still looking forward with eager curiosity and glad hopefulness to the new world to which the unknown voyage will bring me.

THE END

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